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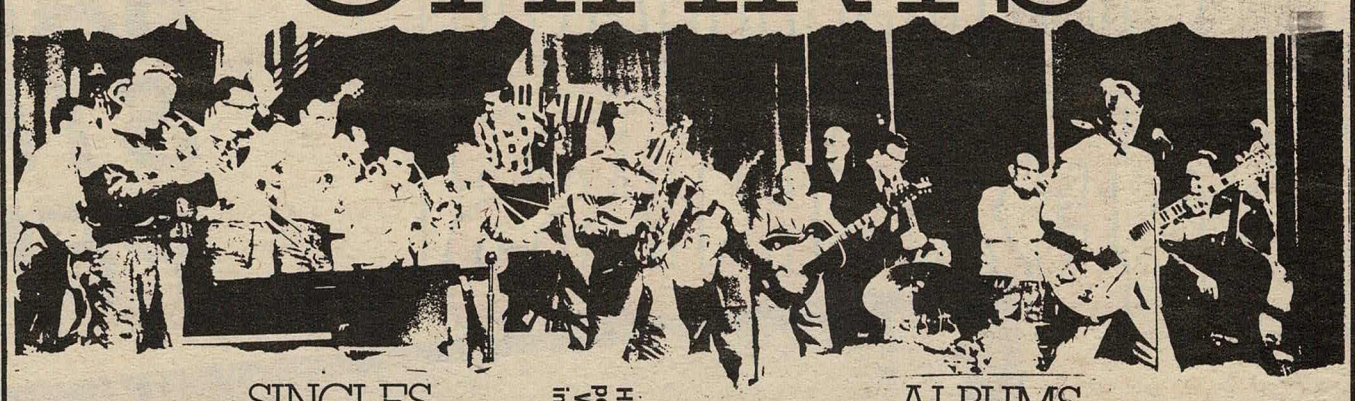

SINGLES

This Week	Last	Week ending May 13, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**NIGHT FEVER**..... Bee Gees (RSO)	5	1
2	(9)	**RIVERS OF BABYLON** Boney M (Atlantic)	3	2
3	(3)	**TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE** Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	9	2
4	(2)	**NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY** Andrew Gold (Asylum)	7	2
5	(5)	**AUTOMATIC LOVER** Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	4	5
6	(11)	**LET'S ALL CHANT** Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	4	6
7	(23)	**JACK AND JILL**.....Raydio (Arista)	2	27
8	(21)	**BECAUSE THE NIGHT** Patti Smith (Arista)	2	8
9	(8)	**I WONDER WHY** Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	1
10	(4)	**IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE** Suzi Quatro (Rak)	8	2
11	(13)	**EVERYBODY DANCE**..... Chic (Atlantic)	6	11
12	(6)	**MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS**....Brian & Michael (Pye)	9	4
13	(10)	**SINGIN' IN THE RAIN** Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	8	9
14	(—)	**(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR**... Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	14
15	(7)	**FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME** Genesis (Charisma)	9	6
16	(14)	**SHE'S SO MODERN** Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	11
17	(16)	**BAD OLD DAYS** CoCo (Ariola Hansa)	3	16
18	(12)	**WITH A LITTLE LUCK** Wings (Parlophone)	6	7
19	(17)	**TAKE ME I'M YOURS** Squeeze (A&M)	4	17
20	(—)	**BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY** Darts (Magnet)	1	20
21	(—)	**NICE 'N' SLEAZY** Stranglers (United Artists)	1	21
22	(—)	**MORE THAN A WOMAN** Tavares (Capitol)	1	22
23	(19)	**THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO**.....X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	2	19
24	(—)	**LOVE IS IN THE AIR** John Paul Young (Ariola)	1	24
25	(—)	**IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU** Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	1	25
26	(27)	**DO IT DO IT AGAIN** Raffaella Carra (Epic)	2	26
27	(—)	**HI TENSION**..... Hi Tension (Island)	1	27
28	(15)	**MORE LIKE THE MOVIES** Dr Hook (Capitol)	6	13
29	(26)	**WHAT A WASTE**..... Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	26
30	(24)	**SATISFACTION**.....Devo (Stiff)	3	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCING — Rose Royce (Warner Bros); BOOGIE SHOES — K.C. And The Sunshine Band; JUST FOR YOU — Alan Price (Jet); COME TO ME — Ruby Winters (Creole).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last	Week ending May 13, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Various (RSO)	9	1
2	(2)	**AND THEN THERE WERE THREE** Genesis (Charisma)	6	2
3	(3)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Nat King Cole (Capitol)	7	1
4	(7)	**THE STUD** ..... Soundtrack (Ronco)	4	4
5	(4)	**LONDON TOWN** ..... Wings (EMI)	6	4
6	(6)	**CITY TO CITY** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	11	4
7	(5)	**ABBA THE ALBUM** ..... Abba (Epic)	16	1
8	(13)	**YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE** Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	8
9	(12)	**RUMOURS** Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	63	1
10	(16)	**LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL** Rainbow (Polydor)	3	10
11	(8)	**KAYA** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	6
12	(23)	**PENNIES FROM HEAVEN** Various (World Records)	4	12
13	(19)	**BAT OUT OF HELL** Meat Loaf (Epic)	8	10
14	(9)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	11	2
15	(16)	**PLASTIC LETTERS** Blondie (Chrysalis)	11	7
16	(—)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Frank Sinatra (EMI)	1	16
17	(13)	**THIS YEAR'S MODEL** Elvis Costello (Radar)	8	8
18	(10)	**THE RUTLES** The Rutles (Warner Bros)	5	10
18	(24)	**EASTER**.....Patti Smith (Arista)	3	18
20	(26)	**ANYTIME, ANYWHERE** Rita Coolidge (A & M)	4	20
21	(25)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** Ian Dury (Stiff)	15	7
22	(18)	**PASTICHE** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	11	13
23	(28)	**HEAVY HORSES** Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	2	23
24	(—)	**A LITTLE BIT MORE**.. Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	24
25	(11)	**THE KICK INSIDE** ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	11	1
26	(22)	**20 CLASSIC HITS** The Platters (Mercury)	4	22
27	(—)	**SHOOTING STAR** Elkie Brooks (A & M)	1	27
28	(21)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	27	3
29	(20)	**FONZIE'S FAVOURITES** Various (Warwick)	9	10
30	(29)	**GREEN** Steve Hillage (Virgin Records)	3	26

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO — Andrew Gold (Asylum); PLEASE DON'T TOUCH — Steve Hackett (Charisma); LAST WALTZ — The Band (Warner Bros); HEART 'N' SOUL — Tina Charles (CBS)

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last	
1	(2)	**IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU** ..... Yvonne Elliman
2	(4)	**WITH A LITTLE LUCK**..... Wings
3	(3)	**THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU** Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
4	(1)	**NIGHT FEVER**..... Bee Gees
5	(6)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT** Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
6	(8)	**TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE** Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
7	(5)	**CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU** ... Barry Manilow
8	(15)	**SHADOW DANCING** .....Andy Gibb
9	(10)	**COUNT ON ME**.....Jefferson Starship
10	(16)	**DISCO INFERNO**..... The Trammps
11	(14)	**IMAGINARY LOVER**....Atlanta Rhythm Section
12	(13)	**FEELS SO GOOD** ..... Chuck Mangione
13	(17)	**BABY HOLD ON**.....Eddie Money
14	(7)	**JACK AND JILL**..... Raydio
15	(18)	**WEREWOLVES OF LONDON** .....Warren Zevon
16	(19)	**THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE**..... Player
17	(20)	**MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)** ... Billy Joel
18	(9)	**DUST IN THE WIND** .....Kansas
19	(23)	**ON BROADWAY**.....George Benson
20	(25)	**IT'S A HEARTACHE**..... Bonnie Tyler
21	(24)	**LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN** ..... Sweet
22	(11)	**LAY DOWN SALLY**..... Eric Clapton
23	(27)	**EGO**.....Elton John
24	(26)	**TWO DOORS DOWN**..... Dolly Parton
25	(28)	**LET'S ALL CHANT**..... Michael Zager Band
26	(30)	**DEACON BLUES**.....Steely Dan
27	(—)	**DANCE WITH ME** .....Peter Brown
28	(12)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY**.....Jackson Browne
29	(—)	**TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD**..... Meat Loaf
30	(—)	**BECAUSE THE NIGHT**.....Patti Smith Group

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last	
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	**LONDON TOWN**..... Wings
3	(4)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY**..... Jackson Browne
4	(5)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN**..... Kansas
5	(3)	**EVEN NOW**..... Barry Manilow
6	(6)	**EARTH**..... Jefferson Starship
7	(7)	**SLOWHAND** ..... Eric Clapton
8	(11)	**FEELS SO GOOD** ..... Chuck Mangione
9	(9)	**SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR**.....Jimmy Buffett
10	(8)	**THE STRANGER** ..... Billy Joel
11	(14)	**CHAMPAGNE JAM** .....Atlanta Rhythm Section
12	(13)	**EXCITABLE BOY**..... Warren Zevon
13	(10)	**WEEKEND IN L.A.**..... George Benson
14	(19)	**SHOWDOWN** ..... Isley Brothers
15	(12)	**AJA** ..... Steely Dan
16	(17)	**VAN HALEN**
17	(16)	**THE GRAND ILLUSION**..... Styx
18	(22)	**AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .** .... Genesis
19	(18)	**RUMOURS**..... Fleetwood Mac
20	(25)	**YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE**..... Johnny Mathis
21	(20)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD** ..... Queen
22	(15)	**BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT** Roberta Flack
23	(24)	**INFINITY** ..... Journey
24	(23)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE** ..... Rod Stewart
25	(21)	**WAITING FOR COLUMBUS**..... Little Feat
26	(—)	**MAGAZINE**..... Heart
27	(—)	**CENTRAL HEATING** ..... Heatwave
28	(27)	**ALL 'N ALL**..... Earth Wind & Fire
29	(26)	**DOUBLE FUN** ..... Robert Palmer
30	(—)	**HEAVY HORSES**..... Jethro Tull

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week Ending May 12, 1973
1	1	**TIE A YELLOW RIBBON**.....Dawn (Bell
2	2	**HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN**..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
30	3	**HELL RAISER**.....Sweet (RCA)
10	4	**SEE MY BABY JIVE**.....Wizzard (Harvest)
4	5	**DRIVE-IN SATURDAY**.....Dave Bowie (RCA)
9	6	**BROTHER LOUIE**.....Hot Chocolate (Rak)
11	7	**GIVING IT ALL AWAY**..... Roger Dalrty (Track)
7	8	**MY LOVE**..... Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
13	9	**NO MORE MR. NICE GUY**..... Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
6	10	**ALL BECAUSE OF YOU**.....Geordie (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week Ending May 8, 1968
1	1	**WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD**.....Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	2	**SIMON SAYS**.....1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
3	3	**LAZY SUNDAY**..... Small Faces (Immediate)
7	4	**A MAN WITHOUT LOVE**.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
17	5	**YOUNG GIRL**.....Union Gap (CBS)
16	6	**HONEY**.....Bobby Goldsboro (United Artusts)
4	7	**IF I ONLY HAD TIME**..... John Rowles (MCA)
11	8	**I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE**.....Herd (Fontana)
6	9	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU**..... Andy Williams (CBS)
5	10	**CONGRATULATIONS**..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week Ending May 10, 1963
1	1	**FROM ME TO YOU**.....Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	**HOW DO YOU DO IT**..... Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
8	3	**SCARLETT O'HARA**..... Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
4	4	**NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE**..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	5	**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**..... Andy Williams (CBS)
3	6	**FROM A JACK TO A KING**..... Ned Miller (London)
6	7	**IN DREAMS**..... Roy Orbison (London)
11	8	**TWO KINDS OF RAINDROPS**..... Del Shannon (London)
7	9	**SAY I WON'T BE THERE**..... Springfields (Philips)
—	10	**LUCKY LIPS**.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

Lizzy: two Arena shows

THIN LIZZY's delayed concerts at the Wembley Arena (formerly the Empire Pool) have now officially been set for Thursday and Friday, June 22 and 23. Irish band Horslips return from their current highly successful U.S. tour to play as special guests in both shows.

Tickets are available immediately by post either from the Wembley box-office or from the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1. And they will go on sale to personal applicants at both locations from next Monday (15). Prices are £4, £3.50 amd £3.25, with an extra 20p booking fee payable on all tickets from Chappells. If ordering by post, please enclose s.a.e.

Lizzy's double live album "Live And Dangerous", produced by the band and Tony Visconti, is now set for release by Phonogram on June 2. It consists of 17 tracks, recorded at concerts in both Britain and America.

TOP RANK!

Apollo threat sparks rock expansion plan; new venues opening

THE RANK ORGANISATION are stepping into the breach to fill the void caused by the almost inevitable closure of the Glasgow Apollo. Although the hearing to decide the Apollo's fate isn't until tomorrow (Friday), efforts to persuade the city council to buy the theatre — and retain it as a concert venue — have been rejected, and it now seems almost certain that Mecca will buy it for conversion to bingo.

But in a move of rare initiative for one of the big chains, Ranks are not only planning to open an alternative venue in Glasgow, but they are giving a major facelift to their Edinburgh venue — and are expanding their concert activities throughout the country.

The new Glasgow venue is the Odeon at Eglington Toll, about a mile from the city centre. It was spotted as a potential rock centre by London promoter John Curd and Scottish promoter Jan Tomasik, a former Apollo manager. They put the suggestion to Ranks, only to find that the company was already considering using it.

Ranks have now approved the financial outlay of converting the cinema, installing more seats to bring it up to 2,500 capacity, and removing the fixed screen. They plan to open the theatre in the autumn with a changed name, and it's understood they are already taking pencil bookings for later in the year. Although it will have it's own box-office, tickets will also be sold at Glasgow's city-centre Odeon in Renfield Street.

Commented a spokesman: "The Edinburgh Odeon is being used more and more for rock concerts. But if there was no suitable venue in Glasgow, big name bands would be reluctant to come all the way to Scotland just to play Edinburgh."

Ranks' boosting of their Edinburgh venue is emphasised by the fact that they'll soon be spending at least £40,000 on improvements there. Foremost of these is the removal of the fixed screen, which will give the Odeon the biggest indoor rock stage in Brittain.

South of the Border, the Ilford Odeon — which last week had to call off its first-ever rock concert by Ian Dury on May 20 — now looks like becoming another regular venue for live gigs. Its music licence has been granted by the GLC, and the Dury concert has been re-scheduled for June 14, so becoming the final date of his tour (tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50). And this is seen as opening a new rock era at Ilford.

Ranks are now looking at other venues in their chain for use as concert venues. With Odeons at Hammersmith, Birmingham and Edinburgh — plus Ipswich and Southampton Gaumonts — in frequent use, several others (like Lewisham, Canterbury and Taunton Odeons) occasionally staging shows, and Glasgow and Ilford soon to swell the list, the company foresees the possibility of some major tours being confined exclusively to the Rank circuit.

BOOMTOWN RATS

RATS: BIG TOUR

BOOMTOWN RATS begin a major 16-venue British concert tour in mid-June to promote their new album "Tonic For The Troops", currently being recorded in Holland. The tour, which goes out under the same name as the LP, includes the very last gig at the Glasgow Apollo — if, as expected, the venue is forced to close — and climaxes in a big London show at Hammersmith Odeon.

Dates and venues are Hanley Victoria Hall (June 16), Leeds University (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (19), Blackpool ABC (20), Edinburgh Odeon (22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Oxford New Theatre (29), Bridlington Spa Hall (July 2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (5), Brighton Dome (6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9).

Promoter Mel Bush has pegged ticket prices at all venues to £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and they are on sale now. It was hoped to open the tour with a show in Dublin, but the Rats have been banned from the National Stadium, and they are now trying to negotiate an alternative venue in the city.

Immediately before their British gigs, the band play a short European tour (June 1-8) taking in Holland, Belgium and France. In August they'll be appearing in several festivals in Germany, Finland and Spain — followed later in the month by a tour of Eastern Europe visiting Poland, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia.

The new album, as yet untitled, is set for June 9 release by Ensign. It includes their current hit single "She's So Modern" plus seven self-penned originals.

IGGY: TWO GIGS

IGGY POP flies into London next month to give two exclusive performamces at Camden Music Machine on Monday and Tuesday, June 12 and 13. Advance tickets are available now from the box-office, priced £2.25. The gigs come at the tail end of a European tour which opened last weekend, and they will be his only British appearances at this time, as he returns to the States immediately afterwards.

Boyfriends step out

THE BOYFRIENDS set out on an extensive tour this week, their first since they expanded their line-up with the addition of keyboards player Chris Skornia. So far 31 gigs have been set for the band, including three in Ireland, but more are expected to be added. Confirmed dates are:

Hatfield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), London Camden Music Machine (May 17), London Strand Kings College (18), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (19), Coventry Warwick University (20), London Kensington Nashville (21), Belfast Queens University (25), Dublin Trinity (26), Cork Arcadia (27), Keele University (31), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (June 1), Reading University (7), Swansea Circles (8), Walsall West Midlands College (9), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (13), Newport Stowaway (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15), Manchester Rafters (16), Dudley J.B.'s (17), London Marquee (19), Portsmouth Polytechnic (21), Barnstaple Chequers (22), Newport Village Club (23), Leicester University (24), Leeds 'F' Club (29), Wolverhampton Lafayette (30), Nottingham Boat Club (July 1), and Newbridge Club & Institute (2).

Groovies delay

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES have been forced to re-schedule the first week of gigs in their extensive British tour, which was to have opened yesterday.

Reason is that Cyril Jordan was injured in Brussels last Thursday, when he fell on some broken glass and severed tendons in his right hand, causing the rest of the band's European dates to be scrapped.

Their U.K. tour now opens at Manchester Rafters on May 18, and postponed gigs are being reset for the end of the itinerary, the first confirmed being Doncaster Outlook (June 14), Aberdeen University (16) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (19).

Ramones' drummer opts out

THE RAMONES have now officially parted company with one of their members, as hinted in Teazers a fortnight ago. He is drummer Tommy Ramone, who also co-produced the band's last two albums "Rocket To Russia" and "Ramones Leave Home".

He intends to become an independent producer under his real name of Tommy Erdelyi, mainly because he doesn't want to go on the road any more, though he's likely to continue working with the band in the studios.

They played their final gig together at CBGB's last Thursday, and The Ramones are now trying out new drummers, the favourite for the job being Marc Bell of Richard Hell's Voidoids.

THE UNWANTED are likely to split up, as the result of their lead singer Ollie Wisdom being sent to prison. He was charged with stealing a Union Jack flag from outside a house during last year's Silver Jubilee celebrations and, for the heinous crime, the Foresters Hall Crown Court at Crystal Palace jailed him for six months. Now the rest of the band feel they really are unwanted.

WILLY DE VILLE

MINK COMING

MINK DE VILLE return to Britain for a major tour in the early summer. They'll be gigging here from the latter part of June through into July. Promoters Straight Music confirmed this week that the tour is definitely on; dates and venues are at present being finalised and full details are expected to be announced in a fortnight's time. The British dates will follow Willy de Ville's current U.S. tour with Elvis Costello. "Return To Magenta", de Ville's second Capitol album, is released this weekend — it contains ten tracks, six of them written by Willy. A single titled "Just Your Friend" follows on May 19.

● There's also a prospect of a few British gigs by The Talking Heads later in the summer. The delayed U.K. tour by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers is now being lined up for the autumn, plus a string of dates by The Shirts.

Virgin eye on Pistols

VIRGIN RECORDS are keeping a wary eye on the liaison between the two former Sex Pistols, Paul Cook and Steve Jones, and ex-Heartbreakers leader Johnny Thunders. They have already recorded a single and gigged together and — as reported two weeks ago — Cook and Jones now plan to work with Thunders on his new album.

A Virgin spokesman said that, in keeping with accepted policy, they have no objection to their artists guesting on other acts' recordings. But he added: "If it were to become a permanent venture, then we would have to consider our position, because Paul and Steve are still under contract to us." Thunders recently signed a long-term deal with Real Records (distributed through Anchor).

However, Virgin are not unduly concerned at the moment, as they are of the opinion that the partnership is only temporary. Said the spokesman: "Paul and Steve have played with a number of different musicians since the Pistols split. Right now they're playing the field, and simply enjoying working again."

Meanwhile, Johnny Rotten is now auditioning for his own band — not an easy task, in view of the difficulty in finding musicians compatible with his own approach, both musical and personal.

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Stones, Clapton, Yes: British concert plans

THE ROLLING STONES will definately be performing in Britain this summer, and that's official — but their visit will be restricted to just one major concert. A statement issued this week on behalf of the Stones says they'll be touring America during the summer — but they'll interrupt their U.S. itinerary to fly to Europe for one concert each in a British, French and German city.

During the course of their tour, which is expected to last at least six weeks, they'll be playing six outdoor concerts in the States — at Philadelphia (June 17), Cleveland (July 1), Buffalo (4), Chicago (8), New Orleans (13) and Los Angeles (23). And at some point between these shows, they'll be taking time out for their British gig (presumably in London), details of which will be announced shortly.

Meanwhile, it's been confirmed that their new album — now officially titled "Some Girls" — will be issued by EMI in early June, preceded by their single "Miss You".

ERIC CLAPTON and his band will be touring Britain in the early autumn, manager Roger Forrester told NME this week. They're currently in the middle of recording a new album for release in October, and they'll be going on the road for a full U.K. tour at the same time. Meanwhile, they interrupt recording sessions to appear as special guest artists in Bob Dylan's two outdoor concerts in Europe — at Rotterdam (June 23) and Nuremburg (July 1) — though, despite rumours, they will definately not be playing Earls Court with Dylan.

YES — currently putting the finishing touches to their new, and as yet untitled, album for late June release — may top the bill in a big open-air rock concert in Sussex in the summer. NME understands that the band have agreed terms for the event, but it all hinges on whether or not a licence is granted for the concert to take place — which in turn depends upon the usual local objections.

But as the proposed site is already in regular use in a totally different capacity, it's hoped that approval will be forthcoming. If not, Yes will switch to an alternative venue in the London area, as they are determined to play a major gig here this year.

The re-appearance of SONJA KRISTINA, whose picture used to grace these pages regularly — until Curved Air broke up and Debbie Harry arrived on the scene!

HELLO, SONJA!

FORMER Curved Air singer Sonja Kristina is about to launch a major comeback with her own new band. For the past year she's been busy organising new material and getting the band together, and they make their debut this Saturday (13) at Reading Bulmershe College under the name of Sonja Kristina's Escape. This is the warm-up to a full nationwide tour, currently being lined up by the Nems Agency, running from late May through June with Druid supporting — full details are expected next week. A major recording deal is also being finalised.

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RECORD NEWS

Moodies reunion LP

THE MOODY BLUES' comeback album, now officially titled "Octave", is set for June release by Decca. It's their eighth LP, and their first as a complete group since "Seventh Sojourn" in November, 1972. During the interim period, Ray Thomas and Graeme Edge have each had two solo albums released, and there's been one apiece from Mike Pinder, John Lodge and Justin Hayward, with the latter two also collaborating in the Blue Jays project. The new Moodies album has been nearly a year in the making and, as previously reported, they're expected to embark soon on a world-wide reunion tour.

Petty, Marley, Seger, AWB

● **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers'** long awaited second album "You're Gonna Get It", comprising ten new tracks, will be issued by Island on May 19. A single from the LP will be available in early June.

● **Stomu Yamashta's** second "Go" album — recorded in Paris in 1976, two weeks after the Albert Hall gig which produced the first LP — is released by Island on May 26. Besides Yamashta, it features Steve Winwood, Klaus Schulze, Mike Shrieve and Al DiMeola. The double set is titled "Go — Live From Paris".

● **Bob Marley & The Wailers'** new single is "Satisfy My Soul" from their "Kaya" album, B-side is "Smile Jamaica", released in celebration of their peace concert last month. It's issued by Island on May 19.

● **Illusion** have an album and single out on Island on May 26, titled "Illusion" and "Madonna Blue" respectively. Issued on the same day and label is the debut LP by **Ijahman Levi** — titled "Haile I Hymn", it's a celebration of Rastafari.

● Dumfermline band **The Skids** have been signed by Virgin to a long-term recording and publishing contract.

● RCA have signed the **Average White Band** to a worldwide deal except for the States, where they remain with Atlantic. Their new outlet issues the band's current U.S. hit album "Warmer Communications" in June.

● **Helen Reddy's** album "We'll Sing In The Sunshine" and single "Ready Or Not" are issued by Capitol this weekend to coincide with her London Palladium concerts (see Gig Guide).

● United Artists have signed **Deke Leonard**, former member of Man, who were on the same label until they disbanded 17 months ago. Thy have also signed singer-guitarist Pix, late of The 'O' Band, who were also with U-A until they split up last Christmas. Both deals are for singles and albums.

● Newly-formed Midlands label Cherry Red Records have signed their first act, **The Tights.** They are currently in the studio with producer John Acock, who produced the latest Steve Hackett album, and hope to have their debut single out in a few weeks.

● **U.K.** the new supergroup currently on their debut British tour, have a single titled "In The Dead Of The Night" rushed out by Polydor this weekend. The same label issues "Almost" by **Bill Fredericks** and "Too Bad Lucy Jane" by **Terry Sylvester.**

● **Bob Seger's** long-awaited new album "Stranger In Town", which he started recording late last summer, is finally released tomorrow (Friday) by Capitol. Out on the same day and label is "Collision Course", the new LP by **Asleep At The Wheel.**

● **Flight 56** go into the studios in the near future to cut their second album for Raw Records. The band, who feature Little Tina as lead singer, have just added ex-Nashville Teens drummer Barry Jenkins to their line-up.

● **Horslips'** first two albums "Happy To Meet Sorry To Part" and "The Tain", originally issued in 1973 on their own Irish-based label, have been acquired by DJM Records who release them on June 26. A single from the band's latest LP "Aliens", titled "Speed The Plough", comes out on the same label on June 23.

● **Johnny Cougar** has a single called "Factory" released by Riva Records on June 2, to coincide with a lengthy British tour starting the previous day.

● **Cheryl Ladd,** latest addition to the "Charlie's Angels" TV series, has been signed by Capitol. She's currently working on her debut album for summer release.

● The 1975 chart-topper "Barbados" by **Typically Tropical** is reissued by Gull Records tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "The Kiss" by **The Jive Bureaux.**

● The single "Compared To What by **Mr. Flood's Party** has become something of a collectors' item since it was first released three years ago, and copies are changing hands at £10. It's now being reissued this week by Bulldog Records.

We always try to feature a new band every week in Record News, and this week it's Wakefield outfit STRANGEWAYS, who've just been signed by Real Records (distributed by Anchor). They recently finished touring with Graham Parker, and their first single "Wastin' Time" is scheduled for June release. The line-up, from left to right, is Barry Snaith (guitar and vocals), Ringo Higgenbottem (drums), Ada Wilson (guitar and vocals) and Bob Marsden (bass and vocals).

Earth Band in shake-up

TWO WEEKS after the conclusion of his major British concert tour, Manfred Mann is completely restructuring his Earth Band. Guitarist Dave Flett, drummer Chris Slade and bassist Pat King are leaving the band — with singer Chris Thompson and Manfred himself as the sole remaining members of the line-up.

But the sweeping changes are not due to an internal upheaval — they simply felt they had come to the end of the road within the band's existing format, and that a fresh approach was necessary. And the re-shaping of the band is regarded as an expansion and logical development.

The Earth Band will continue to be a touring oufit, and will still be recording for Bronze. The only change is that Manfred is no longer associated with Harry Maloney Management. Names of the new band members will be announced in the near future — and it will have to be soon, because they're due to start work on a new album next month.

● Another artist making changes in his backing band soon after finishing a U.K. tour is Rory Gallagher. Jerry McAvoy stays with him, but Lou Martin (keyboards) and Rod De'Ath have left after five years with Rory. No replacements have yet been named, but the new line-up is expected to make its U.K. debut with a series of gigs in September, to coincide with the relase of Gallagher's new album.

Otway & Willy venues

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT go back on the road later this month to play a dozen dates — including a major London concert at the Rainbow — as a prelude to the release of their second Polydor album "Deep And Meaningless", due out on June 2.

For these gigs, they are dispensing with the four-piece backing band they used on their last outing, and are reverting to their original duo format. Support act is new Beserkley Records signings, The Smirks.

Dates and venues are Manchester Ritz (May 22), Birmingham Town Hall (23), Aylesbury Friars (25), Nottingham Playhouse (26), London Rainbow (27), Oxford May Fly Festival (28), Liverpool Eric's (30 and 31), Middlesbrough Town Hall (June 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Reading Hexagon Theatre (3) and Bristol Locarno (4). Tickets for the Rainbow are on sale now priced £2.50, £1.80 and £1.10. Admission elsewhere varies from venue to venue.

Lindisfarne for Wakes

LINDISFARNE were this week confirmed as bill-toppers on the third night of this year's July Wakes Festival, to be staged at the Charnock Richard Park Hall Centre in Lancashire on August 4, 5 and 6.

The band are currently on their reunion tour after their recent re-formation, and this promises to be the most important appearance of their comeback to date.

As already reported, Ralph McTell, Fiarport Convention, John Martyn and Boys Of The Lough are among the many other acts already confirmed for the event. And Magna Carta and New Celeste have just been added to the bill.

The special discount offer to NME readers of season tickets at £5.50 (£1 less than normal price) remains open until May 20. Bookings should be sent to Tudor House Office, Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex, making cheques and POs payable to "July Wakes Festival" (enclose s.a.e.).

Meat Loaf's two concerts

MEAT LOAF flies into Britain early next month to headline just two concerts, coinciding with the NME Chart success of his Epic album "Bat Out Of Hell". He'll be supported by his regular seven-piece backing band at Manchester Ardwick Apollo on June 5 (tickets £2.50, £2 and £1.50) and London Hammersmith Odeon on June 6 (tickets £3, £2.50 and £2), with box-offices opening to both personal and postal applicants next Monday (15). These will be his first dates since his recent stage fall, when he tore ligaments in his leg and had to cancel his current U.S. gig series.

Devo in for one-off

DEVO have now been confirmed as an extra bouns act for the Knebworth concert on Saturday, June 24, completing the line-up which already includes Genesis, Jefferson Starship, Jeff Beck, the Atlanta Rhythm Section and Brand X.

Reports last week that they were set for the event were premature, as they were only contracted at the weekend.

Devo have just signed a representation deal with Pete Rudge of the Rolling Stones' management.

● Two books of Knebworth tickets have been stolen from Virgin Records shop in Manchester. They are numbered from B.01601 to B. 01800, and anyone turning up at the concerts with one of these tickets will not be admitted.

HEATWAVE TOUR

HEATWAVE go out on tour at the end of this month, to aid promotion of their current album "Central Heating" and new single "Mind Blowing Decisions", both GTO Records. Their itinerary includes major concerts in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and London, and is promoted by Rod MacSween of ITB.

Further dates have still to be set, but those confirmed so far are Purley Tiffany's (May 29), Nottingham Palais (June 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (3), Brighton Top Rank (9), Dunstable California (10), Bournemouth Village Bowl (11), Birmingham Odeon (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Colchester ABC (22), Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Plymouth Fiesta (27), Swansea Nutz Club (29) and an open-air concert at Harlow Spurriers Town Park (July 1).

ON THE ROAD

THE VIBRATORS will not now be playing London Lyceum on May 24. Instead they make a special appearance at **London Camden** Music Machine on Thursday, May 18, supported by The Depressions.

CHINA STREET, now expanded into a five-piece with the addition of Chris Sugden on keyboards, play **Lancaster** Dukes Playhouse (tonight, Thursday), **Brighton** Sussex University with the Cimarons (Friday), **Lancaster** Planet City (May 19) and **Preston** Polytechnic (20). A full U.K. tour follows in August. The band have just recorded a new single, a reggae track titled "Rock Aganist Racism", for independent release on June 11.

ROY HILL, whose debut Arista album comes out on May 19, and his new six-piece band support Styx on their five-concert U.K. tour opening in **Manchester** tonight (Thursday). Subsequently they gig in their own right at **Cheltenham** Plough (May 16), **Bangor** Normal College (17), **Burton** 76 Club (19), **Leeds** Fforde Green (20), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (21), **Bradford** University (24), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (25), **Edinburgh** Clouds (26), **Dumfries** Stage Coach (28), **Swansea** Circles (June 1), **Dudley** J.B.'s (2), **Nottingham** Boat Club (3), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (4), **Sheffield** Limit Club (6), **Weymouth** College (9) and **Bristol** Granary (10).

GREGORY ISAACS, one of Jamaica's leading singers, headlines a short British tour visiting **London Harlesden** New Roxy Theatre (this Saturday), **Nottingham** Sherwood Rooms (May 18), **Dunstable** California (25), **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (26), **London Lewisham** Odeon (28), **Manchester** Russell Club (29) and **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (June 8).

GEORGE BENSON has added two more performances to his upcoming British tour. He plays a fourth concert at **London** Royal Albert Hall on May 23 — it's an early evening show at 6.15 pm; the late show on that date, plus two concerts on May 22, are already sold out. The same goes for **Oxford** New Theatre on May 26, where his 7.30 performance is sold out, so an extra 11 pm concert has been added. Tickets for both extra shows are now on sale.

LABI SIFFRE appears at **St Agnes** Talk Of The West (week from this Sunday), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (May 31), **Stevenage** Gordon Craig Centre (June 9), **Lewes** Crows Nest (18), **Swindon** Wyvern (25), **Birmingham** The Macadown (26), **Manchester** Valentines (30 and July 1), **Eastbourne** Kings Club (August 11 and 12), **Chesterfield** Aquarius (17 and 18) and **Canterbury** Bramling House Club (25 and 26).

SUPERCHARGE play **Durham** St Albans College (tomorrow, Friday), **Dudley** J.B.'s (Saturday), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (May 20), **Huddersfield** Town Hall (23), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (29), **Exeter** St Lukes College (June 2), **Bath** College of Higher Education (9), **Retford** Porterhouse (10), **Leicester** University (15), **Hull** Tiffany's (19), **Oxford** Worcester College (21), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (23), **Wigan** Casino (24) and **Watford** Wall Hall College (30).

CLAYSON AND THE ARGONAUTS, whose new single "The Taster" is issued by Virgin on May 19, have gigs at **Slough** College (May 18), **London** Marquee (20), **London Canning Town** Hollies (25), **Watford** Cassio College (26), **Oxford** St John's College (27), **Brighton** New Regent (June 3), **London Roehampton** Froebel Institute (10) and **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (15).

THE REAL THING have made several changes to their May date sheet. They now play **Andover** Country Bumpkin on May 19 instead of **Canterbury** Odeon, and **Whitehaven** Zodiac Club on May 25 instead of **Portsmouth** Locarno. Their **Southampton** gig (29) is switched from the Odeon to the Gaumont. And they have new bookings at **Plymouth** Castaways (17), **Ashford** Stour Centre (20), **Peterborough** Cresset Centre (26) and **Saltburn** Philmore (27).

BRITISH LIONS have been forced to cancel several of their current tour dates, supporting AC/DC, because lead vocalist John Fiddler suffered a throat haemorrhage. But they should be back in action by this weekend.

BRASS CONSTRUCTION have cancelled a couple of dates on their U.K. tour scheduled this month — at **Chelmsford** Odeon (this Sunday) and **Peterborough** ABC (May 24).

J.A.L.N. BAND are bing lined up for a string of gigs to aid promotion of their new Magnet single "Get Up And Let Yourself Go", for May 19 release. So far confirmed are **Manchester** Russell Hotel (May 19), **Stroud** Leisure Centre (20), **Bagshot** Pantiles (June 9), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (13), **Oxford** University (14), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (16), **Ayr** Darlington Hotel (17), **Edinburgh** Polytechnic (18) and **Stoke** Romeo & Juliet (19).

TRAPEZE have confirmed the first eight gigs in their extensive two-month tour which runs until mid-July. They play **Bracknell** Southill Park Centre (this Sunday), **Port Talbot** Four Winds (May 17), **Burnley Bank Hall (19), Redditch** Tracey's (20), **Burton** 76 Club (26), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (June 4), **London Kensington** Nashville (16) and **Halifax** Mecca (28). The tour previews material from their upcoming new album, produced by Jimmy Miller and their first for two years.

AFTER THE FIRE have added **Matlock** Pavilion (June 23) and **St. Helens** YMCA Hall (24) to their current lengthy tour. Their gig is **London** Marquee is brought forward from May 31 to 17.

CYANIDE are on tour to promote their debut Polydor album, released this week and bearing their name as its title. They play **Bradford** Princeville (tonight, Thursday), **Leeds** Polytechnic (Friday), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Centre (Sunday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (May 15), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (18), **Margate** Dreamland (19), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (21), **Lincoln** A.J.'s (24), **Doncaster** Outlook (25), **Ashington** Regal (28), **Cheltenham** Plough Inn (30), **Buxton** Town Hall (June 1), **Blackburn** Dirty Ducks (2), **Carlisle** Border Terrier (3), **Chesterfield** Adam & Eve (5), **Mansfield** Great Northern Hotel (7), **Newcastle** Hawthorn (8), **Sheffield** Limit Club (13), **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (18), **Hartlepool** Carlton Club (19), **Durham** Coach & Eight (20), **York** Munster Bar (21), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (23), **Manchester** Rafters (July 6), **Newcastle** The Cooperage (11) and **Harrogate** P.G.'s (15).

MISTRESS are an all-girl rock band, whose four members are aged from 19 to 21. The perform their own original material, and can be seen at **Oldham** Tower Club (this Saturday), **Liverpool** Eric's (May 18), **Oldham** Boundary Hotel (June 3) and **Stalybridge** Commercial Hotel (10). Further gigs are being set.

FRUIT EATING BEARS are back on the road after their venture into "A Song For Europe". A full tour is being finalised, and the first four gigs confirmed are at **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (May 14), **Hartlepool** Castle Club (15), **Newcastle** University (16) and **Brighton** Alhambra (June 3).

GRUPPO SPORTIVO, the high-rated Dutch band with the Italian name, start their first British tour next week. They play **Reading** University (May 17), **Liverpool** Eric's (18), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (19), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (20), **London Kensington** Nashville (23), **Coventry** College of Education (24), **Bristol** Polytechnic (25), **Manchester** Rafters (26), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (27), **Canterbury** Kent University (29), **London** Nashville again (30), **Keele** University (31), **Sheffield** Limit Club (June 1), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (2) and **London** Marquee (5). Their debut album "Ten Mistakes" is issued by CBS this weekend.

HEADWAITER have gigs this month at **Treforest** Glamorgan Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Burton** 76 Club (Friday), **London Hackney** Middleton Arms (Sunday), **London Camden** Music Machine (16), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (19), **London Canning Town** Bridge House (20), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (21) and **London New Cross** Goldsmiths College (26).

SLADE follow their April tour by playing another seven dates this month — at **Newcastle** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Swansea** Nutz Club (18), **Birmingham** Aston University (19) **Batley** Variety Club (21), **Aberdeen** Raffles Club (24), **Blackpool** Norcalympia (27) and **Manchester** Willows Club (28).

SHAM 69 have added another two dates to their British tour itinerary, listed by NME two weeks ago. They are at **Leeds** 'F' Club (May 23) and **Colchester** Leisure Centre (June 8), making 22 gigs in all.

NEWS BRIEFS

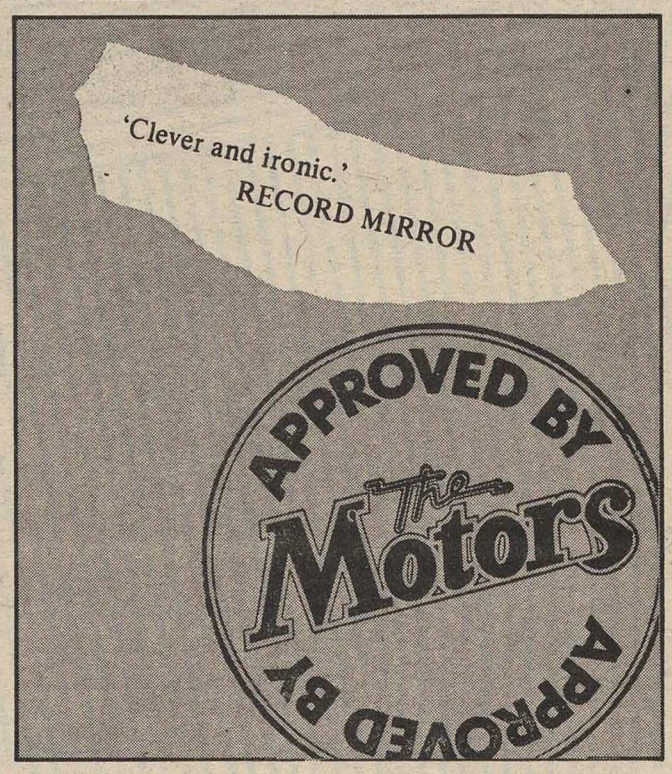
THE KINKS have cancelled their five concerts planned for Manchester (this Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Birmingham (May 15), Oxford (18) and Newcastle (19). Leader Ray Davies explained that, with two new members recently coming into the band, they hadn't had enough time playing together to do themselves justice on stage. They're now planning a string of British dates later in the summer, after their American tour.

THE PIRATES have added another seven dates to their current "Skull Wars" tour, which promotes their newly-released album of the same name. They are at Leicester Polytechnic (May 17), Nottingham Sandpiper (24), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (28), Wigan Casino (June 1) and Newport Stowaway Club (2).

JONESY have re-formed, three years after they disbanded, under their original lead guitarist Johnny Jones and with the name of Jonesy II. Jones, who's been working with Moody Blue Ray Thomas' band and as a Los Angeles record producer, has got together a line-up of former session men — Clive Lonie, Jack Jones, Paul Stark and Phil Clarke. They've started work on their debut album in London and Copenhagen, and plan selected U.K. dates in July.

RINGO STARR's first TV special "Ringo", networked across the States last month, is likely to be seen in Britain later this year. Loosely based on "The Price And The Pauper", it features him in the dual roles of himself and ne'er-do-well Ognir Rrats, and includes eight songs — among them three from his new "Bad Boy" album. Guests in the show are George Harrison, Carrie Fisher, Angie Dickenson and a backing band fronted by Dr. John.

JOAN ARMATRADING has written and performed the main theme song for the new £6-million epic film "The Wild Geese" starring Richard Burton, Roger Moore and Richard Harris. It has its world premiere at London's Leicester Square Theatre on July 6 and her recording of the song will be issued by A & M at about the same time. Her next British concert tour is planned for the autumn.



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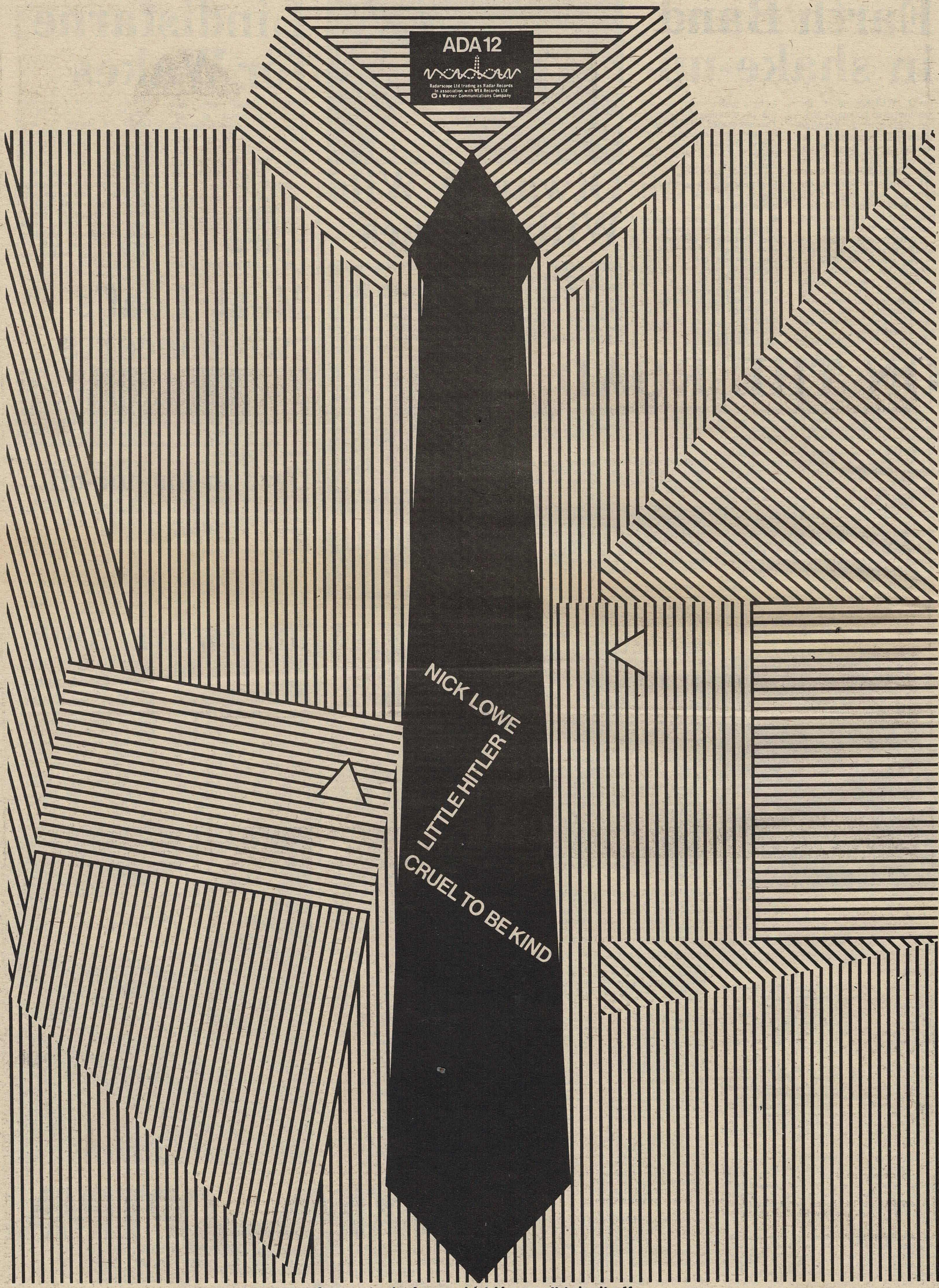

A new single. A new shirt. You can't take it off.

By ANGUS MacKINNON

Just an average, rather overweight American, you might conclude from the David Thomas pic on the right. But look below . . ..see the hammer, hear the clanking metal. Yes, this is something different. . .

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

PERE UBU: ANOTHER FORM OF INDUSTRIAL ACTION

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

ANOTHER TIME, another place and David Thomas might have been a village blacksmith casting iron shoes for heavy horses. Instead he's Crocus Behemoth, a massive man of Brobdingnagian build, clanking metal hammer against metal bar as he stalks the necessarily narrow confines of the London Roundhouse stage.

This is the main refrain of Pere Ubu's first British tour, two nights unsuitably sandwiched between The Bishops and Graham Parker And The Rumour. Each band gives of its wildly varying best, but most of the capacity crowd have come to chew on the wholemeal R&B goodness of the opening and closing acts. As a result, Pere Ubu's lumbering swell of sound is breaking teeth and busting heads in all directions.

Thomas, however, seems to thrive on the odds. He wears his weight well, as a gift not a grudge.

"Do you want jokes then?" he bellows at a gaggle of hecklers. "Do you want it made easy? OK, you win, this is 'Humor Me'."

And Pere Ubu tumble into the final song on their "The Modern Dance" album, a song in memory of their late guitarist Peter Laughner (who died through drug abuse) and in which 'humour' is not jestering but amusement, as in cheap thrills, life in the fast lane.

Some joke, huh?

"TALK, TALK, talk . . . it doesn't mean anything and it's just trying to justify something which needs no justification. I hate explaining, I have no capacity for it. I am not required to explain. I don't have anything to say. I'm the world's worst interview . . ."

Thomas huffs — one hand frenziedly scratching and sketching on an album envelope, the other delicately balancing match and matchbox against an apex of table and trouser leg — and then puffs, my Marlboros a poor substitute for the customary Camels. The small room clouds with smoke, but the mood clears with his sudden, seemingly cathartic outburst.

"I always say I'm not going to do this anymore, not going to dig holes and traps for myself and the band, not going to say dumb, dumb , DUMB things. Oh God, uuummmmmmm, look, I'm sorry . . ."

Thomas' speech is often broken by these immense, initially disconcerting *hums,* bee-swarm reverberations that last long seconds later. But as I transcribe the tapes, I realise that his stance might strike some as the vain gustings of a man with ideas well above his station, who won't condescend to 'explain' simply because he can't be bothered.

Whereas this wasn't the case. Although jetlagged and frustrated at our mutual inability to manoeuvre over the cramped course that is the often utter irrelevance of the rock interview, Thomas remained polite to a fault throughout, venting those frustrations as much on himself as anyone else.

Although Thomas' refusal to give each and every move in the game away is in line with Pere Ubu's work ethic, the band insist unanimously that their audience involves itself as actively in interpreting their music as they do in making it — a fair exchange and one we seem to have taken too much for granted in this latterday age of mass media consumerism.

If you want output from Pere Ubu, you must provide input — or as Thomas tells it, "To have fun you must work first; that's the motto of the American Mid-West."

Likewise the band agree that Pere Ubu is what it is (whatever that is) because from its inception it has consistently placed emphasis on people not playing.

For example, when Thomas formed the band to record "30 Seconds Over Tokyo", he deliberately selected a bass player who couldn't play bass, because he knew intuitively that Tim Wright, now no longer with the band, would make the right bass noises, however technically imperfect. Hear the song — it's on the "Datapanik In The Year Zero" EP (Radar) — and you'll appreciate the aptness of Thomas' choice.

But then opinions divide and digress, becoming the "elaborate system of checks and balances within the band."

"Ubu," says Thomas, "can only exist because the characters within it are extremely temperamental, no, volatile, and it can only exist if we continue to explore new ground. We don't accept repetition."

Mention of the Mid-West prompts mention of Cleveland, Ohio, Pere Ubu's home base, itself not a tyre's throw from Akron, bastion of Devo.

"I like all of Devo very much as people," says Thomas, "but I don't want to discuss their work. I mean, the two bands are diametrically opposed. Our whole outlooks and attitudes are totally different. Devo has some kind of fixed plan, whereas Ubu must remain flexible, changeable and contradictory.

"Devo is much more analytical than we are. We're not analytical at all, which is why we have trouble talking about the band. Personally, I'm not interested in intellectualisation."

"I don't have no big deal about Devo", says Scott Krause, Pere Ubu's drummer, "although I do have this weird undercurrent that Devo and de-evolution are not healthy, that it's all something they've just stumbled on and . . . well, I'd hate to promote that kind of thing. Why digress when you can progess?"

"Devo, it's like the Titanic going down or something," says Allen Ravenstein, Pere Ubu's synthesiser player. "I dig some of their stuff, especially 'Satisfaction' — they really know how to do that song. But the impression I've got from their songs and from talking with them is that they're really much more into making a mockery of everything, not really giving a damn.

"Whereas we're into survival, being positive. The human race will survive. Cities will survive. Cities are on the upswing. People are starting to want to live together again. We're all gonna *have* to do something, take some action . . .

"On another level, the difference between Devo and Ubu is obvious. We're signed with Blank, a small, separate concern that's trying to offer alternatives, like Radar in England. Devo are great media manipulators in

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

every sense. At the moment they're playing off two large record companies against each other, maybe even deliberately.

"Sometimes I feel they're taking the easy way out, denying responsibility, saying 'Fuck you, the world can de-evolve for all I care and I'll be someplace else, in Venezuela with my banana plants.'

"They're dippy, real dippy. If you go see them and you're not familiar with all their slogans and mind games, then they can come on as horrifyingly scary.

"And one more thing about Devo. I hear that the Devo community is planning to move to LA, to grab a bigger slice of the action, I guess. Whereas Ubu will stay put in Cleveland. I'm happy to do so because none of the big radio stations there pay us any attention, so we stay unknown. I'd hate to walk down a street someplace near my home and be 'recognised'. As it is, all of the band except for David live communally in one building. That's how we are."

MYSELF, I baulk instinctively at Devo's prognosis, despite assurances from Ian MacDonald (late of this paper) that it could be "a timebomb under Western rationalism."

I distrust Devo's apparent dependence on jargon. I distrust the blithe passivity of their so-called philosophy, especially when they reiterate hoary paradoxes like "Any statement made, the reverse is also true" — which is just one of many semantic escape clauses that disguise, albeit effectively, the fundamental vacuousness of their conceits.

And what has anything of this to do with Pere Ubu? Pray wait and see.

Both Devo's singles amuse me mildly, but depress me enormously (try and hear The Residents' version of "Satisfaction", it's much, much closer to the core).

Devo, if I read them right, argue for a modern world I've already encountered in the work of English science fiction writer J. G. Ballard. In *High Rise* (Panther paperback) Ballard projected a de-evolved community long before Devo were even a whisper down the transatlantic telegraph.

The gist of the book is simple enough. The inhabitants of a block of flats respond to the inexorable pressures of contemporary consumer society by, in effect, resorting to overt primitivism.

They form power groups, mark out territories and eventually start killing each other off in droves. Eventually they seal themselves up in the building, creating for themselves a violently entropic environment of madness and mayhem that in turn distils into acquiescent stasis, as the survivors wait, hapless and helpless, for the inevitable end.

Ballard describes this atavistic descent with guarded glibness, yet occasionally infers events with a fitfully guttering romanticism, almost hymning this properly terminal disintegration as something perversely fascinating and oddly beautiful.

Perhaps Ballard would describe himself as a realist, as a writer who, in Devo's terminology, is performing "a responsible task" — giving fair warning. Whatever, the attitude he strikes still smacks of a dispassionate glorification of all things 'decadent' (and decaying): an attitude with obvious rock parallels in the genuinely pathetic attempts to wind up, over and out by the likes of Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Bryan Ferry, David Bowie and Pere Ubu's own Peter Laughner.

("Peter was a genius and Peter was a fool, and the fool killed him," Thomas has said in an earlier interview.

("Peter is no longer Peter," says Ravenstein, "but has become a symbol of a problem. He's not an isolated example, but part of something that's going down that Devo may be a part of themselves — that foolish fascination with death and destruction."

(The one 'foolish' song on "The Modern Dance" is Laughner's "Life Stinks.")

But then Devo aren't interested in languidly documenting the decline and death of the Western Way. No, they're much too fast to take that test. They probably reckon that particular death's inevitable, and they're probably right — it's their definition of what follows, the aftertime, that scares me.

You've seen Devo wriggling around in plastic bags, gagged with medical masks — is that what you want? Is that how you see humanity? Maybe we deserve nothing better than Devo's figurative representation of ourselves. But if that *is* your trip, then take it.

Count me out though. God knows, there's enough that's foully, profoundly wrong (in both amoral and immoral senses) with the Western World, but mankind needs to be humbled, not callously humiliated. There must be another way.

Which (breathe deeply now) brings us back to Pere Ubu and another song on "The Modern Dance": "Chinese Radiation". Thomas actively objects to having his lyrics quoted at him, but I hope he'll allow me this much leeway:

"Be the Red Guard / Be the New World / He'll wear his grey cap / She'll wave her red book / He'll tell her 'It reminds me of the future . . . It's ONE WAY' / Then they'll sing."

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

"It should be quite obvious," says Thomas, "that China has the most modern social system — which doesn't necessarily mean it's any good; I'm not implying any value judgements.

"But there's a starkness, a pleasing, necessary starkness . . . there're two things, the reality of the situation and the ideal of it. The ideal of the Chinese system is concerned with purity and discipline, which are naturally the only two things that any person should be concerned with when he's thinking in terms of any new world — not purity and discipline as fascists have understood them, but in a more elemental sense.

"There's some degree of . . . illusion involved, but any system that provides an illusion as strong as the Chinese system must own the future."

"We never wanted to be associated with the punk thing," says Ravenstein, "The Sex Pistols sang 'No future', but there is a future and we're trying to build one . . . things are rough, things are weird, there's no sense in ignoring that — which is why Ubu music isn't all sweetness and light. But you gotta *confront* the problems . . ."

In passing I recount that in one area of China the common housefly, an obvious pest in a predominantly agrarian society, has been completely eliminated — simply by having every household set up fly-traps around their homes, farms and animals.

"Only the Chinese would try to do something like that," says Thomas, "only they have the social . . . strength to do something like that.

"But there's always been a Utopian dream of society, of peoples as a unit. There's also the dream of Pere Ubu as a unit. Ubu does exist as a unit a lot, but not all of the time. We're not perfect.

"The ideal is society as one being, one conscious being," says Thomas. That's the point of all religion, of all philosophy, of all meaningful things. In practical terms it's an absolute impossibility, of course, and any attempt at achieving it will end in corruption and in deception.

"But China has gotten closer to *working* on every important human level than just about anywhere else I can think of. You shouldn't idealise China either, because it's corrupt too, because it has cost dearly, but it's a marker, a pointer . . ."

I'm reminded of a remark made by a friend of mine who spent some time in the Far East last summer and who was moved to observe that the urge to express 'individuality' (as we Westerners understand it) is often absent in Oriental societies. If, he explained, you found yourself in a crowd, you weren't pushed and pulled, weren't constantly reminded that the host was however many people trying to assert themselves, to make their own space, but were instead gently received into one corporate, living breathing entity.

"Yeah," says Thomas, "temperamentally the Orientals have a lot going for them. That just could be the way of it. We'll see, we'll see.

"But then like I said, the corruption of the Chinese system is inevitable. It's fate, you know. And fate is crucial to Ubu; fate is a system of ballistics. It's there in 'Humor Me'. You aren't fated to do this and this because human can't exercise any control over events, but because of various equations.

"After all, the brain works on very industrial terms. Molecules and electrical impulses in there trigger each other, also responses and reactions. On a more general level, any object has a given motion through life and its direction can be changed even by a relatively minor impact — that direction can be deflected by an inert object that then takes on a vast amount of energy.

"Alright, that's school physics, but you can apply it to people and societies as well as inanimate objects."

So change, both social and personal, is a constant variable?

"Mmm, you could say that. But facts get old, reality gets old. A fact of 40 years ago is not a fact now. The fact that the sun rose yesterday doesn't mean it's going to rise today. We've just got to throw all old information away and replace it with new and by definition better information . . .

"But don't start asking me about my *politics*. I'm a musician, not a politician. Oh Jesus Christ, another dumb, DUMB thing to say. You now have graphic proof of how I gabble *on* and *on* . . ."

Thomas shifts listlessly, almost toppling off his seat. Time to move on. (I'll leave you with two more thoughts on "Chinese Radiation" and associated topics: Pere Ubu made a point of excluding "Final Solution", their second single, from "Datapanik" because the song has been — incorrectly — identified with the Nazi holocaust; the sun also rises in the East.)

UNSURPRISINGLY, Pere Ubu have nothing in common with Devo musically. The band are perhaps more usefully sided with some of Can's early work — specifically the "Tago Mago" album — and Captain Beefheart's "Trout Mask Replica" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby". Not that there are any precise comparisons to be drawn, just obvious affinities of tone, texture and instrumentation.

Those Can and Beefheart albums always struck me as remarkable achievements; they're some of the most *human* music I've heard — and by human I mean music that somehow succeeds in conveying a sense of what I can only (inadequately) describe as Man-ness: music that isn't so much made by Man as irrevocably is Man.

It's largely down to the difference between music that prompts physical or mental reactions and music that effectively portrays physical and mental functions. Maybe that's why so many people find those same albums so discomforting; we're not generally accustomed to music that presents us with such a profound analysis of ourselves.

Pere Ubu's music is similarly and intensely Man-nish.

"Ubu music" — Thomas again — "the whole industrial thing has been emphasised a lot with us, but sometimes it's not quite understood. I mean there's a difference between Throbbing Gristle (Genesis P Orage's 'environmental' combo who recently released a limited edition album in "First Annual Report Of . . .") and their statement 'Industrial Music For Industrial People' and the way we approach industrialism.

"We're not so much concerned with the actual industry. That's one thing. The form of the art and the art of the form and how they both apply to human flesh is more our concern.

"Gristle, I think, are very good at what they do, but I only bring them up to make the point that Ubu are not industrialised in the same sense. The sounds Allen makes with his synthesiser are not industrial, they're not trying to imitate machinery or anything that obvious. They're essentially *fresh* sounds, new, novel sounds of . . . human experience.

"In the band context, Allen is the brain. If Ubu is an entity, then Allen's contribution to the music is the sound, the actual physical sound of the brain working away in there. Similarly, the other instruments in the band correspond to differing areas and aspects.

"It's like in '30 Seconds Over Tokyo' we were trying to recreate, as I've said before, the total sonic environment inside those planes as they flew off on their mission and in 'Sentimental Journey', which is a very, very difficult song for us to do since if we're not careful it can sound silly, stupid and embarrassing, we try to . . ."

Represent despair, frustration in an acutely physical sense?

"Uuuummmm, maybe, maybe. You're the writer, not me."

"We work on attitude," says Ravenstein, "preparing ourselves mentally. Each of us has our own sonic interpretation of an idea. We try to whittle things down, to get to the essence. It's like Oriental paintings, like going out into the woods and drawing squirrels until you can draw the essence of a squirrel in one single line. I've always been into music more on a visual than aural level."

"I might just add," Thomas continues, "that people are often surprised we don't have much knowledge of the German scene — bands like Kraftwerk, even though Cliff Bernstein, who looks after Blank, helped break 'Autobahn' in the States. For some reason, nobody's particularly interested in that scene. Allen, I know, listens to Gershwin, Leon Redbone and lots of classical music."

Yes, savour some Pere Ubu music — preferably live but failing that the EP or album will suffice, since the band record most of their material ("Chinese Radiation" being a notable exception) with a view to how they will perform it on stage.

As a rule I'm reluctant to make expansive claims for any band, let alone suggest that one has actually broached new perceptions or radically redefined our shared vocabulary of sound — but Pere Ubu *have* created something really unprecedented. Hear to believe.

But what of the original Pere

■ *Continues page 54*

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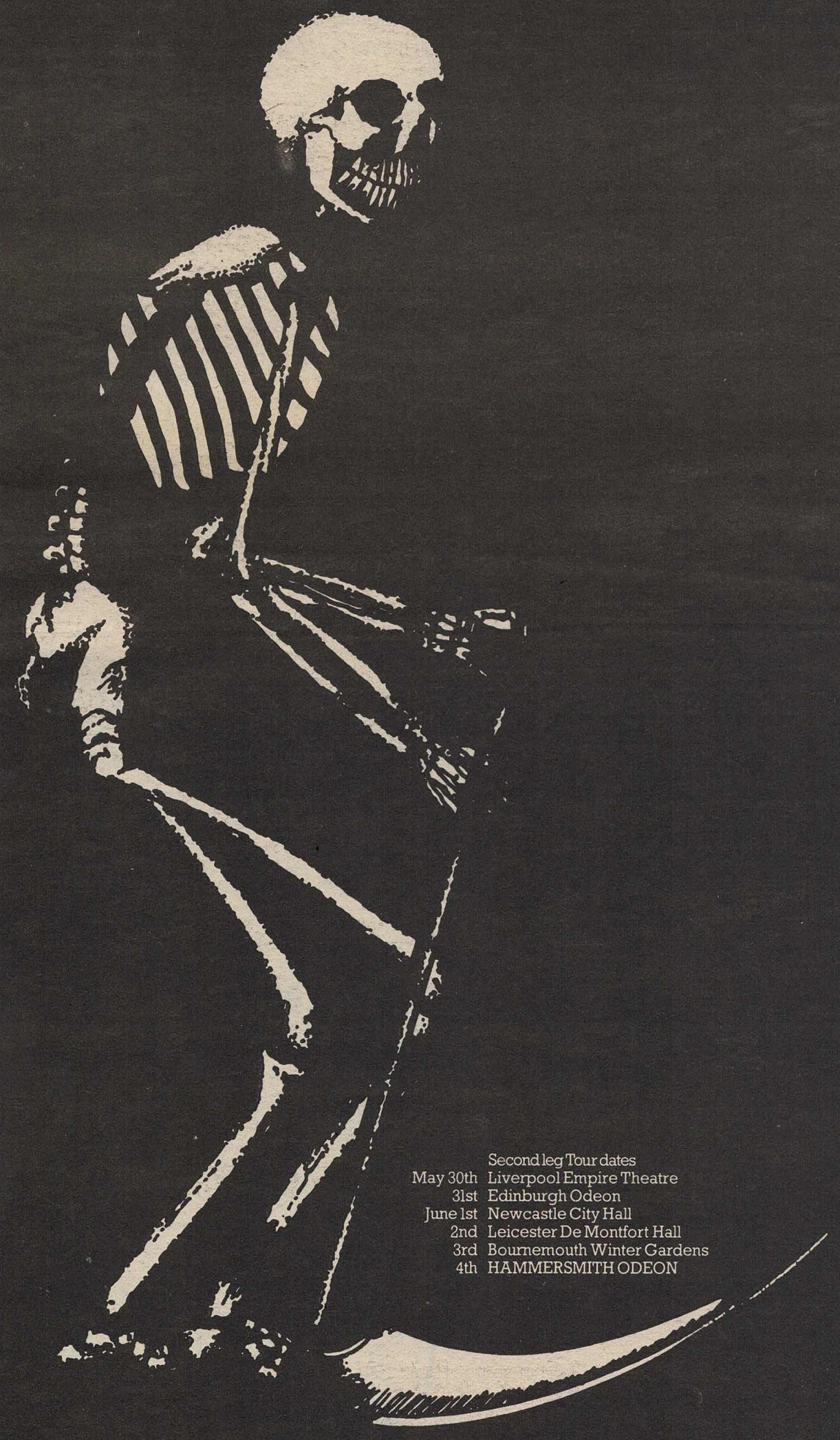

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26TH OPERA HOUSE, BLACKPOOL
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4TH TOWN HALL, MIDDLESBOROUGH
6TH GUILD HALL, PRESTON
7TH CITY HALL, HULL
8TH ST. GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD
9TH VICTORIA HALL, STOKE
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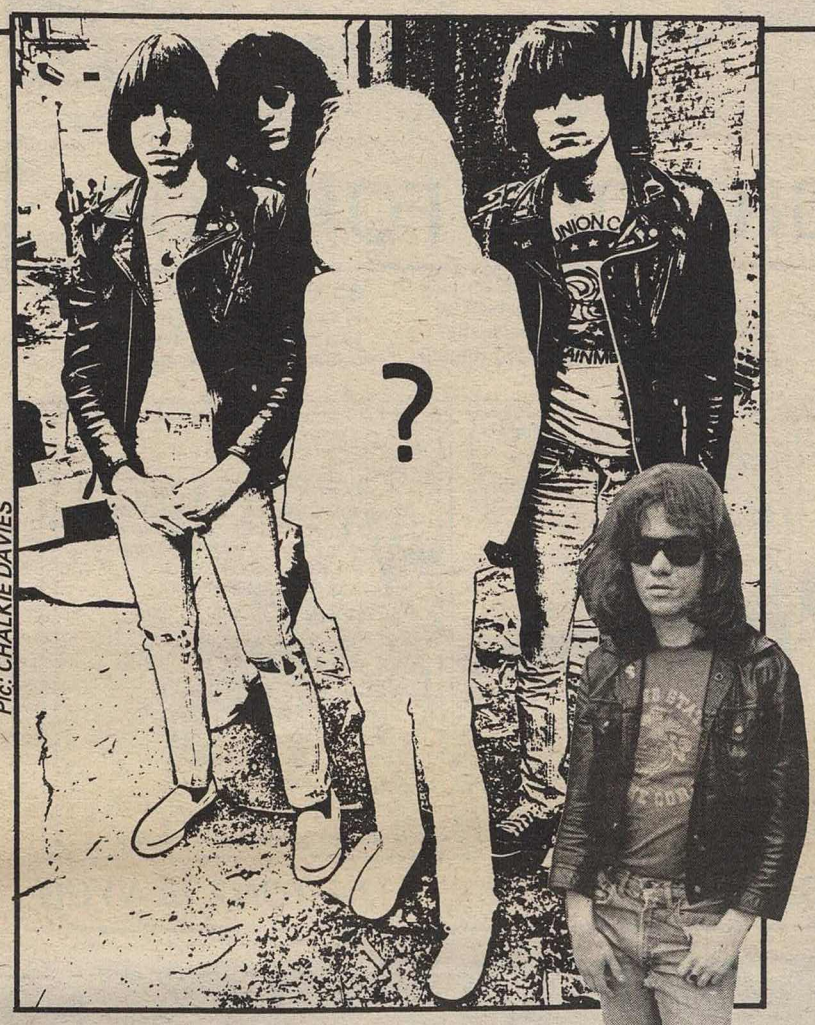
MAGNET RECORDS

THRILLS

YES, IT'S DYLANMANIA!!

See over page



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

WHO IS THE MYSTERY RAMONE?

WHAT YOU ARE READING should have been an interview with the new Ramones.

In it the Bowery boys would have spelled out — in, one supposes, words of one syllable or less — the precise scam on why brother Tommy left home . . . and exactly what kind of aptitude tests Marc Bell of Richard Hell's Voidoids (for it is he) went through to fill the vacant drum seat.

Unfortunately, The Ramones and manager Dabnny Fields have decided "not to talk to the *NME* for the time being," despite earlier promises to do so. The reason, as Ramones-watchers may have already surmised, was Tony Parsons' less than complimentary Ramones piece, which appeared in *NME* at the beginning of the year.

Meanwhile, the question of Tommy's departure still remains . . .

Did he fall or was he pushed? How does Momma Ramone feel? Will the new member keep the cretins hoppin'? And, more important, what are they going to call him?

Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Marc Bell just doesn't have the right ring to it.

This much is certain — Tommy Ramone hasn't quite left the band, but merely stopped touring. Which means he will continue to write songs with The Ramones in the studio, but won't play live.

He in fact gave his final show when they played CBGBs last weekend, as part of four nights of benefit gigs to pay the hospital bills for Dead Boy Johnny Blitz. For the occasion, and as if to emphasize the change, Tommy's hair was cut short and neatly combed, and the impenetrable black shades were replaced by ordinary tinted glasses.

As far as can be ascertained from talking to people close to the band, Tommy's desire to stop touring has been in the air for some time, but the others had persuaded him to delay his final decision until now. It emerges that right from the start of the band, he wasn't happy behind the traps.

In fact, Tommy's original role in The Ramones was producer/manager, but the trouble they had finding someone capable of holding down that lobotomised beat made him the expedient choice as drummer. He now wants to concentrate on studio work *(Hey! Just like Sand Box Wilson — Ed.)* — with The Ramones when required, and with others as yet unnamed when not.

Those of us who have bought — and will no doubt happily continue to buy — The Ramones' dumbo celebration schtick, may find it hard to conceive of Tommy Ramone as a record producer and engineer.

Try Tommy Erdelyi.

And if that doesn't start the little lights flashing, try T. Erdelyi, co-producer with Tony Bongiovi of discs not only by The Ramones, but also Talking Heads.

Tommy apparently feels more at home behind a studio console than trying to remember which day of the week it is on one of The Ramones' gruelling tour schedules. Indeed, various people I've talked to feel the growing excellence of Ramones records owes more to Tommy's ideas for song arrangements and production sound than was ever credited, or even suspected.

Bearing witness to this are reports that it was he alone who OK'd the final mixes of "Rocket To Russia".

The Ramones meanwhile recently went into the studio — with Tommy — to begin work on their fourth album. This seems to suggest that it won't be a double live opus from the last British tour, as was reported at the time, but a new studio effort with new material.

At the time of writing, Marc Bell has yet to be officially announced as the new Ramone, but all rumours so far converge unfailingly on his name.

We've yet to see, though, whether The Ramones will still be able to cut it with all their old power. One of their saving graces was always their ability to keep that rhythm in tow; you could dance to The Ramones, but you'd tie yourself in knots if you tried it to any of the millions of British bands who cloned off the brothers' prototype, but missed a couple of essential points.

More fundamental to the continuation of the band, however, is the question of why they haven't yet managed to crack American charts and hearts in quite the manner everybody believes is their destiny. The Ramones are infinitely more popular in Britain than America, despite much time, money and effort spent to correct the situation.

Yet, for a number of reasons — not least because America invented the term fast-food (and what are The Ramones if not instant gratification?) and also because Kiss have already proved there is a mint to be made peddling comic book fantasies — The Ramones *should* be enormous.

But no. The reason usually quoted is radio and its unwillingness to give The Ramones the exposure they deserve.

Naturally, it is now being suggested that one of the reasons Tommy reduced his commitment to the band was a feeling of defeat in the home camp. Rigorous and widespread touring, three albums, some ostensibly surefire singles, yet still no action.

It would be a sad day if those rumours were true, because America sure needs The Ramones.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

MARC RAMONE

Pic: JOE STEVENS

"Tommy don't wanna be a pinhead no more. We just seen a drummer we could go for . . ." JOEY RAMONE negotiates with RICHARD HELL for his sticksman.

RIOT AT PRESTON GIG

ONE PERSON DIED and three others were hospitalised after a riot broke out between sets at a gig in Preston last Saturday.

The Depressions had just finished their set at Preston Polytechnic — a set which, according to the band's manager Paddy Bergen, had seen just "a few minor incidents, people climbing onstage, but nothing out of hand.

"Thirty seconds after their last number, all hell let loose," Bergen told *Thrills* on Monday.

The audience, seated in a kind of auditorium around the dance floor, watched with horror as two rival football gangs — Blackpool and Preston North End supporters — fell on one another wielding chairs, tables, metal barriers and whatever else came to hand.

Most of the tables and chairs were apparently reduced to matchwood, though none of The Depressions' gear was smashed.

Back in the dressing room, the band was totally unaware of the brawl that had broken out. "They were shocked when I told them what was going on," said Bergen: as far as they were concerned it had been a reasonably trouble-free gig. "They had no inkling anything like that would happen."

Two people were spotted lying unconscious on the floor.

One of them, 22-year-old Henry Bailey, of Higher Walton, near Preston, died of head injuries on his way to hospital.

Estimates of how many kids were involved in the fight range from 30 to 100. Only the arrival of the police in force stopped the action, which also led to the hospitalisation of security guard Frank Baron. He was kicked whilst trying to protect an injured girl.

According to the *Daily Mail* — whose florid report had fans "screaming adulation at the band"(!) — half of the 600-strong audience were detained while police took names and addresses. There is now a force of 70 on the case, and Det. Supt. Don Griffith, the officer in charge, says they are prepared to track down every single person at the college that night in order to find the killer.

"It was a one-off job," a local police spokesperson told *Thrills*. "The Polytechnic is a well-run institution. There have been no complaints of violence before."

The Vibrators, who were headlining the event, did not get to play, of course.

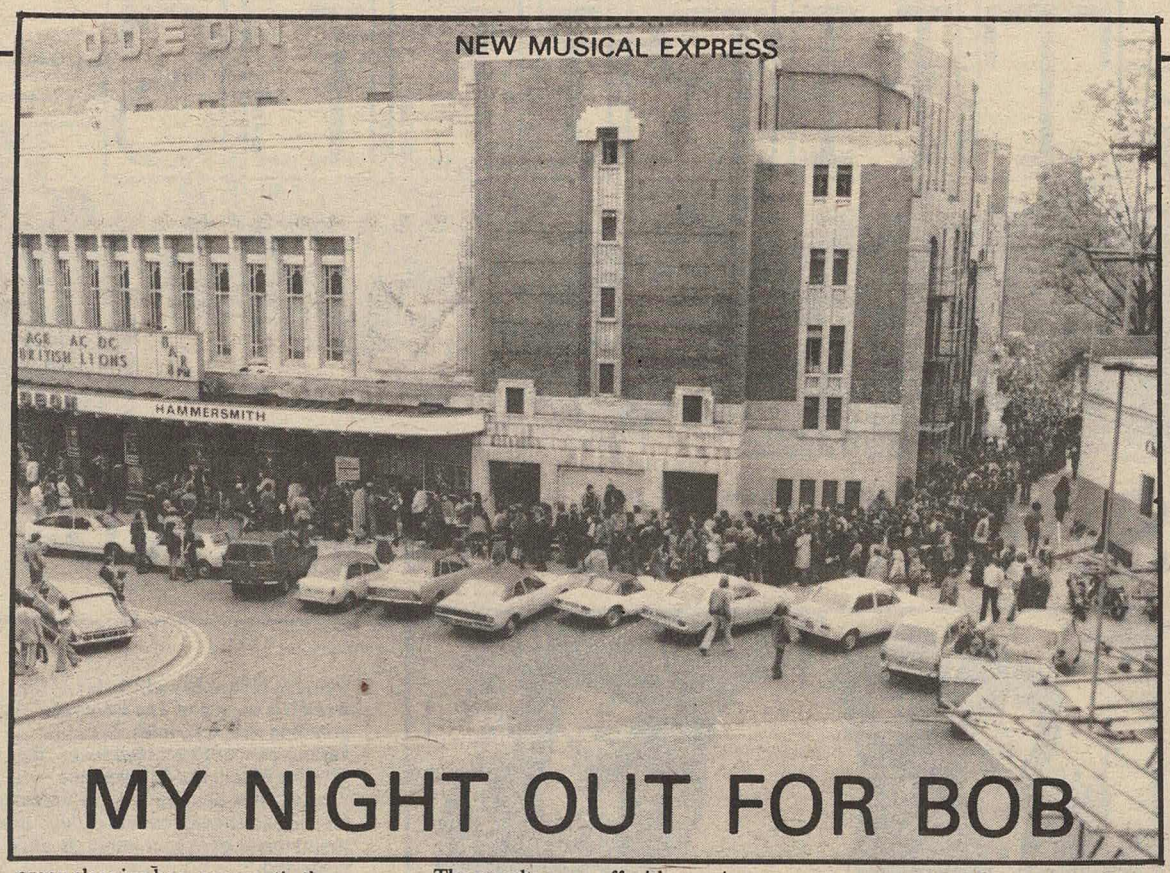
Now, sadly, the backlash begins. On Monday, dates at Blackburn (just down the road from Preston), Sunderland and High Wycombe were pulled out by the agency, presumably by worried promoters — though Paddy Bergen says he was given no reasons. The tour shedule now reads: Birmingham Barbarellas (Wed 10), Manchester Rafters (Fri 12), Ashington Regal (Sun 14), Bristol Locarno (Tues 16) and all the original dates from then on.

The Vibrators/Depressions London date is now at the Music Machine instead of the Lyceum, a change which was made before Saturday evening's events.

For a review of a somewhat more peaceable show by the two bands from Friday night's Edinburgh gig, see *On The Town*.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS



MY NIGHT OUT FOR BOB

THE POLICE said that there were 8,000 of us, and oh boy, did we have the Dunkirk spirit. It is truly amazing what British rock'n'rollers will put themselves through when they have a mind to.

At its peak, the queue for the ticket outlet at Chappells in London's Bond Street threaded its way along nine blocks of side streets and round three sides of Hanover Square.

It took me a total of nine hours for a chance at four less-than-wonderful tickets. Further down the line, the folks at the front had sweated it out for two days and two nights in order to get within striking distance of the best seats.

The whole circus had an almost nostalgic air of the worst rock festival ever. You were dirty, tired, and bored beyond belief; no fun, no entertainment, and nothing to do but wait.

The crowd was almost 100 per cent old guard; long hair, blue jeans, hardly a spike haircut or a bondage stride in sight, although a fairly high percentage sported the campaign colours of the Victoria Park Anti-Nazi Rally. Apart from the age bracket, it was about as diverse an assembly as you could find.

At one extreme a dignified, donnish individual chain-smoked and looked bemused; at the other, a terminal damage case wrapped in a green sleeping bag, apparently there for the event rather than the tickets, stumbled about muttering, "I know my place . . . I know my place . . ."

The novelty wore off with amazing speed, and the whole event became grindingly tedious. Reading matter was at a premium. Spreading rumours quickly developed into the main form of recreation. ("The tickets have almost gone" — "There's more coming" — "Everyone should go to Shaftesbury Avenue, there's no queue there". . .)

In the rapidly growing garbage, dozens of grainy pictures of Dylan *(who? — Ed.)*, in countless adverts, peered over his glasses as though we all brought a lump to his wallet.

The size of the queue seemed to take just about everyone by surprise. The police buzzed around like panicky wasps for a while, but then, finding a throwback to the days when popkids were a placid, bovine breed, settled for surveillance by a single sauntering constable. The hot dog men proved themselves totally incapable of improvising in the face of such a perfect crowd of captive customers.

Only the Salvation Army saw and seized their opportunity, and paraded round the square playing "Amazing Grace" and exhorting the ironically applauding queue to turn from Dylan to Jesus.

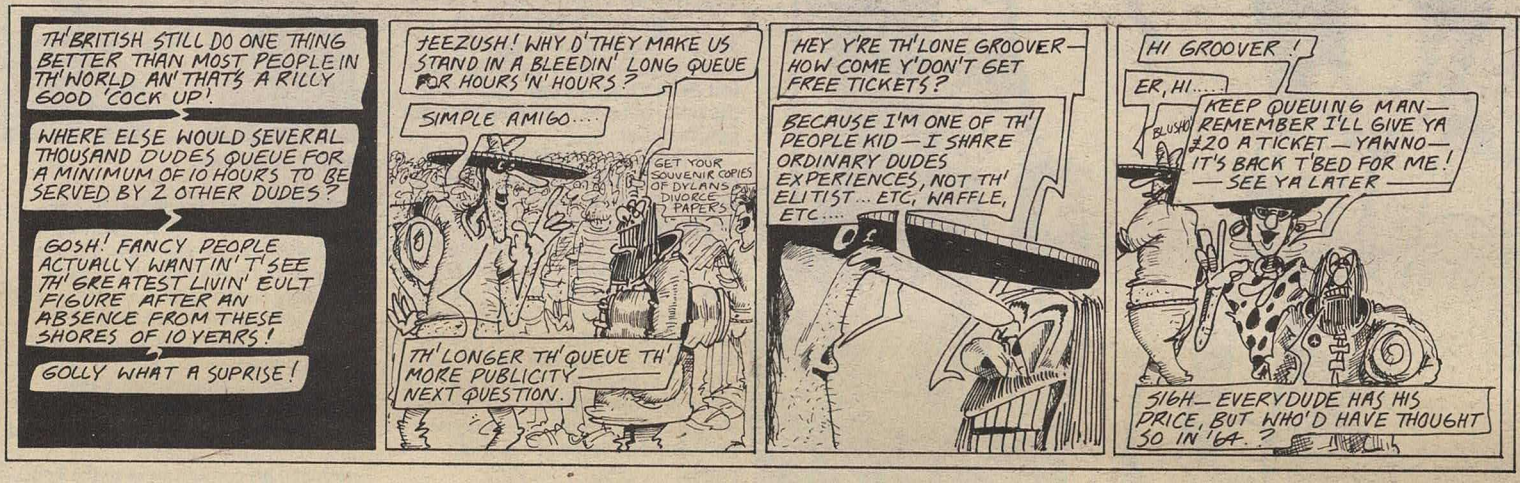
When the pink tickets were finally in my hand, there was a great temptation to leap, whooping, into the air. The only problem was that my boot-heels felt like they were boring into my ankles. Maybe the girl, three places down the queue, summed it up.

THE AUTHOR (facing camera, of course) camps out.

"If there's a lot of posers in the best seats with tickets they didn't have to queue for, I'm going to personally tear Harvey Goldsmith's head off." Nobody disagreed.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS


TH'BRITISH STILL DO ONE THING BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE IN TH'WORLD AN' THAT'S A RILLY GOOD 'COCK UP'!
WHERE ELSE WOULD SEVERAL THOUSAND DUDES QUEUE FOR A MINIMUM OF 10 HOURS TO BE SERVED BY 2 OTHER DUDES?
GOSH! FANCY PEOPLE ACTUALLY WANTIN' T'SEE TH' GREATEST LIVIN' EULT FIGURE AFTER AN ABSENCE FROM THESE SHORES OF 10 YEARS!
GOLLY WHAT A SUPRISE!
JEEZUSH! WHY D'THEY MAKE US STAND IN A BLEEDIN' LONG QUEUE FOR HOURS 'N' HOURS?
SIMPLE AMIGO....
GET YOUR SOUVENIR COPIES OF DYLAN'S DIVORCE PAPERS
TH'LONGER TH'QUEUE TH' MORE PUBLICITY— NEXT QUESTION.
HEY Y'RE TH'LONE GROOVER— HOW COME Y'DON'T GET FREE TICKETS?
BECAUSE I'M ONE OF TH' PEOPLE KID — I SHARE ORDINARY DUDES EXPERIENCES, NOT TH' ELITIST... ETC, WAFFLE, ETC....
HI GROOVER!
ER, HI.....
BLUSH!
KEEP QUEUING MAN— REMEMBER I'LL GIVE YA £20 A TICKET — YAWNO— IT'S BACK T'BED FOR ME! — SEE YA LATER —
SIGH— EVERYDUDE HAS HIS PRICE, BUT WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT SO IN '64.?

The Lone Groover — live from Hanover Square

by TONY BENYON

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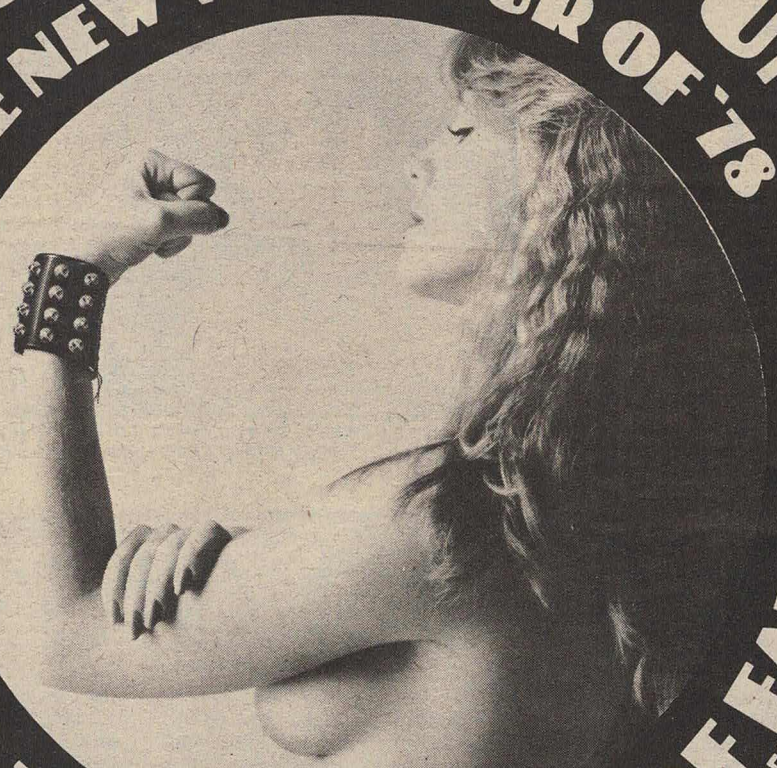

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THE LENGTHS SOME POP STARS WILL SINK TO . . .

THE FLASH GEEZER with all the mouth, the zoot suit, the slicked front arcades and fairgrounds, cadging pocket money, cruising for love, drinking alone, the lonely guy, the loser, the spiv with the soft heart — Paul Shuttleworth was the face of The Kursaal Flyers.

Arguably the longest survivors of the pub rock generation that included the Brinsleys and the Kilburns *(Lee Brilleaux might dispute that - Ed.)*, the Kursaals had a unique, subtle magic that came from Shuttleworth's thoroughly British, defiantly untrendy style and the delicate wistful humour of Will Birch's lyrics.

They were one of the few worthwhile live bands in the bleak pre-punk era, and played a set of three-minute instant singles with flash, humour and showbiz fizz that mainly baffled the public. Was it comedy, or parody, or what?

"We were convinced that once people heard what we were doing, we would be massive," Paul recalls, some four months after the band's final date. "We'd be what everyone was waiting for, because we played intelligent pop music. We were waiting trying to be completely catholic, trying to break down all those musical barriers."

The barriers were eventually swept aside by the punk explosion, which also helped kill the Kursaals. The year of punk found the band in a confused state; the definitive Kursaals album, "Golden Mile," was a commercial flop, and the band floundered in a sea of anarchy, aggression and conflicting trends.

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH pops the question

Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

"For me that album was what we were all about," says Paul. "We'd captured it. But it was a disaster as far as sales went, and that threw us into confusion."

It was a matter of timing. "If we'd had that hit single" — "Little Does She Know" was their only chart success — "nine months earlier, it could have been a whole lot different story." He flashes an old trouper smile (a white porcelain replaces the gold tooth, which he knocked out the night before their last gig): "That's showbusiness!

"Showbusiness is what I'm all about, really. Not 'art' — it's showbusiness, entertainment. It's gotta have style. Nothing would please me more than to go out and do a couple of dates with an orchestra.

"I want to bring back big production pop"— he mentions Dusty Springfield, Phil Spector, Gene Pitney and other leading lights of a forgotten school of music — "but not in a nostalgic way. The songs I'm writing now are all big production pop numbers, they haven't got messages — they're about guys losing their girls, things like that, all comic book stuff."

His new single, Willie de Ville's "Mixed Up Shook Up Girl", might seem an unlikely candidate for the strings and drama treatment which Mike Batt brought to "Little Does She Know", but it works — "it's an emotive song." Paul has also recorded Wreckless Eric's "Whole Wide World", in a "Troggs" fashion, apparently, as a possible follow-up.

"There's a lot of people about — Wreckless Eric, Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello — who are writing tremendous pop songs. But in my opinion, they're apologising for them in the way they perform them. They seem to be saying, well it's pop, folks, but really it's rock — still that touch of post-psychedelic cool about it, 'this is art', you know?"

Paul Shuttleworth is unashamedly into pop. He speaks enthusiastically of the three-minute single as an art form in its own right, regards the Dansette record player with respect, talks lovingly of the singles stacked in the auto changer, and the thud of the falling platters.

"I don't care about high fidelity," he growls, and becomes almost aggressive. "I'm interested in music!"

PETE SUTTON

THRILLS

Swinging sisters

WHAT constitutes a record in the record-making business? The Andrews Sisters, who top the bill in *Val Parnell's Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, have sold about 60,000,000 discs since entering the business in 1938.

As if these statistics are not impressive enough, the swinging sisters sing 33 songs in their 45-minute act at the London night club where they are currently appearing. And that includes two changes of dress.

The "swinging sisters" make bands like The Ramones look like slowcoaches, observes Mike Butler, who spotted this while browsing through his valuable collection of old T.V. Timeses. This one, in case you don't remember it, came out in December 1960.

THRILLS

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FOR THE FIRST MONTH after The Kursaal Flyers' break-up last November, their drummer/lyricist Will Birch was depressed.

Everybody — friends, journalists, musicians and music biz people — said Will should go solo, write, produce and do the occasional drumming stint in the studio.

After all, with Messrs Lowe, Costello and Drury grabbing the headlines, wasn't it once again The Age Of The Solo Artiste? Groups were old hat. Passe. Yesterday's beer.

Moreover, the Kursaals' career had ended on a not entirely different note to Lowe's band, Brinsley Schwarz. Says Will: "We always had a dedicated following, but we never broke through to the average rock punter — the bloke who writes Status Quo on the back of his denim jacket in Bradford."

Most days Will would get up late, shamble down to his Sarfend local, knock back a few sherbets and snore away the rest of the day.

"I found the only time I was happy was when I was either asleep or pissed. I felt very insecure. I didn't have the guts to go it alone. I don't have that kind of talent."

Besides, for some time he'd known exactly what he wanted to do. He'd tried with the Kursaals, but his vision could never be realised because to the public, The Kursaal Flyers were Paul Shuttleworth, the very embodiment of Sarfend sleaze and all its pierhead wide-boy connotations.

Will didn't take long to realise that lolling away the days wasn't the way to sell a million. And together with Kursaals rhythm guitarist Johnny Wicks, with whom Will had struck up a songwriting partnership, he started

WILL BIRCH sets THE RECORDS straight

going about the mechanics of forming a group. Despite what everyone was saying.

"You look around and you see all these people disappearing," he says. "Getting fat and drying up. I don't have to name names. I didn't want that to happen to me."

Adverts were placed. More songs were written. But finding the missing links wasn't easy. Will moans: "We went through two months of absolute hell trying to find the right line-up."

Eventually one Paul Brown was netted in on bass. Previously with The Janets *(Definitely a band ahead of their time — Ed)*, Will and John had felt Brown was right from the moment he walked in the door. When he opened his guitar case and produced a Rickenbacker guitar, they knew he was the right man.

● *Next page*

Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

THE RECORDS (L-R): swinging, WILL BIRCH & PHIL BROWN; dodgy, JOHNNY WICKS & HUW GOWER

THE RECORDS

● *From previous page*

Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

On seven separate occasions, Will placed an ad for a guitarist. But no joy. Meantime the trio — Birch, Wicks and Brown — rehearsed undaunted. One night they saw, this geezer, name of Huw Gower playing with The Rat Bites From Hell at the Nashville *(Another mob ahead of their time! — Ed).* He was something like the 24th guitarist Will had auditioned, and he completed The Records' line-up; the name is Will's.

That was under two months ago. Since then The Records have started to work themselves in, keen to get on the road, warts and all.

I saw them recently at the Hope & Anchor playing their second gig. They're an excellent combo, and, despite Will's presence, have little in common with the Kursaals.

The Records are already a hard-biting rock and roll band, playing tightly constructed melodic songs rooted in a pop tradition which was at its heyday in the mid-'60s.

As someone has already said, one of their songs, "Up All Night", sounds like the missing cut from "Revolver". Although their material is economical, their songs are not so short that they exclude guitar solos. Gower's playing is flecked with psychedelic nuances, and Wicks wields a tough rhythm guitar.

The impetuous journalist probably wouldn't think twice about calling The Records a, er, power pop group. Naturally, Will detests the term. "It's like an apology. It implies that previously pop had lacked power."

He expands: "There's nothing much new happening in rock and roll. The whole scene has turned into a parody. New groups come along and they're heralded by some immature journalist, because they wear shoes that were in fashion in 1965.

"It's nearly 1980. Rock and roll has been around for 30 years.

"The last thing the world needs is another group — but I think there are people who do need the kind of music we're playing. As great as records like 'Eight Miles High', 'Strawberry Fields Forever' and 'My Generation' were, I still feel it's an unexploited area. Nobody ever took it to its limit. That's what we want to do."

In fact, if I've got Will correct, the only bands which he considers have attempted to build on that area are American groups like the late lamented Big Star, an outfit called Blue Ash whom Will came across in the import bins, and to a lesser extent Tom Petty and Cheap Trick. Will claims that no British band is doing what The Records are — although one colleague suggested a similarity between The Records and Rich Kids.

Consequently, Will wants to record in America with an American producer. People he has in mind include Todd Rundgren and Ted Nugent/Cheap Trick producer Tom Werman.

Aside from the Will Birch-John Wicks originals, The Records' set features Tim Moore's "Rick 'n' Roll Love Letter" (a buoyant number recorded, surprisingly enough, by The Bay City Rollers), The Everly Brothers' "Man With Money" (the B-side of "Love Is Strange") — and "19th Nervous Breakdown". There's also two Kursaals songs, "Girls That Don't Exist" and "Everything But A Heartbeat", recorded but never released.

The group's weakest front is their vocals, fairly ambitious three-piece vocal harmonies that aspire to sounding great, but at the moment don't always come off. But reminiscent of the Fab Four, they certainly are.

"I'd be foolish to say they didn't remind me of certain phases of The Beatles' career," Will admits. "Also The Byrds — and The Move.
Traditionally a harmony singer will sing a fifth above the melody line or whatever, but for the type of harmonies we're trying to do you can't do that. They're slightly more complicated.

"People think it's just a parody. It's not. It's an earnest attempt to . . ." Will trails off. There's no reason for him to be defensive about what he's trying to do, since while it's obvious where The Records' roots are buried, they are offering something which isn't mere plagiarism — and which does have the seeds of something new.

"The Kursaals were a rock 'n' roll Tommy Cooper," he says. "They did tricks, but they didn't quite come off. At times they came dangerously close to becoming a comedy act.

"But they were an alternative to what was happening at the time. When the Kursaals started, we were playing to people who were into Rick Wakeman and Black Sabbath.

"Although the Kursaals failed, we did succeed in setting the mood. I want The Records to be like a rock 'n' roll Lenny Bruce. We're trying to take onstage what we are. We're not changing into funny suits."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Demo pix: JOHN TRUX

ANTI-NUKES PROTEST BE-IN

DESPITE THE ALMOST total lack of coverage in the press after the event, the anti-nuclear demonstration which took place on the eve of the anti-Nazi carnival was a positive if modest affair.

Some 10,000 people marched from Hyde Park through metropolis central down to Trafalgar Square, where the main events of the day took place. Street sellers flogging everything from *Vole* to *Socialist Challenge* combed the crowd, a mixed assembly mainly of out-of-towners.

There were no sidebar attractions to divert attention from the main platform where a seemingly endless troupe of speakers said their piece. The majority of the speeches were plain dull, however well-meaning.

One high spot was the militant speech by Arthur Scargill of the miners union, who called for a programme of civil disobedience if necessary, raising a cheer from the crowd. The CND speaker admitted that they had been slow to pick up on the link between nuclear arms and nuclear power but now pledged solidarity.

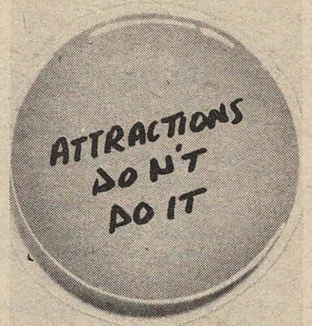
Most interesting speaker was leading French ecopolitician Brife Lalonde, whose short punchy speech emphasised that the anti-nuclear struggle was just part of a much larger battle to change the direction society was heading in. His humour and freshness of approach contrasted sharply with the dull old cliches that previous orators had churned out.

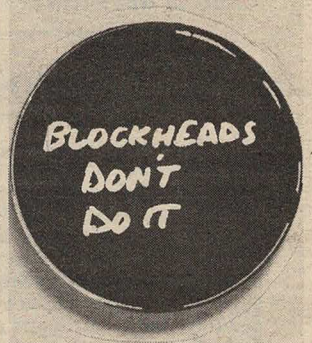
Terry Jones of *Monty Python* said his bit. Roy Harper provided the only music of the day, a commodity sadly lacking in the whole proceedings.

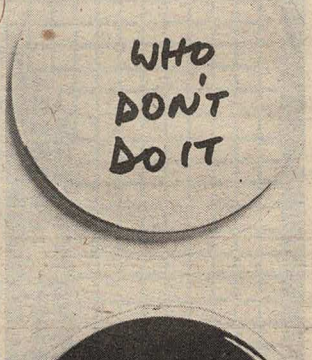
Still, most people seemed to agree it was a useful beginning, an opportunity to exchange ideas, a chance for the politics freaks and old campaigners to gauge the strength of the anti-nuclear support. It will be interesting to watch where things go from here.

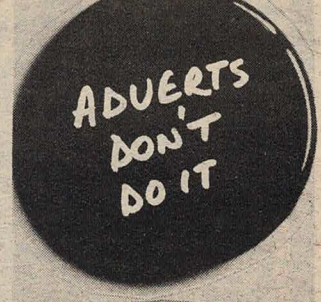
DICK TRACY

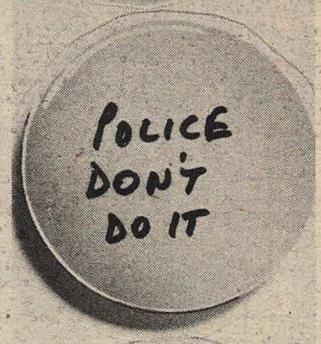
THRILLS

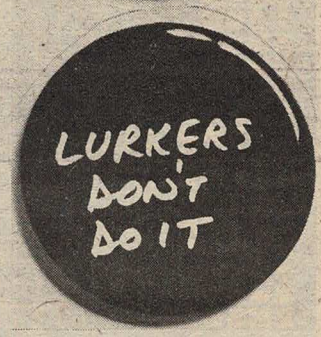












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SINGER GETS SIX MONTHS FOR STEALING UNION JACK

WHAT STARTED OUT as a simple wager could end up with six months in the slammer for Ollie Wisdom — the 20-year-old singer with The Unwanted.

It was Jubilee Day — June 2, 1977, to be precise. The location: Bromley in Kent.

Seemingly, Master Wisdom was visiting a friend's house, from where they were admiring the patriotic display of bunting run-up for the celebrations. Suddenly, a flagpole in a neighbour's garden caught their attention — especially the large Union Jack fluttering in the breeze. After a few minutes, Wisdom's waggish friend wagered the singer that he couldn't retrieve the flag from the mast-head.

Being a sportsman, Wisdom promptly accepted the bet, and in next-to-no-time was clutching the flag in one hand and his winnings in the other.

However, before Wisdom could return the flag from whence it had come, a public-spirited neighbour (ignorant of the wager) had contacted the local constabulary and, as a direct result, Wisdom was promptly charged on two counts: trespassing and theft.

For the next few months, Wisdom was in and out of one court after another.

According to The Unwanted's manager Ral Lofting, a request for legal aid was rejected and therefore the group have had to pay defence costs, which Lofting estimates now run into "thousands of pounds".

As for Wisdom, he's been sentenced to six months imprisonment.

The fact that The Unwanted are a punk band whose current Raw Records single is entitled "Secret Police" may, Lofting suggests, have contributed to placing the whole incident in an unfavourable light.

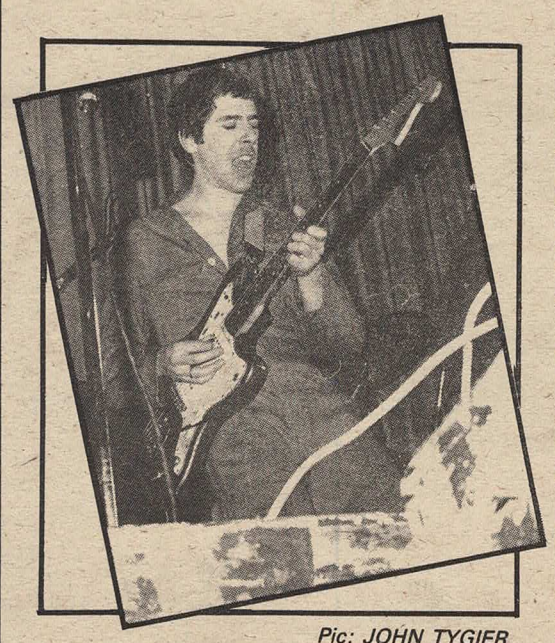
At the moment, Ollie Wisdom has been bound over for one month, pending his appeal.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

OLLIE WISDOM

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS



Pic: JOHN TYGIER

IF THE KURSAALS were the underdog's band, what do you call Roogalator? Minimal promotion and inadequate distribution have been the price of the complete control granted by Do It Records, and the strain of hard gigging in limbo is beginning to tell.

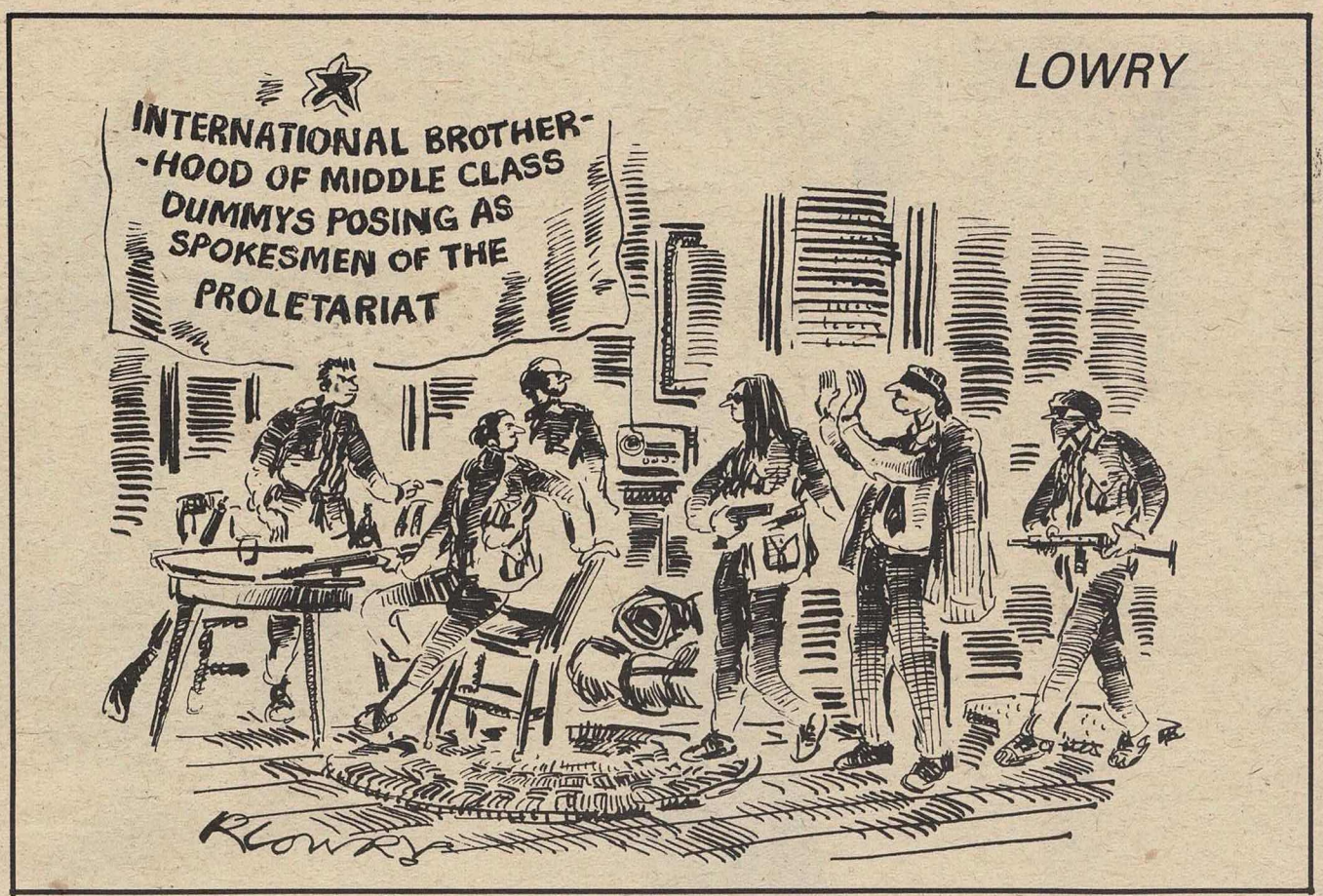
Drummer Justin Hildreth took his brilliance and delicate good looks to the security of the London Drum Centre and sessions a month ago, to be replaced by one-time Stomu Yamashta sideman Nick Munnas. An Irish tour is already underway, followed by the Nashville on May 19. Business as usual, except that a change of tactics by leader Danny Adler (left) should soon bear fruit.

Possibly stirred by ex-pianist Nick Plytas' current flirtation with the big-time — depping in the TRB, sessions with The Clash — Adler is negotiating a deal with an "established independent" and may drop the band name, which has undoubtedly acquired a 'loser' tag.

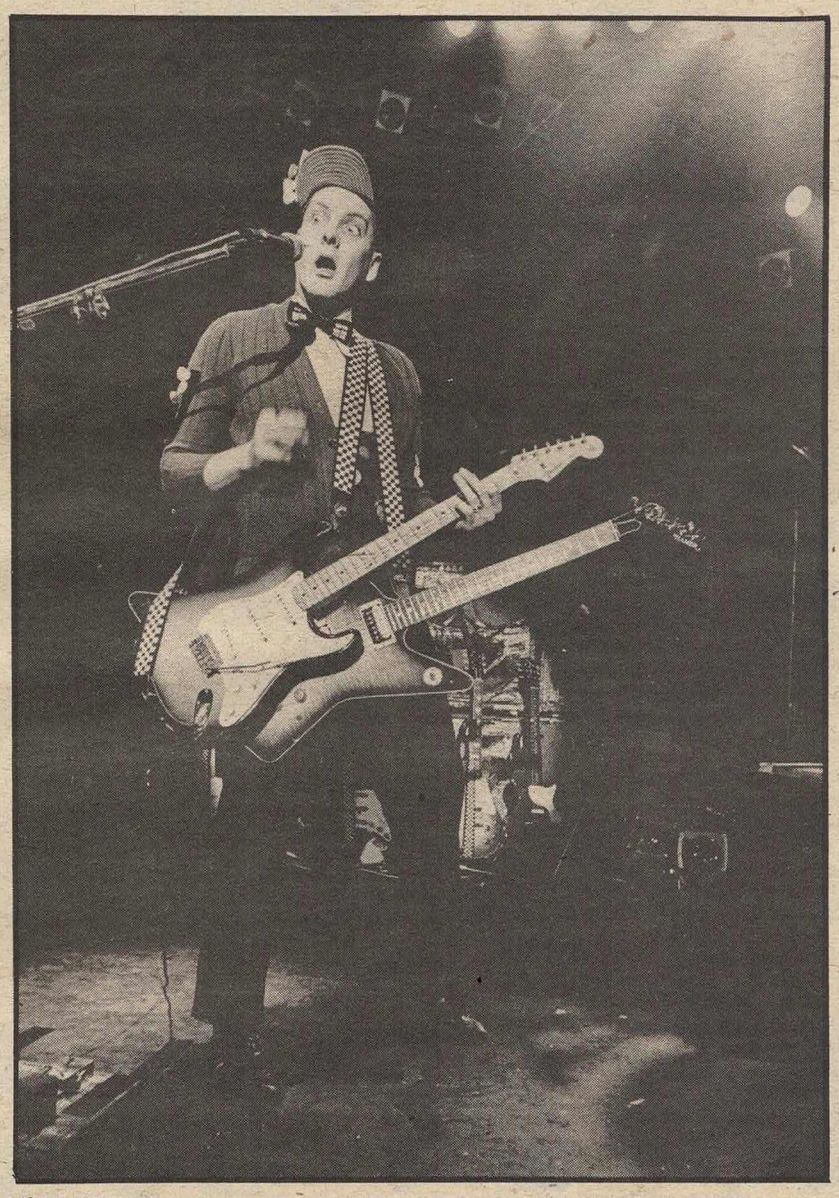
A similar move did Nils Lofgren no harm, and vindication of Danny's gospel of wit, virtuosity and funk would be one of the year's happier endings.

HARRY ROBINSON

THRILLS



STRANGE STARS AND ORIENTAL HYSTERIA



If they'll go crazy for this, they'll go crazy for anything! RICK NIELSEN — Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG

ALL OF A SUDDEN, Japanese teendom has taken Cheap Trick to its collective bedroom, with a hysteria level unseen even there since . . . well, since Kiss' last tour at least.

Upon arrival for their first ever tour of Japan, Cheap Trick were greeted by 600 screaming fans, who had to be physically restrained by police cordons. The zealous teenies then followed the band's police motorcade to their hotel on foot, in taxis, in cars and on bikes — screaming all the way, or so we're told.

Yet more mob scenes awaited them at the hotel. People climbed up fire escapes, attacked limousines, chased other people round buildings, threw letters and presents, and did all the things we have come to associate with the mysterious rites of pubescent adulation.

Official reaction, however, was more reserved. The local promoter warned Cheap Trick person Rick Nielsen that if any guitar picks were thrown at the crowd that night he would close the show for fear of a riot.

Cheap Trick mania followed wherever they went. *(Brilliant copy! — Ed.)* One hastily added extra show at an 11,000 seater hall sold out in a day, and the band's "Clock Strikes Ten" was the No. 1 single for six weeks.

The final date at Shizouka ended in mayhem, when girls broke through police barricades and stormed the stage. When the band flew home, over 1,000 weeping fans turned out at the airport to wave goodbye and good liddance.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

CLONING/CLONING/CLONING

The creation of life without sexual procreation

One man claims cloning has already been done — with human beings.
Grilled on television and in the national press, DAVID RORVIK has stuck to his best-selling story of the American millionaire who has actually been cloned.
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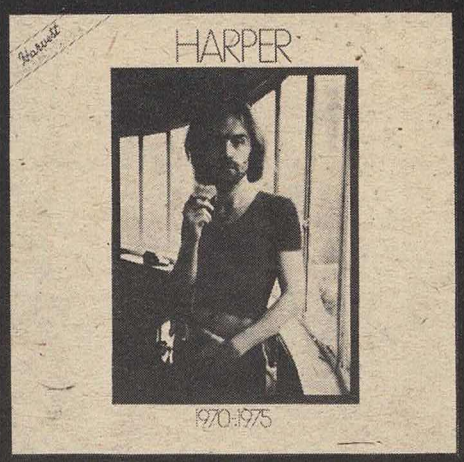

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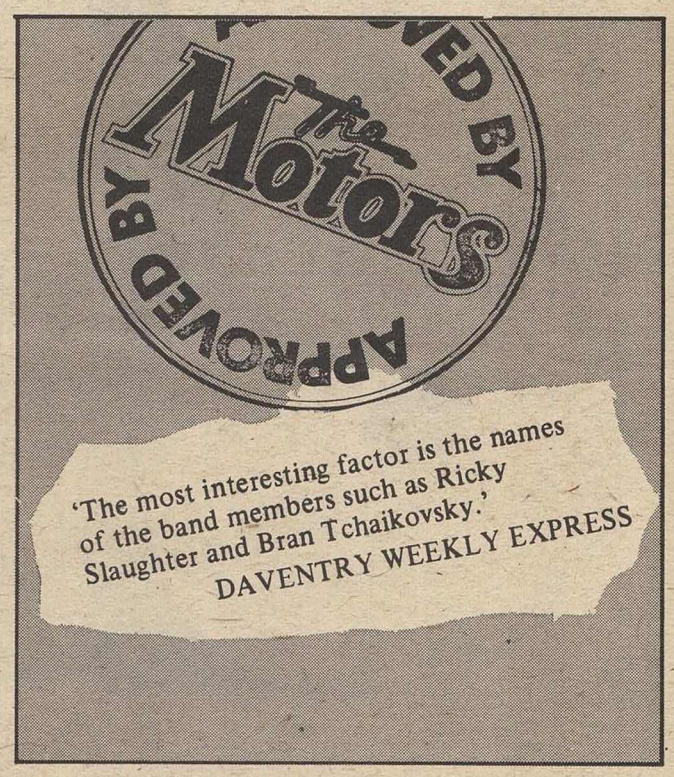
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'The most interesting factor is the names of the band members such as Ricky Slaughter and Bran Tchaikovsky.'
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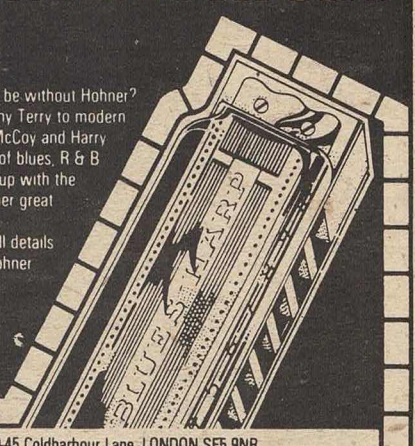

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HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE IRISH BAND AND THE GREEN BEER?

No? Read on then, bro'. This is a story of amazing weirdness. You obviously haven't heard about the green underwear either. Or the green Chicago river. Or . . . Well, let's just join Irish rockers HORSLIPS on their recent States tour and witness the patriotic fervour of those Americans whose ancestors hailed from the Old Sod. Like, Green Thoughts From Abroad. (If you can't handle it, don't worry — Horslips couldn't either). ANDY GILL reports . . .

EXAMPLES OF three separate openings to a feature. — The first:

Radio Station WISN is reached via a three-storey lift ride (sorry, *elevator* ride) up a downtown Milwaukee office block, a footfull of steps and a pair of reasonably heavy swing doors. Beyond the doors lies a single level mini-labyrinth of rooms, cubicles and corridors, some stacked with albums, some with sizeable chunks of be-dialled and buzzing machinery, and others with the usual impedimenta of office existence.

Throughout the complex permeates an illicit odour which tells you this isn't Wonderful Radio One.

Stuck on one of the office doors is a newspaper clipping bearing the legend "It's Not Easy Being Green". . .

Horslips' drummer Eamon Carr and keyboard player/flautist Jim Lockhart have arrived to do the usual promo rap for tonight's gig. Only tonight's gig is somewhat out of the ordinary, it being St. Patrick's Day.

A mid-teens secretary leans over a desk in the reception area. She's wearing bright green slacks, a matching green waistcoat, and an absurd two-sizes-too-small cardboard bowler hat such as is worn at children's parties. The hat, of course, is green.

Pinned to the waistcoat lapel is a badge, presumably intended to demonstrate the extent of her St. Patrick's Day solidarity, which claims: "I'M WEARING GREEN UNDERWEAR".

"And", she confides coquettishly, "it's true as well".

The second opening:

Horslips are an Irish rock band. Not, you'll note, a folk-rock band, simply a bunch of Irish rockers who realised the absurdity of relying wholly on R'n'B (an alien culture) for their musical roots, and decided instead to tap the immense vein of Irish culture — musical, literary, historical and mythological — heretofore the province of folkies.

As Carr states, "It's ridiculous to be singing about nickels and dimes when you've never seen a nickel of a dime; I still don't know which is which, as it happens. . ."

The essential difference between Horslips and the Fairport/Steeleye school they've all too often been lumped together with is that whereas the latter have generally attempted to revive a dead culture, and produce pretty faithful updatings of traditional songs, Horslips write their *own* material, taking folk-myths and Irish history for basic subject-matter, and using fragments of traditional tunes and textures as and when they fit into the rock context.

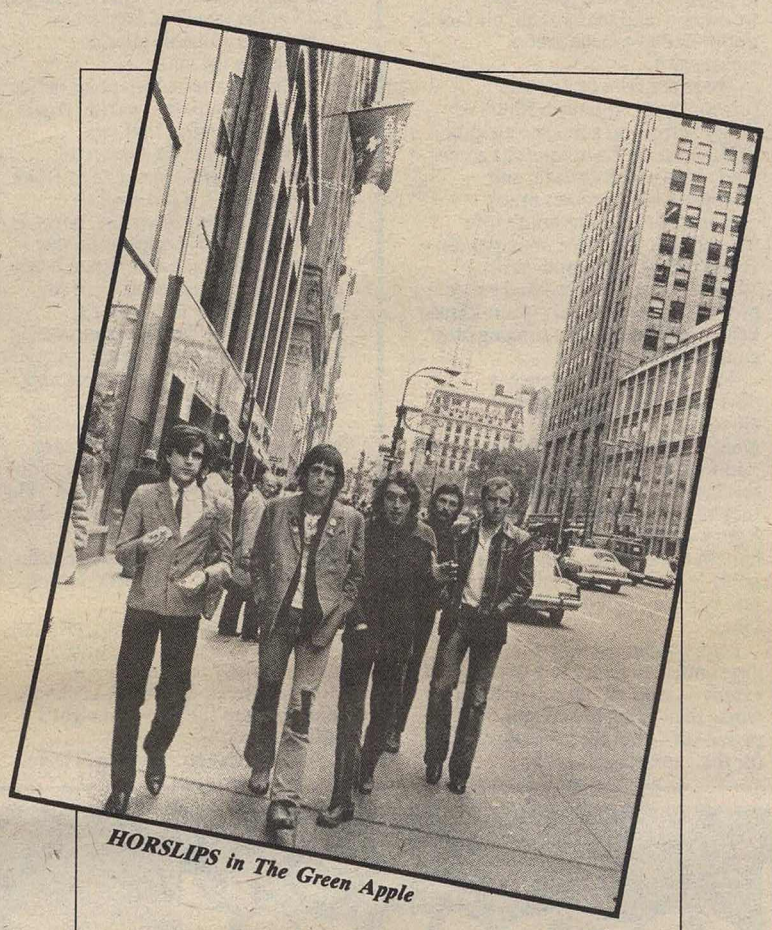
Unfortunately, the "Irish Steeleye" tag has become a millstone they're unlikely to shrug off, in Britain at least.

In America, however, they're still an unknown quantity: widespread interest here started with their penultimate album, "The Book Of Invasions", but it's really only the current "Aliens" album which has brought them more than cult status, stateside.

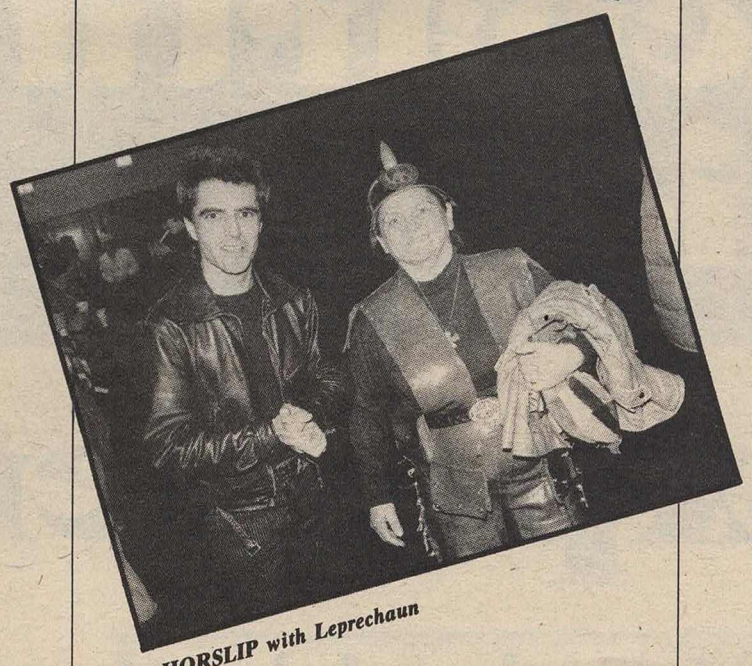
The third opening:

Milwaukee is a manufacturing town on the western edge of the mid-west industrial belt. Sixty miles north of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan, it combines the eyesores of industry with the kind of lakeside scenery the guidebooks generally refer to as "breathtaking". The one-and-a-quarter million inhabitants (which I suppose makes it a city) are extensively settled in low-rise apartment blocks and rows of extremely neat (and touchingly rustic) wooden houses; there's but one building (a bank, of course) which could be called a skyscraper — a sore thumb on an otherwise sensuous skyline.

Milwaukee's greatest cultural contributions, so far, have been beer, Harley-Davidsons and The Fonz.



HORSLIPS in The Green Apple



HORSLIP with Leprechaun

Relevant excerpt from a conversation between Jim Lockhart and an American Basketball Player:

ABP: So, whaddya think of Milwaukee?

JL: I was quite surprised — I mean, it's a deal more *cosmopolitan* than I expected.

ABP: Oh. . . I don't understand that.

JL: Well, it's not as *provincial* as I thought it might be.

ABP: I. . . er. . . don't understand that word. . .

JL: Like, it's not HICK, y'know?

ABP: Aah. . . I see what you mean!

JL: It's *fast*, like a city!

ABP: Oh, *sure*. Now we're talking the same language!

THE FIRST shock I get in Milwaukee is at the Holiday Inn. A *literal* shock, and the first of many — it's impossible to open a door or switch on a light without a sharp static crackle frying your fingertips. The cause, I'm told, is the cheap nylon carpeting they use, and it's small consolation to learn that the phenomenon's not peculiar to Milwaukee but can be experienced the nation over.

To someone keeping a paranoid pupil peeping for human-borne dangers, it's a bit below the belt to find seemingly innocent inanimate objects ganging up and zapping you a volt or two when you least expect it.

The bar is bedecked with streamers (green), cardboard shamrocks (ditto) and strange little ditto-clad cardboard figures presumably meant to represent leprechauns. A notice (green) proclaims the availability of the "St. Patrick's Day Special" — for a dollar, you can get a corned beef sandwich and a glass of *green beer*, an offer I found remarkably easy to refuse, on the grounds that if I didn't pass it up, my stomach probably would.

(Later that day, I overlooked the unpleasant overtones of urolagnia and braved a beaker of the brew. It tasted surprisingly okay, especially when consumed with eyes shut. However, the edible green dye they put in the stuff makes your tongue come out in support of St. Patrick, and guarantees a genuine synthetic Green Gilbert every gob. Not for the faint-hearted, you'll agree.)

The barman, a gent to whom the epithet "hale and hearty" could reasonably be applied, puts on a background tape of dreadful pseudo-Irish muzak — the kind of stuff they probably have in Tesco's, Tipperary — and receives for his trouble a mutted oath from Horslips' bassist Barry Devlin.

Horslips, you see, despite their free-ranging adaptation of traditional Irish music, are not amused by its emasculation, especially when it's part of a package of myth and misconception rarely seen outside the pages of an Irish Tourist Board brochure.

Mind you, that doesn't prevent them from stealing a chuckle at the ironies of certain American-Irish misconceptions:

"The American-Irish believe that The Irish Rovers singing 'The Unicorn Song' is Irish music", claims Eamon Carr, "when it was written years ago by Shel Silverstein, a balding cartoonist for *Playboy* or *The New Yorker* who wrote all Dr. Hook's early stuff. As it is, most of the American-Irish don't even know where Ireland *is!*"

"You know the legend about St. Patrick banishing all the snakes from Ireland?" chips in Jim Lockhart, "Well, the story that's been taken up now is that they swam across the Atlantic and became Irish Americans. . .!"

"Hence the instrumental track on the 'Unfortunate Cup Of Tea' album called 'The Snakes' Farewell To The Emerald Isle' ", adds Carr. "Early invective. . ."

Relevant excerpts from the Eamon Carr Guide To Dublin:

"One of the most humorous sights in Ireland is to see the coachloads of blue-rinsed Americans being whisked into the Abbey Theatre to watch a Sean O'Casey play that they have *no* comprehension or understanding of.

"They just get whisked in, check out the theatre, applaud wildly, put back on the coach and brought back to the hotel."

IT'S NOT hard to see why Horslips' humour tends towards the scathing when the butt is the American Irish: besides the sheer *obscenity* of acts like dyeing Chicago's river green, the application of good ol' Yankee laissez-faire capitalism to the St. Patrick's Day festivities is executed with a quite astonishing lack of dignity and sensitivity.

McDonalds' burger-chain produces a special "Shamrock Shake"; Lenders ("The Frozen Bagel People") bake batches of foul green bagels all individually wrapped in sealed plastic bags bearing the mandatory leprechaun pic and the ridiculous Irish/Jewish hybrid slogan "Erin Go Bragh — Shalom" ("Ireland For Ever — Peace")! and the overall plastering of the shamrock makes the shops seem like a deck of cards composed solely of green Aces of Clubs.

Relevant excerpts from radio advert for nightclub:

". . .shake your shelalegh and shimmy your shamrock. . ."

EVEN WITHOUT the St. Patrick's Day excesses, Horslips would probably still view the Irish Americans with a mixture of pity and distaste. The "Aliens" album charts the initial emigration of the Irish to America in the late 1840s/early 1850s, around the time of the Potato Famine, and their eventual rise to prosperity and social prominence.

"What we've been saying on 'Aliens' frankly hasn't been too nice, y'know, not too favourable to our Irish cousins", admits Carr, "because what happened was, you had people in little villages who had a good sense of community relations, and when they went on those coffin-ships to get *here*, it suddenly became the survival of the fittest, and they realised when they got over here that it was basically the 'rootless boyo' who actually survived".

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

Relevant excerpt from Horslips song:

"So this is the life you dreamed of. Don't worry if it's not as good as it seemed./You've enough on your plate — that's business;/You know you can buy the American Dream."
(From "A Lifetime To Pay")

"And obviously the American Irish lost touch with Ireland, but they know there's some sort of Ireland over there, so they're hanging on to some concept of *roots,* y'know? So they wear a little bit of green on St. Patrick's Day, and it gives them something to hang on to. But I don't think they're a particularly *nice* set of people."

Relevant excerpt from another Horslips song:

"And though they can't remember what they're cheering for today,/It's far too late to tell them they've been fooled again;/They never listen anyway."
(From "Second Avenue")

"I DON'T know if you saw that newspaper, the *Torontoer Zeitung* ('The German Newspaper With Canada At Heart'), that we picked up in Toronto", adds Lockhart. "It was totally in German, full of German people look archetypically German,, all eating German food and singing German toasts in four-part harmony. And seeing them as an outsider, you get the whole 'displaced persons' vibe.

"The difference with the Irish coming over here was that they spoke the language, and that was why they had the quick 'In', y'know? Otherwise a small ethnic group would've been way behind the Polacks and Italians. That was their big advantage from about 1850 to 1900, as we discovered when we started digging into it for the 'Aliens' album.

"We discovered quite a lot of interesting stuff — like the population of New York in 1850 was one-third Irish. Not Irish descent, but born in Ireland. The big exodus was 1847-50, and quite a lot of them never got here. . ."

A sizeable number of descendants of those that did get here are blocking the lobby and monopolising the elevators of the Holiday Inn. You can tell they're descendants because of the "little bit of green" in their clothing. It's not unlike standing in an overgrown field of alfalfa that's been crop-dusted with candyapple paint.

Further subtle hints at the ethnic identity can be gleaned from fetching "Kiss Me Quick" style straw boaters emblazoned with "ERIN GO BRAGH" (in green, natch) favoured by some of the ladies. O'Brien, it seems, is throwing a party for 400 fellow expatriates up on the fourth floor.

And he's heard there's this Irish band staying on the floor below. And — well, now! — this here young boyo with the violent green leather suit and the tell-tale rings round his eyes just *has* to be one of them!

To cut a long lobby confrontation short, O'Brien dishes out a general invitation to his wing-ding (presumably desirous of a jig or two), and Eamon Carr — for it is he — dishes out "Kiss My Ass" in Irish, just as a tester.

Luckily for Carr, Horslips, Holiday Inns Ltd, and the person dearest to my heart, O'Brien's not as Irish as he'd like to make out, and the remark slips by unnoticed as he regales the band with tedious tales about Irishmen who run bars (what else?):

". . .and Pat Donachie, *he* even opened a bar on the south side, which is the Polish area. You should see those Polacks, they can't understand a word he says — 'Vot iz dis? Vot do you mean?'. . ."

Actually, I'm feeling rather like those poor Polacks myself, so I'm rather relieved when we shuffle off to the relative sanity of the sound-check — which is, as sound-checks are wont to be if you're not involved, a king-sized yawn.

As it happens, the band take up O'Brien's offer later that night, and mingle awhile with the folks upstairs. Jim Lockhart and fiddler Charles O'Connor even oblige the legless mass with a selection of authentic Irish traditional tunes, which elicit the following vehement reaction from one drunk, described by Carr as resembling an official from the Pentagon:

"O'Brien, you're fulla *shit!* You're an *asshole!* These fuckin' young people, why can't they play any fuckin' *Irish* tunes? This fuckin' *new music* that these young people are playin' today is *shit!* And *you're* fulla shit, O'Brien! You're an *asshole!*"

But I digress. After a meal at an expensive Italian restaurant, during which I get my unpteenth shock in the shape of a genuine American dust-up — "I'll kill you, you asshole!", that kind of thing — it's back to the gig to catch the last number by support band Garfield, a Capricorn label band who *don't boogie!*

Their equipment includes tympani, tubular bells, cello, keyboards, acoustic guitar and flute, thus successfully covering every possible variant of English music of the past five years. Except rock'n'roll.

Nothing wrong with that, except that (for this number, at least) they come across like an amalgam of the worst bits of ELO, Genisis, Cockney Rebel and a few others I won't soil the page with.

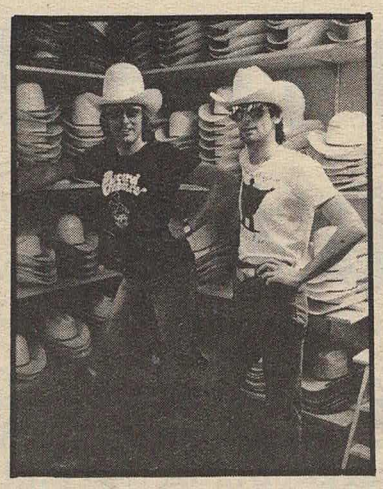
Fabulously, deliciously revolting, as grotesquely over the top as only Yanks on the wrong track can be. They should go far.

Horslips are preceded onstage by a typically wrecked American whose vocal chords stumble dyslexically through a list of forthcoming attractions before announcing the band. He is, of course, attired entirely in green — top hat, jacket and trousers — and to cap it all, his face is smothered in gauche green greasepaint.

There are cries of "boogie!" (obviously an American friend of Wally's) from an audience already well-juiced on the ubiquitous green beer, cries which dwindle and disappear as it becomes pretty obvious that Horslips aren't into pandering to inebriate anticipation. Eventually, an atmosphere of bewilderment, surliness and anger prevails, alleviated only when Johnny Fean slips in one of his stinging little guitar breaks.

The Milwaukee audience is obviously used to having its all-consuming desire for multi-megawatt boogie fulfilled — the mid-west syndrome, I suppose — and this here bunch of Irish cats, well, they're not what was expected. Sure, folks was prepared to give 'em the benefit of the doubt, what with it being St. Paddy's and all, but this is a far cry from "Paddy McGinty's Goat".

I can sympathise with the disgruntled audience to a certain extent — after all, there's nothing worse than being pissed *and* pissed-off — but there's little excuse for their seemingly random



BARRY DEVLIN (left) and EAMON CARR

vacillations. Under closer scrutiny, positive response seems to be limited — revealingly — to those numbers (generally from the "Aliens" album) to which Jim Lockhart's flute lends a Tull-esque texture; when in doubt, grasp at the straws of familiarity. . .

There's a palpable change, however, in the audience's demeanour, after which point things move with comparative ease. Again, it's rather revealing that this watershed should be marked by "Sword Of Light" (from "The Book Of Invasions"), a piece which combines, more effectively, perhaps, than any other Horslips song, the elements of boogie and jigs on which peoples' preconceptions were so obviously based: O'Connor's introductory fiddle tune transmuting smoothly into Fean's indentical guitar line, a perfect nexus of ancient and modern.

From there on in, it's a downhill freewheel to the climax of "Dearg Doom" (the band's "Signature tune" from the soon-to-be re-released "The Tain") and a couple of encores, the latter of which is a note-perfect rendition of the rock'n'kitsch classic "Rockin' Duck" — at least, I think that's what it's called.

The next day, when I suggest that New York's large Irish contingent may be largely responsible for Horslips' break-out there, Lockhart refers back to the previous night's difficulties:

"Oddly enough, as you will have noticed last night, that gig was a very 'Irish' job, and they're not our audience at all. We really do steer clear of the 'Paddy' thing where we can, because the Irish are not a particularly rock-orientated people, and the Irish Americans even less so".

"So", concludes Carr, "the fact that New York is largely Irish has nothing to do with it, because those kind of Irish Americans would probably go for The Chieftains, or something like that. We get total rock'n'roll audiences, which is nice.

"When we set out, we wanted to wed the excitement of rock'n'roll with the excitement of traditional Irish music. We didn't want to revive a dying culture, like Fairport of Steeleye — we didn't want to get into any of that shit. So we just came over here as a rock band, and we were lucky in that 'The Book Of Invasions' seems to be viewed over here as some kind of Tolkienesque saga, or something like a Marvel comic. The fans who come and talk to us aren't so much the Irish ones as those that are interested in the occult".

Conclusion of the piece — penultimate:

"You find some fairly staggering misconceptions", confides Lockhart. "A couple of chicks in Cleveland were asking me where Ireland was, and I said, 'Well, like, it's beside England, y'know, on the other side of the Atlantic, on the edge of Europe', and I mentioned that it was maybe 300 or 400 miles long and about 200 miles wide, and they looked at me in astonishment: 'Gee, I thought it was like the *States,* y'know?'.

"I said, 'Oh no, it's much smaller than any of the individual states, and Holland is even smaller than that, and France is maybe the size of Maine'. And they *freaked!* They weren't altogether sure where Maine was, to begin with. . ."

Conclusion of the piece, ultimate:

Having heard that Horslips were possessed of a peculiarly Irish wit, I'd taken, in token preparation for our meeting, a copy of Irish humourist Flann O'Brien's novel *At Swim-Two-Birds* to read on the plane.

Now, coincidence is one thing, but to travel several thousand miles and find an identical copy of the book sitting innocently beside you on the band car's seat, well, it's just *got* to have some special significance. . .

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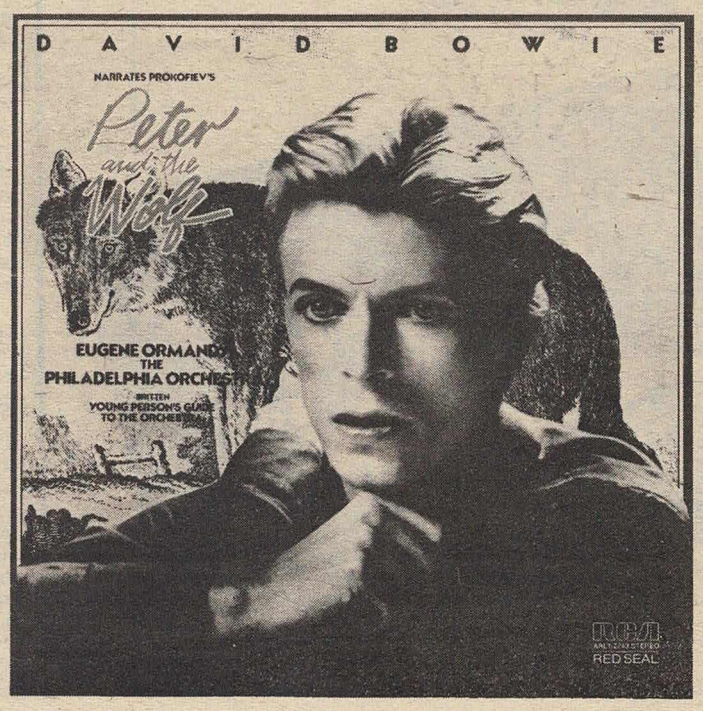

David Bowie narrates Peter And The Wolf

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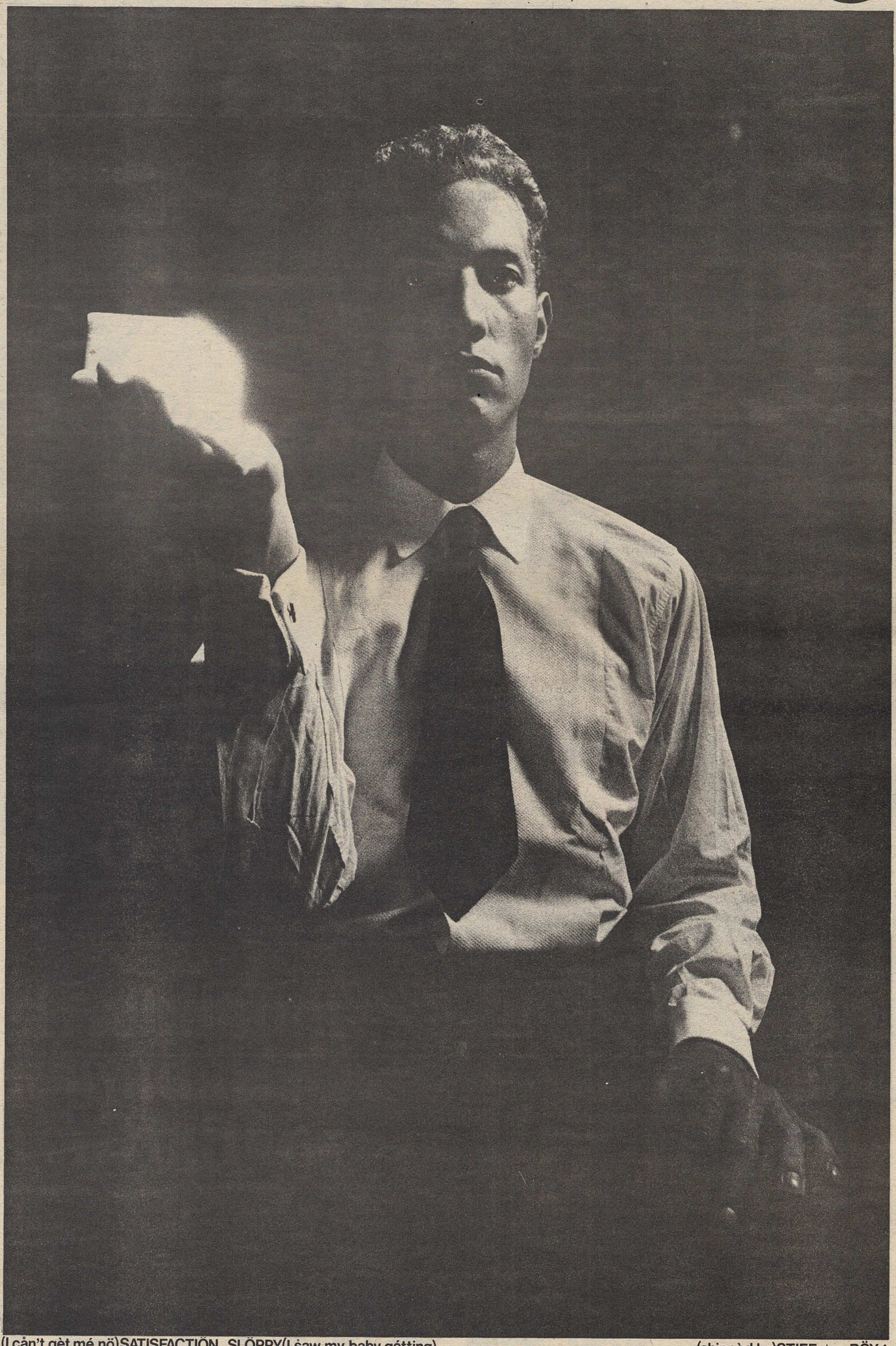

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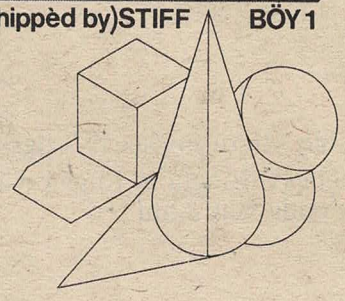


POLAR BORES

STEVE CLARKE goes to Iceland to get insulted by THE STRANGLERS

WITH BEER virtually outlawed, a bottle of Scotch selling at £11 a throw, and just four restaurants in the whole town, Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, has to be the perfect place to launch The Stranglers' new album and kick off a world tour. It would be difficult to come up with a more perverse choice of location for a record company lig.

In Reykjavik there are just three hours of television a day, none at all on Thursdays, and there's a total closedown in July. There are two rock programmes a week on the government-controlled radio station, and virtually every consumer item is incredibly expensive (£3 for a pack of cards). Los Angeles it certainly isn't. There is a 30 per cent illegitimacy rate, mind.

Approaching Reykjavik from the airport on a road so straight it would make Tiberious Claudious green with envy, the first impression is of the sheer bleakness of the place. Trees are non-existent on the lava-encrusted landscape. No penguins about either. Or, come to that, any sign of life at all.

Still, with a population of just over 200,000, that's no surprise. Over half Iceland's population live in Reykjavik, and there'll be a great many travelling from the surrounding hinterland to gape at The Stranglers, unknown here a month ago but now assured of drawing in excess of 4,000, which amounts to two per cent of the population.

United Artists has flown in 50 or so assorted liggers, many of whom are here for no apparent purpose other than to toast The Stranglers' new waxing, "Black And White" (reviewed page 33). There's a posse of publicists, journalists and photographers, lots of geezers from the record company and several peripheral Stranglers' people like producer Martin Rushent and Kevin Sparrow, the man responsible for the sleeve design of "Black And White".

The whole trip is costing UA, the group's label, in the region of £6,000.

AWKWARD. The word crops up again and again amongst those who surround The Stranglers. It's given — though none too seriously — as a reason for this jaunt taking place in Iceland in the first place.

That word comes up again when the group steadfastly refuses to play ball at a fiasco of a press conference for the long-suffering members of the Icelandic press. The local photographers had already been 'terrorised' by Burnel and Cornwell at the airport.

The Stranglers' relationship with the press has never been a particularly cordial one. And their success seems to have brought no softening of that attitude. Recently, *Sounds* journalist Jon Savage was given a personal demonstration of Burnel's ability to defend himself unarmed.

Aside from their initial reluctance to co-operate with the Icelandic press in Reykjavik, Cornwell gives a *Record Mirror* staffer , who'd previously had to obtain 'clearance' from Burnel before he was allowed on The Lig, a particularly bad time, instructing him to take the first available flight southwards.

This writer fares little better. Burnel is distinctly uncooperative in a short interview session.

In reply to run-of-the-mill questions like "What does he listen to these days?", Burnel says, "I haven't been able to stop myself listening to our new album." Trying to talk about the group's recent U.S. tour is similarly difficult.

So why are The Stranglers playing big venues after vowing they wouldn't? "What big venues?" is Burnel's reply. Well, Stafford's Bingley Hall, for one. "We're also playing small venues. We always do club gigs when we're back home. A lot of people who're into us have never been able to see us because of age. What's the sell-out? Our prices are about the third of Bowie's. We sell more records than him."

According to UA's laconic PR Michael Gray, both Stranglers' albums have sold in the region of 500,000 copies in Britain, easily out-distancing all their assumed punk rivals.

And, contrary to a feeling in the press ranks that The Stranglers have blown it, there's an advance order of 52,000 claimed for "Black And White".

While Gray considers The Stranglers' backlash largely a thing of the past, Burnel seems to see no end to the "passionate hatred" (his words) that surrounds the band. Yet he admits that to a certain extent he enjoys the "martyrdom".

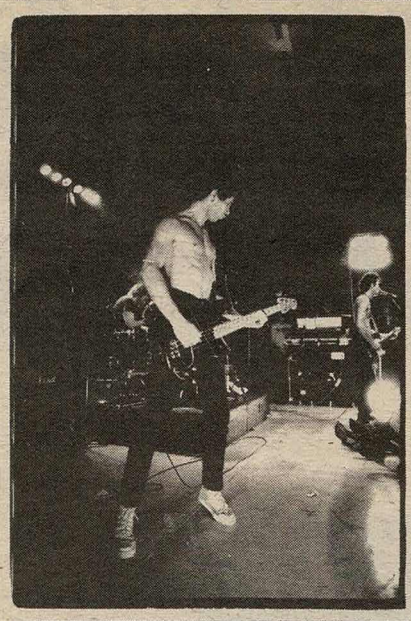
Burnel isn't particularly illuminating when it comes to analysing why The Stranglers' evince this kind of reaction. He says: "We haven't been packaged normally. We come in all shapes and sizes. We don't come in uniforms. The only uniform is that we get along. We don't bicker."

ICELAND IS THE first date of The Stranglers' world-tour and fits in perfectly with the band's perverse tradition of playing obscure places. It's also, as marketing man Knowles points out, "a black and white country for a black and white album".

Although considerabley better than the last time I saw them (at The Roundhouse), there is something slapdash about the band's set which, apart from Dave Greenfield's keyboards, sounds identical to all the other Stranglers' sets I've heard.

Greenfield now uses a fair amount of synthesisers, something which has give the band an android edge. The overall effect, though, is of Status Quo, but more aggressive and without the good vibes. It's disappointing that The Stranglers haven't attempted to expand beyond their narrow headbanging horizons.

For all their talk and attitudizing, The Stranglers remain very much in the tradition of mainstream British heavy rock.



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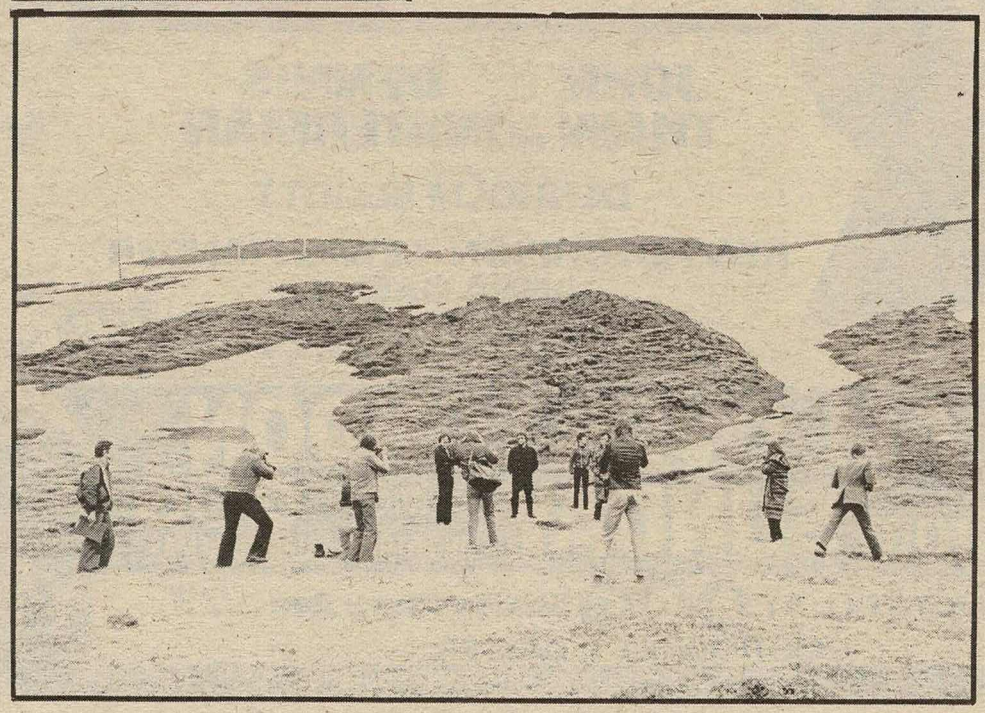

BANCROFT and MACLAINE in THE TURNING POINT
"Hey, Anne — do you suppose those two crumpled jerks are eyeing us up?"
"Come off it, Shirl. They wouldn't know a prima from a pratfall."

SILVER SCREEN

COPS, CULTURE, KRIS — AND BLOODY GREAT BIG SPIDERS

The Turning Point

Directed by Herbert Ross
Starring Shirley Maclaine and Anne Bancroft
(Fox)

EXCEPTING THE superb *Annie Hall* and the entertaining *Saturday Night Fever,* my excursions into the current 'hot stuff' American cinema have been pretty damn depressing. Leaving aside the hyper-puerile pablum of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters,* the basically facile essence of U.S. cinema was whacked home with a thundersome vengeance during yet another multi-Oscar nominee, *The Turning Point* (it won none).

I'd gone along initially, by the way, simply because I've consistently admired both Shirley Maclaine and, particularly, the sublime Anne Bancroft.

Well — I was robbed. For although the ladies concerned *do* turn in their usual high standard of performance, the basic plot line with its smarmily cliched network of interlocking sub-plots is so patently dire that the whole affair swan-dives pronto into a quagmire of bathos, sickly sentiment and *Crossroads*-type intrigue, all tied together with a pink ribbon under the context of 'culture' played out in the world of American ballet.

The problem is not so much the Maclaine and Bancroft characters — the pair, now in their 40s, were once level-pegging in the prima ballerina stakes but the former opted for the joys of housewifery while the latter went on to become America's answer to Margot Fonteyn.

The pair's reunion, in which they compare 'lots', has a certain substance but the plot decides to drag in Maclaine's daughter, one Lesley Browne as a teenage lass with (you guessed it) superb potential as a prima ballerina.

Now Miss Browne may be a whizz in ballet-slippers but the scenes involving her seduction and deflowerment by some muscle-bound Russian heart-throb are so hideously coy that the entire audience has no recourse but to break down in laughter.

This mass sniggering continues throughout as cliche follows cliche. But what makes the whole charade so damnably offensive is the gooey centre hiding behind a veneer of 'art' and 'culture'.

Bah! *The Turning Point* is being touted as a 'woman's picture', and I would consider that actively demeaning to my gender (were I female). The feminine intellect — or any intellect come to that — deserves to be stimulated by something less simplistic than this sheep in wolf's clothing.

Nick Kent

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"AS REAL AND RAW AS THE CITY STREETS" EVENING NEWS
"COP THIS...IT'S YARDS AHEAD" DAILY MIRROR
EMI Films presents a Euston Films Production
SWEENEY
AA
starring
JOHN THAW and DENNIS WATERMAN
guest star
DENHOLM ELLIOTT
with
KEN HUTCHISON LEWIS FIANDER
and ANNA GAEL as Mrs. Hill
Music composed and conducted by TONY HATCH Screenplay by TROY KENNEDY MARTIN
Based on 'The Sweeney' created by IAN KENNEDY MARTIN
Executive Producers LLOYD SHIRLEY and GEORGE TAYLOR
Produced by TED CHILDS · Directed by TOM CLEGG Technicolor® · Distributed by EMI Films Limited
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SEMI-DUFF

Semi-Tough

Directed by Michael Ritchie
Starring Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson
(United Artists).

THE AMERICAN competitive urge has always fascinated Michael Ritchie. His films have examined the political process, beauty contests and (above all) the world of sport. They focus on the social pressures that mould competitors with an almost documentary attention to detail — the sort of approach we are more used to from television, which could be why Ritchie's movies seem small scale.

They are usually satirical, but Ritchie's sympathy for the contestants prevents him from wielding a really cutting edge. In *Smile* and *The Bad News Bears* he walks a tightrope, avoiding falling into either haughty contempt or the trap of sentimentality. Ritchie's films are masterpieces of balance.

But even a low-key satirist needs a target, and in *Semi-Tough* Ritchie has picked too many. It starts promisingly, with Burt Reynolds (as Billy Clyde Puckett) and Kris Kristofferson (as Shake Tiller) playing a pair of professional American-footballers. It seems as if this will provide the base for a parody of buddy-buddy movies. But soon Jill Clayburgh (as Barbara Jane Bookman, daughter of the millionaire team owner) is introduced as their flatmate, and an eternal triangle starts to develop. There is more — Shake has discovered BEAT (Bismark Energy Attack Training), and is at one with himself and the cosmos. Having gained IT (which is what BEAT gives you), the quietly confident Shake carries off Barbara Jane, much to Billy Clyde's dismay. Who will finally get off with whom occupies the rest of the film.

BEAT, run by Friedrich Bismark, is a straight lift of the real-life EST, developed at Werner Erhard. Both these seers believe in strong-arming the suggestible into a conviction of their own satisfaction with themselves, and the world as it is.

Bismark used to have a Jewish name — as did Werner Erhard, who changed it from John Paul Rosenberg on leaving his wife and children in 1960. That is an indication of the crude image manipulation that lies behind much of the self-validation offered. EST is already a parody of pop psychology, and BEAT only reproduces its absurdities (and sinister aspects) without probing very far into its appeal. It is disappointing that more is not made of the whole movement. Had the movie concentrated on the fads of the affluent it would perhaps have been prime Ritchie material — certainly it would have been a more coherent whole.

As it stands, *Semi-Tough* has Burt Reynolds again demonstrating his flair for comedy, very funny sideswipes at the publishing profession and advertising, and Jill Clayburgh just right as Barbara Jane — a likeable combination of optimism and clear-eyed resignation.

Martin Cook

THAW and WATERMAN in SWEENEY 2

CARTER: "Don't fancy yours much, Guv."

REGAN (thinks): "On yer bike, George."

Sweeney 2

Directed by Tom Clegg
Starring John Thaw and Dennis Waterman
(EMI)

IF I WERE a member of the Old Bill, I should prefer the indictments of TV's recent *Law And Order* — which at least credited a degree of craftiness and suss to the profession — to the bonhomous endorsements of *The Sweeney*. After two of them, I'd be happy to hang up the helmet and get the arches lifted.

The narrative of *Sweeney 2*, which grips like a Cabbage White, concerns a rash of bank robberies masterminded by a team of old school chums who use a golden shotgun, kill their wounded, and have it away to Malta where the ill-gotten is earmarked for home extensions. Every time there's a crack in the swimming pool, the wives go all inward and moody as well they might, since hubby's system of household budgeting means bellowing through nylons back in Blighty.

The Sweeney seem powerless to stop them and, quite frankly, since most of them have a problem standing, I was not surprised. Boozing, dancing in their underpants at pub ceilidhs and grabbing at birds, their working day rivals that of *Zorba The Greek*. Their first road-block, between bacon sandwiches and a brewery booze-up, results in a copper losing his foot, and a hostage and a lollypop man their lives. There's some pretty personal remarks made over that by the new superintendent, a replacement for the previous incumbent (Denholm Elliott, everybody's favourite threadbare British Warm) who is in Wandsworth for corruption.

John Thaw and Dennis Waterman switch into top gear, which entails chatting up air hostesses, strolling around the Maltese estate, and being deported by the Maltese police who had presumably seen *Sweeney 1*. Back home, surveillance is set up on a nubile suspect who lives with a Nazi regalia collector, an excuse for a bit of striptease and a lot of set dressing, none of it advancing the story.

By now, thanks to listless writing, aimless direction and a misplaced faith in the contagiousness of policeman at play, the vehicle has almost ground to a halt. Massive injections of irrelevance fill up another reel or so with Thaw's defused romance and an unrequited hotel bombing, and the waterhole of the final shootout is in sight. Duff it is. *(Well I like 'em. — Ed.)*

Brian Case

"Movies? My Life!"
— MARTIN SCORSESE

A LOT OF garf is talked about the need to encourage the British film industry and to provide easier access to TV. While paying lip service to the idea, the fact still remains that producing innovative independent films and getting them shown, either theatrically or on the small screen, is still very difficult.

Peter Hayden is well aware of the problems — he's facing them right now. Longtime *NME* readers may remember the saga of how Hayden bought the UK rights to the classic Martin Scorsese/Robert de Niro movie *Mean Streets* and then couldn't even get a distributor to touch it for almost a year. Widely regarded as a classic, *Mean Streets* consistently broke house records wherever it was shown.

The story does not end there. Hayden kept in contact with Scorsese and arranged with him to make a documentary on his career, shot on location in Los Angeles. The result is a sharp made-for-TV documentary which, public pressure aside, will not get screened.

It seems *Movies Are My Life* does not fit into any TV pigeonhole which is, of course, what makes it good. We see Scorsese analysing his own films, supported by comments about him and his work from the likes of John Cassavetes, Brian de Palma, Jodie Foster, Liza Minnelli and other friends and colleagues. Most entertaining of these is Steven Prince (the arms salesman in *Taxi Driver*, equally outrageous in real life) who is the subject of a yet to be seen Scorsese film called *American Boy*.

The documentary also contains the only filmed interview ever with Robert de Niro, part of which was used by the BBC for their *Arena* profile on Scorsese after de Niro refused to allow them to film him. You'd have to be pretty sharp to catch the credit BBC gave Hayden.

These interviews are backed with clips from Scorsese's many films and features the music of Warren Zevon.

If the BBC had any sense they'd drop *Old Grey Whistle Test* for one week and show this. *(Only one week? — Ed).*

Dick Tracy

WILLIAM SHATNER delines a spidery-snog in ...

Kingdom Of The Spiders

Directed by John (Bud) Cardos
Starring William Shatner
(Enterprise)

IT WOULD make good Friday late night TV but unfortunately *Kingdom Of The Spiders* is already tagged to fill valuable theatre space denied to better class films.

Director John (Bud) Cardos throws the shit at the fan for mankind when a small Arizona town is invaded by tarantulas. He mistakenly assumes exploitation flick cliches fall into place without serious forethought to structure or pace and must rely for his impact on the obvious repugnance of large spiders. Those clinging to William (Kirk) Shatner at least wake him up and the bubblegum card screenplay wraps up the movie in five minutes.

Shatner, a one-dimensional vet, has no solutions for the death of a local calf. He reluctantly accepts the theory of a poisonous insects expert, Tiffany (Who?) Bolling, who looks at a mound of spiders and writes off the human race. Tiffany's solution to the spider plague is rats. Shatner's is to grimace at them. The dialogue is unsure of which point to follow, their relationship or the spider menace.

The invasion comes and the cards are on the table for the townsfolk. Shatner and Tiffany are holed out in a motel with dead-telephone-and-failed-fuse-box facilities. The movie leaves no stone unturned lest there be a forgotten spider or corpse underneath. The make-up boys salvage things very well, but here anything done well goes way over the top.

There's a happy ending — for the spiders.

David Brittain

HEROES

There are two kinds of hero.
The strong silent type.
And the Jack Dunne type.

Jack has escaped from hospital, where heroes of his kind are kept under lock and key. He has one big dream – to breed worms.

Carol is running away from her wedding. She's heading nowhere. Until she meets Jack.

HENRY WINKLER · SALLY FIELD

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Music by JACK NITZSCHE and RICHARD HAZARD · Directed by JEREMY PAUL KAGAN ·
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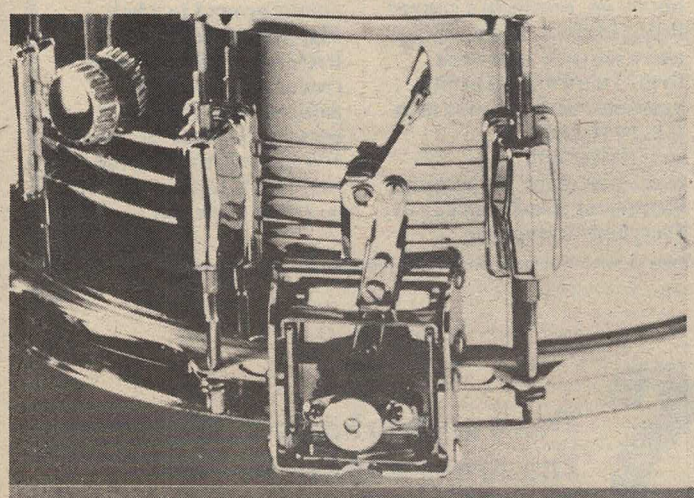
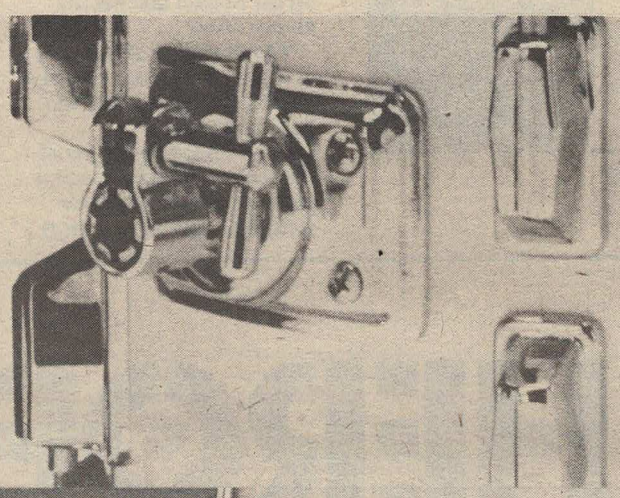
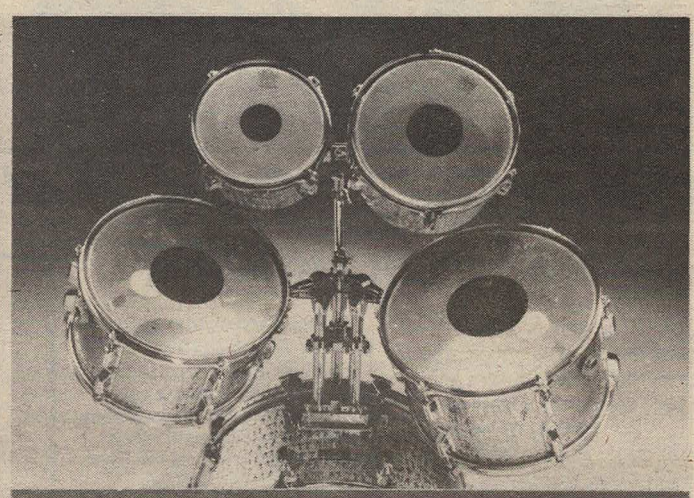
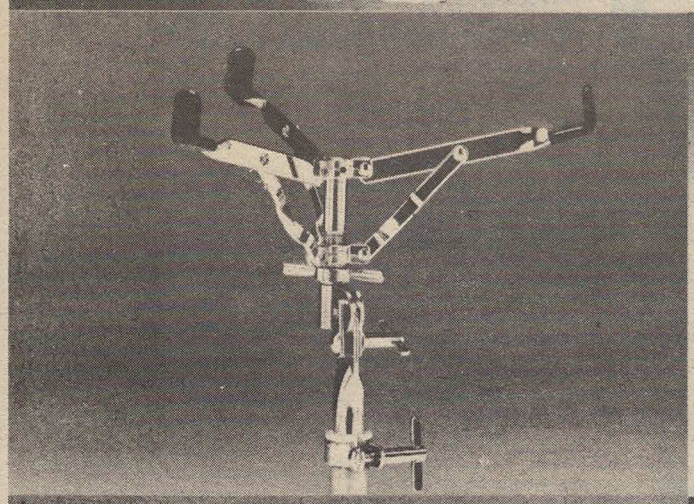
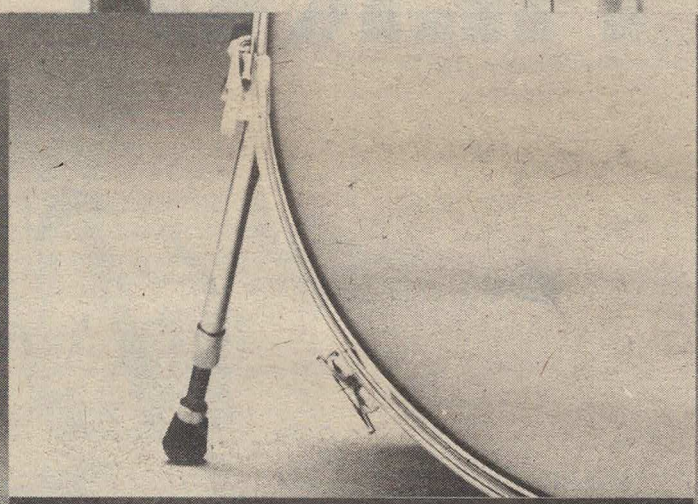
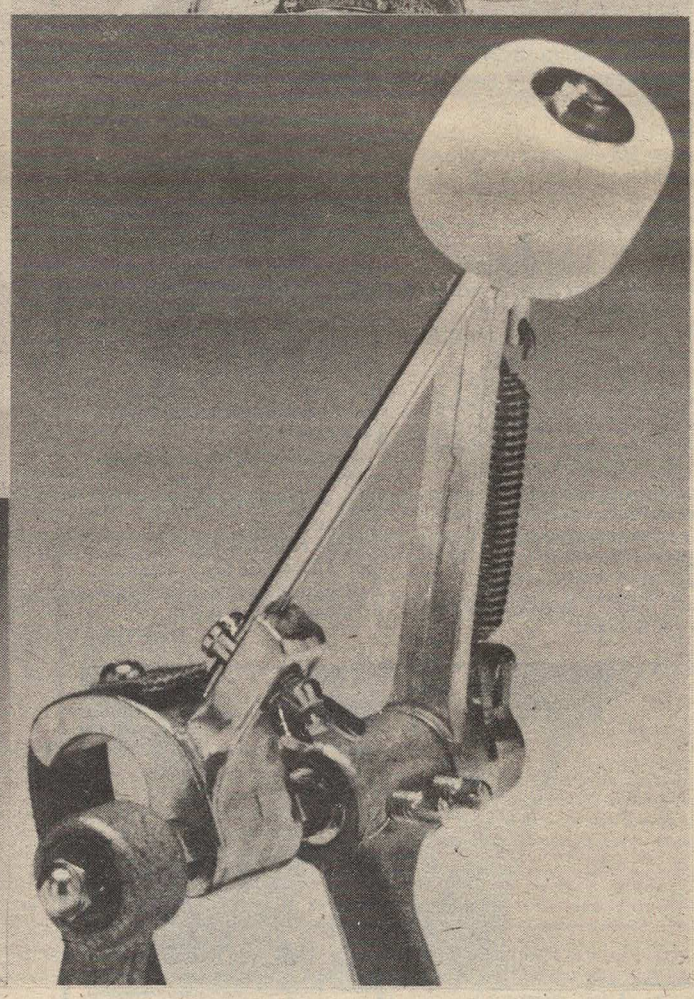
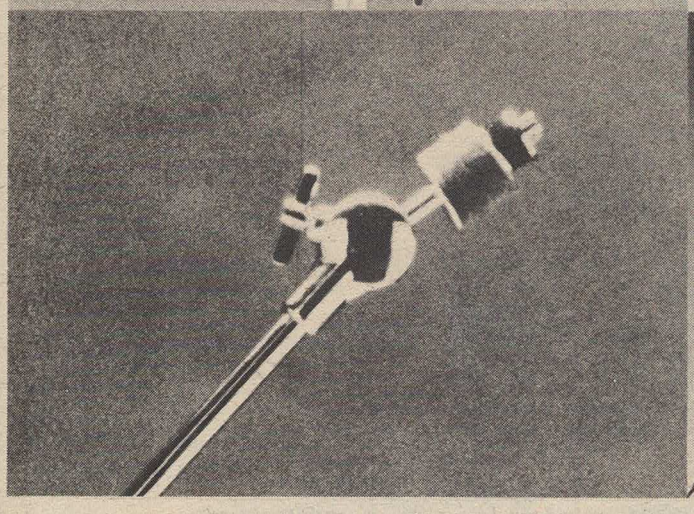
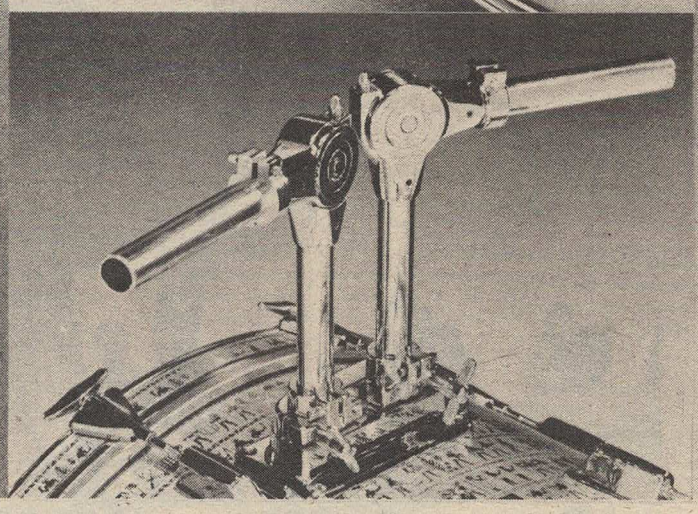

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by ANDY GILL

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE RESIDENTS: Satisfaction (Ralph). Of course! Re-released after two years (two years which have seen rock music wipe the blackboard clean and then scrawl the same old equations back up there, only in a less ornate script), and just about freely available for all.

"Satisfaction", when I first heard it, was responsible for the complete re-evaluation (and savage depletion) of my record collection; which may seem more like a warning than a recommendation, but only if your tastes are static and nostalgia-based.

("Quality Control" applies just as much — *more,* in fact — to the consumer as it does to the manufacturer. After all, *he* only has to sell the product, while the consumer has to *live* with it.)

The only thing which comes remotely near "Satisfaction" in either intent or content is Zappa's "Weasels Ripped My Flesh", although the systematic rending-assunder and restructuring "Satisfaction" goes through is that much more *malicious* in that Zappa's target is undefined, vague and probably has more to do with his ego than his audience's sensibilities.

In comparison, The Residents go straight for the jugular, and end up, ironically enough, with a version which conveys perfectly the rage and frustration inherent (but heretofore only *latent)* in the song itself.

PERE UBU: Datapanik In The Year Zero (Radar 12"). Timely reissue of the majority of Ubu's single material, and, needless to say, a compulsory purchase. I've been sitting here for over an hour trying to find some way of conveying the range and quality of music contained in these five tracks, and still can't do it. Which is, I suppose, the only real way of conveying it.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

GOOD RATS: Mr. Mechanic (Radar). A friend of mine rates the Good Rats very highly, viewing them as the Steely Dan of hard rock — although judging by the Odd Couple's metamorphosis into the Ordinary Couple (as evidenced by the awful "Aja"), that's not exactly the greatest of compliments these days. "Mr. Mechanic" is certainly smarter than the average American rocker, both in riff construction and vocal arrangement, and there's a tense undertow to the intro which had me hooked from the start. In fact, my friend's analysis is probably quite correct.

THE NORMAL: T.V.O.D. (Mute). The Normal are dabbling in a similar area to that of the excellent Cabaret Voltaire, but rather more simplistically, relying on drum-machine and keyboard for the body of the song, with occasional unintelligible interjections from the television. "T.V.O.D." is about sticking the aerial into your skin and mainlining the transmission. "Warm Leatherette", the flip, deals with sex, cars and crashes, and suggests a liking for J. G. Ballard's *"Crash".*

THE RADIATORS: Million Dollar Hero (Chiswick). Finely-crafted piece of pop (which doesn't try to revive the past), featuring falsetto harmonies on the chorus, neat and to-the-point sax break, and one of those 24-carat melodies that *has* to be a hit. Should be able to blag some airplay, too.

ARE WE NOT MINDLESS? WE ARE DISCO!

MFSB: K-Jee (Phil. Int.). THE NITE-LIGHTERS: K-Jee (RCA). Two versions of slightly latin-flavoured instrumental from Famous John T. Revolter's film. MFSB's version is the usual James Last kind of stuff they've always done; The Nite-Lighters' is marginally better, but I wouldn't take that as any kind of recommendation . . .

THE VISITORS: Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (Ember). A trifle slow off the mark, you chaps. Heart-stirring orchestral job with lots of strings, farting horns and stereo crossover bleeps, all set to a disco hi-hat pulse. Makes me glad I decided to pass up the film and wait for the porn version, "Close Encounters Of The Sixty-Ninth Kind".

THE LOVE MACHINE: Desperately (Charmdale). The Love Machine, according to their promo guff, is "seven former Miss Black California finalists" who formed into a group six years ago. "Desperately" suggests they'd be better off modelling for *Penthouse* collectively.

JOHNNIE TAYLOR: Keep On Dancing (CBS). Superior vocal and backing (which places emphasis firmly on bass) squandered on disposable song. Nevertheless, more deserving of chart status than most disco fodder. On B-side, Taylor claims "I Love To Make Love When It's Raining", although personally I reckon it'd put a damper on things. As would the song itself.

STANLEY CLARKE: More Hot Fun (Epic). Concerted attempt by former Return To Forever bassist to crack disco market. Qualitatively superior arrangement, but ultimately as forgettable as Arsenal's performance last Saturday. Talking of which . . .

SPORTS SECTION

ARSENAL 1978 SQUAD: Roll Out The Red Carpet (Lightning). What for? (Chortle chortle).

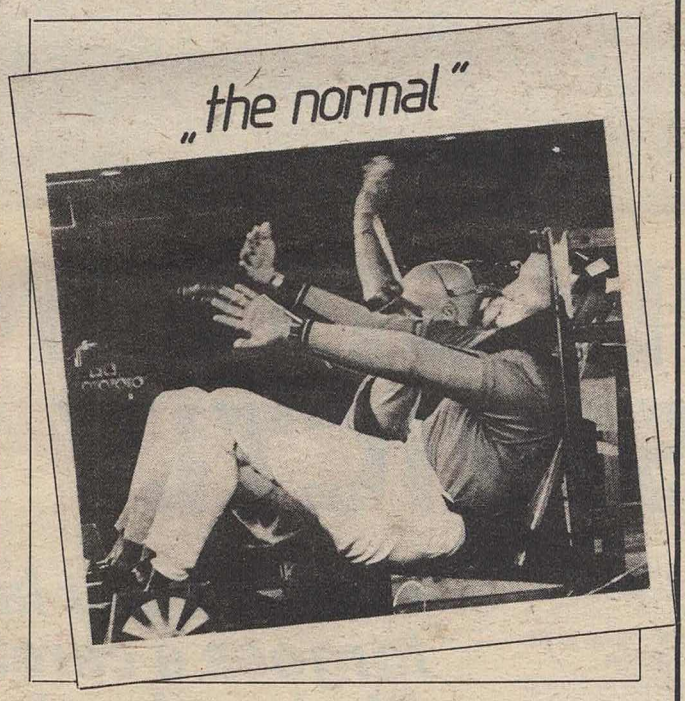
IPSWICH TOWN F.C.: Ipswich Ipswich (Get That Goal) Philips). Bears a similar relation to the Arsenal as regards their respective performances, but only recommended for fanatics of dubious taste.

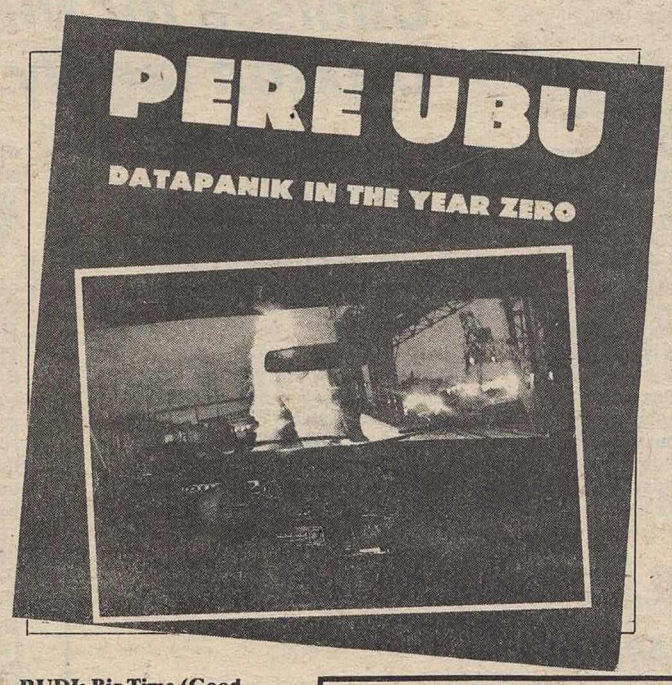
SLAINTE MHATH: Sons Of Scotland (Lightning). Pronounced "Slangi Vaa", it says here. (Strange name for a Scotsman). Merely "Sailing" with different words, bagpipes and the occasional ref's whistle. Horrendous. Flip is a samba called "Tribute To Pele", which seems to be more up Slangi's street.

EDDIE KIDD: Black Leather Silver Chrome (Decca). "A modern tale of love and motorcycles for today's young bloods and their loved ones". Dunno about that, but I reckon the lad should stick to jumping barrels and buses, or at the very least get a musical director with some grasp of the biker mentality.

LAST YEAR'S WAVE, THIS YEAR'S RIPPLE

THE RESIDENTS ARE
I can't get no SATISFACTION!
BUT NO ONE KNOWS
this record was previously released with a different cover





RUDI: Big Time (Good Vibrations). Better-than-average punky stuff from four Ulster lads. Melodic, well arranged, clear vocals, and quite imaginative bass lines. Worth a listen, at the very least.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: 14th Floor (Teen 78). I really wanted to like this. Any group, I told myself, with bad enough taste to take the names of Nicholas Parsons (guitar, vocals), Bruce Forsyth (bass), John Peel (drums) and Russell Harty (guitar) just *has* to have something. Sadly, "14th Floor" represents the unacceptable face of Do-It-Yourself Rock. Not unlike the Clash at 16 r.p.m. It could, of course, be a parody .

PRETTY BOY FLOYD & THE GERMS: Spread The Word Around/Hold Tight (Rip Off). More Ulster punky stuff. Floyd's a reasonable singer, if a trifle stylised, but The Gems display the musical imagination of a protozoon.

ART ATTACKS: I Am A Dalek/Neutron Bomb(Albatross). The musical imagination of half a protozoon.

SUNSET BOMBERS: I Can't Control Myself (EMI Int.). Quarter of a protozoon? Any advance on a quarter? No? *Sold* to the man with a liking for fatuous retreads of old Troggs songs.

ETCETERA, ETCETERA

JOHN TRAVOLTA & OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: You're The One That I want (RSO). From the film of the play of *Grease,* this proves that Travolta's singing is about as convincing as his acting. (He wiggles his bum nicely, mind). Olivia is as wonderful as she always was, and quite probably a deal richer. I very much doubt whether 50s rock'n'roll was anything like this, but concern for trivialities like historical authenticity won't prevent this being a hit of offensive magnitude, I suppose.

MASON WILLIAMS: Classical Gas (Warner Bros.) Reissued presumably because of the current vogue for pseudo-classical film scores. All that's needed now is a film about North Sea Gas to go with it.

T. REX: Crimson Moon/Jason B. Sad (TREX). Burke and Hare department. Or should that be Bucks and Hare? Neither of these tracks (from "Dandy In The Underworld") enhances The Elfin One's reputation one iota.

JAMES COTTON BAND: Rock'n'Roll Music (Ain't Nothing New) (Buddah). Truism of the week, in a song which serves as proof. Produced by Toussaint and Sehorn, so I suppose it can't be too bad. Flip is a live re-working of Sonny Boy's "Help Me". More Blast's bag than mine, I think.

STOMU YAMASHTA: Crossing The Line (Island 12"). Two-year old live version of song from the "Go" album, featuring Winwood, Shrieve, Schulze and DiMeola. Dreadfully turgid, utterly unnecessary.

AUTO DRIFTERS: Best Bets (Zak 12"). Strange Antipodean anachronism comprising five original tracks. Sounds not unlike the kind of stuff an Australian Charlie Gillett might play. Rockabilly, recorded in glorious mono with dubious quality. Best track is "Bop Shop Rock", one of those quaint, evocative titles like "Juke Joint Jump" which indicates immediately what kind of music lies in the grooves. Quite pleasant, in a colonial kind of way.

HOODOO RHYTHM DEVILS: Working In A Coal Mine (Fantasy). Adds nothing to Lee Dorsey's version of the old Toussaint song, and subtracts both feel and character. A dry, crumbling shell where once was a lithe and supple body.

HEART: Heartless (Arista). Pointless.

THE NO ENTRY BAND: Cold And Lonely Lives E.P. (Kube Arts). Rather curious offering from a Glaswegian folk-rock group, redeemed mainly by the title track (stuck rather inexplicably at the end of side 2). There's a tendency throughout to try and squeeze in too many words, but the arrangements are reasonably imaginative. Improves with repeated plays, and worth lending an ear to. Oh, and don't place too much importance on that "folk-rock" categorisation: just a first impression which is probably quite wrong..

BLUE OYSTER CULT: (Don't Fear) The Reaper (CBS). I'm pretty sure this has already been released as a single; in any case, you've probably heard it before. Culled from the "Agents Of Fortune" album, this is what I, in a display of unprecedented uncoolness, consider the Cult's finest moment. Their best chance for the charts, too. Indeed, (ding!) a hit, a palpable hit.

ALTHIA & DONNA: Love One Another (Lightning). Weak, dismal follow-up to "Uptown Top Ranking", featuring the usual junk about jah, prophecy, conquering lion of the tribe of Judah, etc. All trace of its predecessor's quirky poppiness has been thoroughly eradicated, thus laying bare the twosome's doubtful talent and probably ensuring their return to oblivion. Mind you, I suppose they had a pretty good 15 minutes' worth.

CHRIS RAINBOW: Give Me What I Cry For (Polydor). Over-produced, glutinous weepie prompts listener to comply with maudlin Scotsman's presumably masochistic desires.

TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS: Cruisin' (Weekend). Pleasant, innocuous chunk of singalong folk which should get them onto the Val Doonican show. Flip is an incongruous bluegrass version of "Pinball Wizard". Absurd.

"You dont have to be in the IRA to be IRS"
says Mr Mizfit

NO POP, NO STYLE

Poly puts on kettle, make-up, style.

POLY STYRENE IS STILL STRICTLY ROOTS

In which our lady of the X-Ray Spex forgoes a career as this year's model in Chelsea for the earthier delights of Brixton family life.

SUNDAY NIGHT in Croydon, and Poly Styrene's voice is shot.

Flu goes for the throat like a cornered rat: when the victim's a singer, the midrange of the voice gets ragged and shot through with static and the top end disappears completely.

Singing with the flu is like dancing with a sprained ankle or running with a stomach-ache: you can just about do it, but it's no fun.

Poly's a trouper, though: a professional. The show must go on, even if three numbers have to be dropped and the performance runs only a little over 45 minutes, including encores, top whack. Even when calling off the title of the number and giving it that patented Poly Styrene "1-2-3-4!" count-in (which must be confusing for the four male/instrumental members of X-Ray Spex, since it rarely bears any relationship to the actual time the song happens to be in) requires two or three run-ups.

Poly's flu is a drag for her, a source of worry and inconvenience for the band, their manager, their sound mixer and their roadies. But the kids at the Croydon Greyhound don't seem to notice, and if they do notice they don't care. They're more concerned with cheerful disobedience of the absurd "No Pogoing" (yeah, the management of the Croydon Greyhound has a sticture against that particular modern-world activity) and with having a bit of a pose.

The audience was pretty much straight punk dressed up to the nines; the kind of audience I hadn't seen for quite a while. Curiously, the strongest flash was of the similarity between hard-core punx and hard-core teds.

There was that same tight, enclosed, just-us atmosphere of highly specialised rituals performed in highly specialised outfits in front of (mostly) highly specialised bands, and that weird feeling that — at the very least — a small proportion of these kids'll stay with punk for years in the same way that teds have retained that loyalty for all the trappings of a high point in their lives.

After what seems like an unconscionable length of time but what is in fact the standard rock and roll decompression/setting up the gear time, X-Ray-Spex hit the stage: Rudi on saxophone (he looks like a New Wave Bill Nelson and has only been blowing for eight or nine months, though you'd never know it), BP on drums (big, blond and bulky; only been playing a year, and it doesn't show either), Jack Airport on guitar (whacking out the blowtorch ramalama in the finest tradition of Steve Jones and Johnny Ramone) and bassist Paul Dean (the oldest member of the band though he looks the youngest, wheeling out fine looping Rickenbacker bass lines) . . . and Poly.

The overwhelming impression that you get off Poly Styrene on stage is her sheer, unassuming friendliness and high spirit. She doesn't seem to be *performing* so much as simply singing the songs and dancing around and grinning and having a good time, and it is this seeming absence of artifice that makes her such an excellent performer.

The conventional discipline of New Wave performing styles has eliminated a lot of the old posturing only to replace it with a new set of anti-postures, which are ultimately no less stylized, but Poly cuts through all the bullshit just by bopping round the stage with that mile-wide grin, free from any hint or taint of artifice, just having a flat-out good time, a genuine, communicable enjoyment of the *right here* and *right now*.

The thing is that to considerable masses of people Poly Styrene is some kind of media event, and somewhere in the background of all the garf is the fact that she's in some kind of rock band called X-Ray Spex. Girls' junior glossies and Sunday supplements know all about Poly's taste in shoes, family background, Views On Life In General and so on. One could almost imagine *Honey* or *19* phoning her up for a quick quote about what she thinks about abortion or Princess Margaret; all the standard celeb stuff. She is therefore a Face to people who've never heard her records or seen her perform.

Which is an indication of how the mass media's collective mind works, because the whole reason that Poly Styrene is now famous is precisely because she sings and writes for X-Ray-Spex. But then if you say "Poly Styrene" to people who aren't particularly into rock and roll they may well know who you're talking about. Say "X-Ray Spex" to those people and watch their faces go blank

It's through circumstances like these that you get situations where certain people get incredibly famous for no other reason than that they're well-known, and their celebrityhood is the most real thing about them. They may nominally be actors or singers or models, but that's jive: what they are is really Celebrities.

Roddy Llewellyn is the classic current example of someone who is a Celebrity for no reason whatever. He's made a record and signed with Phonogram (who should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves) but I very much doubt if he'd have gotten anything other than the bum's rush if he'd walked in the door with a demo tape. He's not a celebrity because he's a singer; he's a singer because he's a celebrity.

This whole syndrome automatically devalues anyone it grips: that's why Poly Styrene would be in real trouble if it wasn't for the fact that she writes great songs, fronts a good band and performs with such transparent joyfulness that you'd have to have lemon juice for blood not to dig her, just like they did in Croydon the other week.

She's an Original, and it is to be devoutly hoped that all the readers and witnesses of the Poly Styrene Media Event Show who haven't already done so bend an ear and eye to X-Ray Spex before they file her under "someone heard of vaguely, possibly a singer . . ."

BUT OF COURSE the real reason that Poly Styrene will ultimately never be swallowed up by fashion and by Thuh Sceeeeene is that hanging out with the scenemakers and tastemakers and groovy useless people that infest the London version of this particular universal snakepit holds less than zero attraction for her.

She did the whole Chelsea riff, living in a self-contained flat in the basement of Spex' manager's pad in Fulham, until the creeping plastic started getting too close and she got out, packing up her stuff on a day's notice and moving back to live with her mother and sister in the house in Brixton where she grew up.

"You feel all the time that people are draining you, draining off your energy all the time until you think, 'Blimey, I haven't got anything left to give. Leave me alone.' That's why I came back to live down here, because living in Chelsea got to be a bit too much. This is what I know: my family and my old friends and I feel *normal* again."

She explodes into laughter: a volcanic eruption of laughter that encourages you to laugh with her. All but her most serious statements are punctuated with frequent laughter — the kind that you find described as "infectious" by the lazier variety of popular novelist, but when you hear Poly's laugh the cliche ceases to be a cliche. There's just the faintest hint of a suspicion that it's a sign of nerves; rooted somehow in a defensive reflex.

Still, if the hangers-on and the hangers-out and the energy vampires are already affecting Poly to such an extent at this comparatively early stage in her career, what's it going to be like later?

"Later it'll be all right. I'm a fast learner and I make lots of mistakes, but only once. It'll get to the point where I'll change and start again.

Interview & Intrigue: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
Pix & Sympathy: PENNIE SMITH

Poly Styrene, Sister (left), and Friend.

When I was living there, it was all these people who kept coming up to me and feeding me up with all these images and ideas which easily got me carried away as to what I was, whereas I'm really not that way at all.

"I just want to be like me. *Me:* . normal person.

"They were trying to project all sorts of things on to me. People start coming up to you and pretending that they're your sisters, and coming to my flat and probing me to find out the answers to all sorts of questions. I don't know where they come from, all these kids, but they always seem to find out where you are . . . it's just a whole little scene, that area, which is why I moved out.

"They think they're something special, but they're not. When it comes to the crunch they're really not very substantial. They're posers pretending to be something special and they treat you like *you're* something special so that they can know you and become something special themselves."

Is that what "Iama Poseur" (the B-side of the excellent "Day The World Turned Day-Glo" single) is about?

"In a way, but in a way I think posin' is a laugh. But just dressing up and having a laugh — and only providing you know the difference between the reality of it and the fantasy of it. There's a line between what's real and what's games. What I was frightened of down there was becoming a *thing* like all the other people down there. I could see what I'd become like, which is why I changed and came back down here."

Spex have just returned from a brief season in New York (at the personal invitation of CBGB boss Hilly Kristel, no less) and the reality/fantasy line is a lot thinner over there . . .

"There it's even stranger, because they really idolise people. They scream and things like that. Oh, *strange!* People had already heard about us and came specially to see the band; kept coming up to me and asking me all these questions about this, that and the other. They try to make you special, because that's what they want . . . you wouldn't be worth anything to them if they thought you was just ordinary."

That giggle explodes again.

"It's strange there because it's not very real. I tried not to get involved in any of it, but up to a point you can't help it because people try and get you sucked into it and pull you into their little games, and I don't want to get pulled into *anybody's* little games.

"That's why I feel so drained, so totally exhausted, as if I hadn't got anything left to give. Well, I *have,* but it's as a performer and a writer, and to write you can't get involved in anything like that. You have to be detached from everything in order to write. I have to observe things in order to write about them: I can't get too directly involved.

"That's why I get a little frightened sometimes, because if I feel I'm getting too involved in hype and other things, all that sort of crap.

. . . interviews are all right, because they help work things out of your mind, but the other stuff is pretty self-indulgent.

"I don't want to become totally self-indulgent, because I write things that other people can relate to. If I get totally into myself I won't be able to do that. What I write will just become a reflection of me instead of a reflection of everything else. For some people that works, but it's not what *I'm* about.

"I don't personally want to indulge in my own fantasy, my own self-image . . ."

"THE DAY The World Turned Day-Glo" and the equally impressive but as yet unreleased "My Mind Is Like A Plastic Bag" are reflections of Poly's fascination with the synthetic excesses of the (you should pardon the expression) Modern World.

She celebrates the supermarket culture in the same way as the Topanga Canyon geeks and Woodstock dude-ranchers celebrate Nay-Chur. In America, Poly came face-to-face with Tack on a grander scale than she'd ever previously dreamed of, and it damn near put her off for life.

"It wasn't a conscious attempt to be clever: I just thought that I'd write about all these plastic things because they seemed to be creeping in more and more, which is why New York totally blew me apart. I saw everything that I'd been writing about in extreme but for real.

"For them it wasn't a joke, it was the way they lived for real. For me it was all a joke: play with it, indulge it, have fun with it because there's not really that much of it over here. But when you go there it's so bad that you thing, 'God, if that's what it's going to be like I don't want it.' "

Poly fights the encroaching wave of plastic by meeting it half-way. Her shirt front is adorned with carefully selected examples of exquisitely awful tack plastic jewellery: her very stage name is a comment on product-isation. Could she see herself going the other way and fleeing the tack by (gulp) going to live in the country?

"The weird thing about all the plastic is that people don't actually *like* it, but in order to cope with it they develop a perverse kind of fondness for it, which is what I did. I said, 'Oh, aren't they beautiful because they're so horrible.'

"It's very perverse and I realise that, and that was what was so frightening about New York. People had developed a *real* fondness for all this stuff and when I'd go round to someone's house they'd give me things and say 'This is a Polystyrene present'. I just went, 'Oh no! I *don't* like it! I don't *want* to develop a perverse liking for it! Take it away! Leave me alone!' "

JUST ONE OF the pitfalls of success: being taken too literally by people with little humour and less insight. But — in order to avoid the pitfalls of success — do you have to avoid success itself?

"No, I don't think you have to avoid success; you just have to avoid all the bullshit. If you can evade the bullshit and the hype you'll be okay, but if you start getting involved then it's dangerous.

"Sometimes I'll go along with it because I think it's funny and I think it's a laugh, but I don't believe any of it. When it comes down to the crunch I don't believe *nothing!* I'll *pretend* I believe it. I'm a bit wicked that way because I enjoy pretending, I enjoy letting people think that I'm being pulled along in this little game, but always knowing when I'm going to make it stop.

"That's my saving grace. That's how I've survived all my life.

"I've been around a lot. I left home when I was 15, and I've been all over the place, and that's how I survived. I've done all kinds of silly things, but I always knew when I'd got to the point where it was time to stop. I got into a lot of tight spots, and up to a point I quite enjoyed them, because I've always liked playing the victim . . . *up to a point.* Beyond that point . . . ah ha! *No wayyyyy!"*

COULD YOU see yourself drawing that line within rock and roll; saying *this is where it stops* and getting out of Da Biz entirely?

"Nope. I'd *love* to get out, but not yet. I don't want to go on doing this forever an' ever, but then again I have the temptation to do something else. What I'd *really* like to do is direct a film or write a screenplay. I'd do exactly the same thing; create a whole bunch of fantasies and projections and silly little games and do 'em on film.

"I like to feed up other people's fantasies, make 'em think that they've really got me going and then I'll shock 'em: I'll change. I like to be underestimated just a *little* bit. It's not just you that does it, other people like to feed you up with *their* little games and you take advantage of it until you think *uh uh, time to go ho-ommmme . . .*

"That's what I'm like.

"No 'death to the individual' for me. That's all I've got. Without it I wouldn't be able to write or anything. That's why I'm so careful of not being manipulated by anybody. Temptation's great: people will try and manipulate you, specially if they think you're easy, a soft touch, which I appear to be up to a point because I make myself that way. But I ain't easy: I *do* know what's going on.

"Or maybe it just goes on in *my* head."

Yeah, maybe you're just getting all sweated up playing table tennis with yourself.

"Yeah, probably. That's because I think too much. I'm not completely mad . . . well, I am at the moment; it's because I've only just got out of Chelsea. It was driving me mad.

"Nothing actually took me over, but I could see that it might and I felt very vulnerable. There's so many fakes up there . . . you get boys coming round trying to find out if you're gonna screw 'em because I've got this sort of asexual image . . ."

You've got *what???*

"You know, I said that I wasn't a sex symbol and that if anybody tried to make me one I'd shave my head tomorrow. And so they come round and they say *Oh, I really fancy you* and they want to see how far you go and I say *all right you can sleep under the table.* A lot of them come round probing me up about sex.

● *Continues over page*

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POLY FILLA

● *From previous page*

"That's quite weird. And of course, if I sense that someone's trying to probe me about something I just feed 'em up with bullshit. I just give 'em what they want to hear.

"Young kids would come around dressed up from *Seditionaries* and they're probing me about all these rumours that they've heard about me. Such sexual questions; they must be perverts, you know what I mean? If you can't sort sex out for yourself there must be something a bit wrong with you. What sex is . . I think a lot of kids are hung up about sex and that's bad.

"A lot of kids come up to me and they say, 'Oh, I'm on the game', and I just say, 'Oh yeah?' or they say they hustle because they think that 'Oh, maybe she was on the game when she was younger'. Or they say, 'I don't do nothin', I just give blowjobs,' trying to see what makes me blink, trying to suss me out. Or they say, 'I don't like sex, I'm bored with it' just to see what you say.

"I'll say, 'Oh really? I think it's great.' And then I'll say that I hate sex . . . I'll contradict myself all the time because I don't like being probed about questions like that.

"If they *really* want to know, sex to me is like a beautiful thing and it shouldn't be abused, you know what I mean? You shouldn't sleep with just anybody, you shouldn't sleep with anybody for money, you should just sleep with somebody you really like and that's it.

"And it's not a power or control thing. That's what I don't like about sex; that's why I haven't slept with anybody for two years . . . no, about a year and a half. With too many guys, if you sleep with 'em it's like a power/control thing."

Yeah, but that ain't something that's wrong with *sex,* it's a basic flaw in the human character and it permeates all aspects of human life and interaction. Sex is just the place where it seems least appropriate.

"That's one of things I find most dangerous and disturbing, because it shouldn't be like that. I object to people thinking that I'm into that as well and trying to put me through those kind of things. It's all inferiority complexes etcetera etcetera etcetera.

"When I was younger I used to be really insecure, really full of complexes, I used to think, 'I'll never get a boyfriend because I'm half-caste; I'll never get a boyfriend because of this or that . . .' you think all sorts of stupid things about yourself, and of course that's what's wrong. You have to think more about other people . . .

"I've talked so much about myself that it's really disgustin'. I should talk more about the band.

"A lot of people focus on me and think it's all me, but the music is good and if you could listen to it piece by piece and instrument by instrument you'd see how good it is. None of them have been playing long, but they're all good. I wouldn't like to say that any of them are better than any of the others or that I'm better than the others. I'm at the front because that's what I do and I write the songs, but each and everyone of them in their own right is as good as anybody else and as good as me.

"It's important to me that that's made clear, and also that I don't tell anybody what to do or what to play. Nobody treads on anybody else's toes. It don't work like that. When I formed the group I looked for people who had a natural talent. It didn't matter to me how long they'd been playing. If they had something there that was *really good* then it'd be all right and it would develop . . ."

X-RAY SPEX are very much a product (so to speak) of right-here-right-now, but they're good, real good; they could have emerged anytime and happened anytime because ultimately they don't depend on the scene from whence they sprang. They've got charm and vision and scope; qualities that rock and roll can always use.

As a lyricist, Poly Styrene reminds me a lot of Chuck Berry: he, too, had that obsession with the detail and minutes of Modern Life and his observations were sweet and sly and sharp and sentimental all at once, just as Poly's are. Whether "The Day The World Turned Day-Glo" becomes the "Too Much Monkey Business" of the '70s and '80s is a highly contentious point, but — decades apart — Chuck and Poly look at the world through the same telescope.

Unlike Berry, though, Poly loves paradox: she'll take any ride as long as she knows where the ejector seat is; dream any dream as long as her internal alarm clock can tell her when to wake up, be totally easy going until her self-preservation instincts tell her when to get hard, play any game as long as it's clearly understood that it's a game, be completely receptive until she's absorbed all she needs and cut off before she gets swamped.

Underestimate her at your own peril; overestimate her at hers.

ALBUMS

THE STRANGLERS
Black And White (United Artists)

HAPPY anniversary. It's a year to the week since "Rattus Norvegicus", the last time I wrote about The Stranglers.

Women were strange when you were a Strangler. An avid fan of the band's music, I was righteously — and rightly — affronted by the vicious sexism of their debut album. Of course, that didn't hinder their ascent to the dizzy heights of the pop charts (we can make 'em, but we can't break 'em), but for better or worse that review did earn The Stranglers their unshakeable Male Chauvinists of Punk tag.

For worse, I reckon. Because although every critic who ever mentioned The Stranglers for the rest of the year seemed to feel obliged either to condemn or to apologise for the band's misogyny, they were treated as an isolated case. The Stranglers were branded, yet other bands still got away with murder . Only Julie Burchill had the temerity to question The Sex Pistols stance in "Bodies"; only Nick Kent faced up to the fascistic titillation of Adam and the Ants.

When "No More Heroes" came out, all the same cliches (as they were by then) were trotted out once more. Personally, I was inclined in fact to agree with Angie Errigo: the sexism this time was less vindictive, a veritable self-parody. But in the midst of the rock journalists' new-found moral fervour, only Angie managed to discern the vibrant album — or at least, half an album: "Wog", "Bitching" and "Something Better Change" — lurking there.

Still, that was 1977. No Pistols, Damned or bondage pants in 1978 — The Stranglers have been getting their heads together in the country, and something had to change.

For a start, sex is thrust firmly aside and hardly gets a look-in except on the free three-track single, where The Stranglers indulge their 'roots' via "Walk On By" and two jokey R&B cuts. "Now you know why no one came to see us two years ago," cracks Hugh Cornwell.

It's not the same band as on the album — these men are Artists. "Black And White" abounds with titles like "Sweden (All Quiet On The Eastern Front)", "Toiler On The Sea", "Outside Tokyo", "Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)" . . . Heavy stuff.

Gone are most of those heady Doors rip-offs; completely absent is the scrawny "Nuggets" vibe that made The Stranglers so endearing as Cornwell and Jean Jacques Burnel bobbed comically across those vast stages at the Patti Smith gigs. The positioning of Jet Black at the front of the line-up on the cover seems almost symbolic : they've put on weight.

At first "Black And White" seems positively turgid, in fact — especially Burnel's Chris Squire-like steel hawser bass. Further inspection, however, reveals a fierce dynamism and studied power. Like only The Sex Pistols before them of all 'new wave' groups, The Stranglers appreciate sheer brawn. Few heavy metal outfits have ever pitted such stark, violent elements against one another as the drums, bass, guitar and synthesizer on, say, "Do You Wanna", a harsh melange of jagged riffs supporting the most explicitly crass song on the album.

The record's so-called 'black' side reaches its peak of brutal ugliness as that number segues into the "Death And Night And Blood" chant: certainly the most exhilaratingly evil-sounding moment of any punk record outside of "Bollocks" and The Stranglers' fellow macho-fetishist Iggy Pop's nastier works — and one which I wish they hadn't faded so soon.

Musically, this band has moved on to new ground: very black (it's aptly titled), very muscular, very impressive. The first ('white') side is by far the best work they've ever done. All four reveal dimensions to their playing, both individually and as a unit, which they previously only hinted at.

Perhaps it could sometimes be stronger melodically, (though they do pull off a few changes which are quite dazzling simply because they *are* fairly rare), but you'll only find stronger *rhythms* in a pneumatic drill.

Unfortunately, The Stranglers still blow much of the power they build in their music by attaching it to occasionally idiotic lyrics. The effect of "Death And Night Etc", for instance, is totally dissipated when it is followed by a really pathetic monstrosity called "In The Shadows" — an attempt at depicting nightmare images which would shame a primary school essay, it's so puny (and which, paired with the inconsequential "Enough Time", ends the album on an unrepresentatively low note).

"Death And Night And Blood" itself treads on uneasy ground. Quite apart from angering people who respect the author it supposedly venerates (Yukio Mishima) by its simplistic celebration of death and machismo, the song also usurps its own purpose when Burnel inexplicably pairs the ultra-masculine, quasi-poetic verses with a joke chorus.

As always, though, one's appreciation of the lyrics is not aided by their presence on the inner sleeve, staring out at you in all their gawky inanity. *"Have you seen the bullet's high velocity/It can blow a man's arm off at the count of three"* — Donovan would be proud of it.

That's from "Tank", which opens the album with all the venomous fury of the previous sets' "Sometimes" and "I Feel Like A Wog", this time firing off at the dumb fantasies of would-be army heroes.

Militaristic politics, very approximately, are The Stranglers' current obsession. "Curfew", which rips open the second ('black') side, portrays a Soviet invasion of the "soft" West; "Hey! (Rise Of The Robots)" features a rollicking riff with Cornwell hollering out the demise of a society grown lazy in its dependence upon machines (for which presumably read the uprising of factory fodder workers); "Sweden (All Quiet On The Eastern Front)", possibly written after a Swedish tour, rails against that country's dull stability.

Elsewhere exotic locations abound. "Toiler On The Sea", another bloodthirsty riff assault course, is a romantic tale of shipwrecks and cruel seas that may or may not conceal a love story; the single "Nice'n'Sleazy" (*dreadful* title) has The Stranglers crossing the west sea and meeting an angel; while "Outside Tokyo" puts the blame for our enslavement by time squarely on the shoulders of Japanese mass-production of watches.

It's a long way from Dagenham Dave, Dingwalls, the Coleherne and the Big Shitty — from The Stranglers' previous firm grounding in London experiences.

But then, they've come a long way. Flying huge parties of journalists out to Iceland (at least they still insult them, whether it's in Reykjavik or Rotherham), packing the Roundhouse out for a week at a time . . . They're stars.

For a while back there, it didn't make sense. At those Roundhouse gigs, the frenzied adulation seemed divorced from what was going down onstage; after all, the set wasn't so different from the one that had reaped such yawning disdain a year earlier at the Smith gigs.

With "Black And White" The Stranglers' music has moved into the rock heavyweight league their mass audience indicates. They've stayed true to their original stated tenets of brevity and energy (why it seemed laboured at first I don't know), yet they've fused that with a bludgeoning confidence.

That closing pair of duff tracks and The Stranglers' underlying grossness prevent it being a truly great album, but "Black And White" is still a bold achievement.

Phil McNeill

SAD CAFE
Misplaced Ideals (RCA)

UNDER A grotesque, gooey cover, a band playing so ponderously and lethargically they might as well have had their fingers smeared with chewing gum — this Mancunian six-piece could be superficially described as capable, professional musicians, but in no sense are they good at what they do. That would imply some spark of inspiration, feeling, passion, of just a hint of spirit.

I can't imagine that they enjoy their own music; it's slow, half-hearted, totally monotonous. This is only their second album but they seem already to have run out of ideas and tunes. They content themselves with creating a soft, unchallenging mood of cosiness, one track so much like the next that the gap between is just an irrelevant pause.

Vocalist Paul Young and guitarist Ian Wilson are nominally responsible for most of the songwirting: the former's soft, choking voice make the lyrics generally incoherent, and there isn't one memorable melody. John Stimpson and Tony Cresswell add a faintly funky rhythm section, Ashley Mulford interrupts occasionally with pedestrian guitar solos and Victor Emerson's keyboards fill the sound out to a squashy, undistinguished whole. An important part of Sad Cafe's formula is the regular sax bleating of Lenny Sachs, who apparently joined the band after recording this album.

"Restless" stumbles around like a brontosaurus in a sea of syrup, "Let Love Speak For Itself" conjures up the suggestion of a hook, "Mario" is the slow, sensitive moment, "Relax" the disco segment, and "On With The Show" the intended climax.

This record has no high points. The group are caught in a worthless limbo between quality easy-listening and bland soul. They've got no connection with rock or roll, no valid roots and no valid future.

At the moment this emotionless broad of modern music is achieving some popularity, presumably with people frightened of excitement but to young to admit it. Gives me a headache.

Kim Davis

This is us in sunny Iceland. That's Yukio there between Jet and me. Wish you were here — Hugh. ***Pic: PENNIE SMITH***

JOIN THE STRANGLERS, SEE THE WORLD

Peter Perrett puts on a precious pose for publicity purposes in Pennie Smiths's pic.

Not Only but . . .

THE ONLY ONES
The Only Ones (CBS)

IT IS INDEED gratifying to be able to report that this debut album is a largely excellent piece of work, capturing most if not all of the strengths and idiosyncrasies of a group who are stylistically too diverse to be tagged 'punk' but could just conceivably be termed 'new wave'.

Like such American bands as Talking Heads and Television, The Only Ones are trying for something genuinely new and individualistic, taking a stand against the burgeoning encyclopaedia of rock cliches that has clogged up the airwaves from the early '60s onwards.

In addition, these bands are also blessed with a taut corporate professionalism that their direct punk rivals so often lack.

There is a compelling self-confidence behind The Only Ones' vision which attracted me from the outset — this starting with Peter Perrett's haunting songs and brazenly unorthodox singing, and stretching through to the resolve and unity of the players themselves.

The band are important, I repeat — because it's all too easy to write about The Only Ones without making reference to anyone besides Perrett. He after all composed all ten songs here and it's his weird, disarming vocals that, by the very nature of their unusual pitching if nothing else, set the tone of the music and thus automatically cause one to be intrigued or repelled on first hearing.

Perrett himself is destined, I'm certain, to become a major figure in English rock — precisely because his is an extreme form of self-expression. Not that those extremities are without their faults.

Most of his songs seem, lyrically, very self-obsessed and there are times when a superficial ear could readily condemn Perrett for being unbearably 'precious' and narcissistic. In "No Peace For The Wicked", for instance, he wistfully whines *"Why do I go through these deep emotional traumas?/Why can't I be what I wanted to be — carefree?"* — thus causing even a Perrett backer like myself to wince somewhat. But then you play the song again and the blatant sincerity of his tack becomes apparent and proves that Perrett is not just another self-obsessed poseur using his music as little more than a mirror for his own private self-analysis.

It's this sincerity — similar in many respects to Jonathan Richman's — that forms the essence of Perrett's songs and thus the album itself, especially when this quality is wedded to a compellingly original style of composition.

A total romantic, Perrett sings frequently about his darker side (love and death and other classic themes). Drummer Mike Kellie refers to Perrett's songs simply as "special" and it's hard, even when well acquainted with the material, to improve on that curt definition.

Thus a song like "The Beast" — an ominous tract about addiction and disease — becomes truly disturbing. Using a good but conventional riff, the piece is transformed by Perrett's vocals, the howling guitar lines of John Perry, a stridently intimidating bass line and poised, deft drumming into something 'other'.

This music is relevant too, as songs like "City Of Fun", "Creatures Of Doom" and "No Peace For The Wicked" concern the much-vaunted life in the fast lane pitch of the '70s. They find Perrett at once fascinated by the vicariousness of it all, yet determined not merely to "dance on the ruins" like so many other dilletantes. As with all artists of any real worth, Perrett's stance is ultimately honest and moral.

In this context, "City Of Fun" is the perfect statement of intent; Perrett condemns the death-and-destruction morass behind shuddering and pulsating guitar rhythms. The song has an epic musical structure — something that Perrett is well able to bring off, principally on the album's last track, "The Immortal Story" (after the Orson Welles film of the same name).

There really is so much going on here that deserves more detailed comment, but hopefully what I've already cited will provide some incentive to investigate. I'm leaving one song until last, however, simply because it's out of context in a quirky way, also my favourite, the one I always come back to.

Opening the album, "The Whole Of The Law" is a simple love song — a beaufiful, dreamy ballad — with Perrett sounding unusually relaxed. A gorgeous declaration, it proves The Only Ones are nothing if not stylistically and successfully diverse.

But once again I have to return to Kellie (who, along with Alan Muir and John Perry, plays superbly throughout) and his definition of his band's material as "special songs".

Because that, quite simply, is what they are.

Nick Kent

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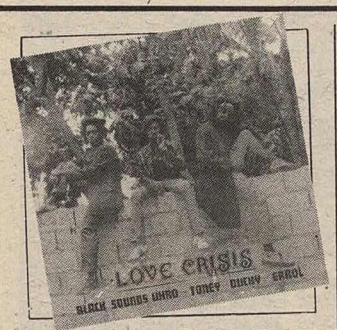


BLACK SOUNDS UHRO — TONY — DUCKY — ERROL
Love Crisis (Third World)
UHURU! UHURU! This is Black Sounds of Freedom, to quote its progenitors' own attestation in a lyric from one of the set's songs.

So much for the avowed intentions of authors; UK reggae devotees have their own complementary way of describing "Love Crisis" music, all of which has been around on sound-system private acetate for some while now.

The album's title derives from the opening "Crisis For Love" track, hence: *"This world is in a crisis for love"* —you no see't? — *"so in every move you make, Jah love."*

A fuller conclusion is reached on "Eden Out Deh", where the band observe: *"Look how the heathen them a walk 'pon street today,"* a reference to the JA Security Corp that translates equally in regard to our own police force, and now *"Black man have tankers and jeep."*

Also of note, "Satan Army Band", "Sorry For That Man", "I Love King Selassie", as well as their interpretations of Bob Marley's "Natural Mystic" and Jah Bunny of Matumbi's "African Love" titles. The "Willow Tree" track that ends the album is a reworking of Black Sounds' own "Born Free" title that originally appeared on Fatman's own Boss label last year.

An overlooked LP this, containing some quite excellent singing and songs. Lead singer is Michael Rose, best known for his "Guess Who's Coming For Dinner?" (answer: natty dreadlocks) song, released by Charlie Gillett a couple of years back.

This music is dedicated to the people of Zimbabwe, Namibia and Azania. Crucify Smith and take back Afrika!

Penny Reel

MATCHBOX
Settin' The Woods On Fire (Chiswick)

EVERYONE'S HEARD by now that there's supposed to be some vast rockabilly boom just around the corner. Although I like the music and would love it to get across to a mass audience, I've yet to be convinced that the public are actually gasping for it.

Most people are probably happy to discard rockabilly as Elvis crooning C&W over a sloppy backing, the sort of music that's only enjoyed by anachronistic Teds in London. It's going to take more than the emergence of a few potential crossover bands to make them think differently.

Those considerations aside, this is a great album for anyone who already enjoys the stuff. Matchbox are older and less readily marketable than their stablemates Whirlwind, but their experience and talent make them more than just another Ted combo.

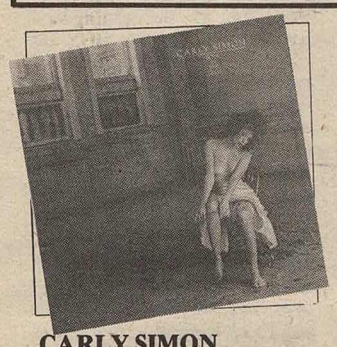
For one thing their original material is excellent, and that's rarely a strong point in this field. The title track, "Who Can I Count On", "Circle Rock" and Gene Vincent's "Cruisin' " are the standards they tackle efficiently, but it's their own songs, written by guitarist Steve Bloomfield, which are crucial to the success of the album.

"Feel So Bad" is an ordinary rocker salvaged by the imaginative use of electric mandolin. "Put The Blame On Me" sounds like a 1960 ballad set over a slap-dash backwood rhythm, the sort of melodic exercise you'd usually associate with a slush orchestra.

"Gunning For The Dog" is a morbid revenge song, driving beat with haunting steel guitar fills. The neo-Presley smooch interval is "My Life — My Love", closing the first side.

"While I'm Away" is more typical rockabilly, Graham Fenton singing powerfully over the authentic, unrelenting chatter of the accompaniment. "Nightfall", the final track, is a showcase for Bloomfield's soaring country steel, a stately instrumental, impressive but sadly sounding like a filler. I hope that doesn't mean this is the limit of Matchbox's invention, because seven strong songs and four worthwhile covers isn't a bad score for a debut album.

Kim Davis



CARLY SIMON
Boys In The Trees (Elektra)
THOSE OF the opinion that Carly Simon has never quite lived up to her potential as a female voice to be reckoned with in the '70s shouldn't change their minds when listening to "Boys In The Trees". Like so many 'artistic' albums of today, "Boys" represents that hazy middle-ground between control and over-production.

Simon's career has been peculiarly nebulous. Once known in 1971 for the haunting single, "That's The Way I've Always Heard It Should Be", Simon quickly established herself as a singer / songwriter possessing enough talent to rival perhaps the then emerging Joni Mitchell. A year later, "You're So Vain" rocketed its way up the charts on both sides of the Atlantic, and Carly seemed ready to emerge as the Big Sis of sex appeal the way Linda Ronstadt is at present.

Neither exreme has happened of course. Maybe it's the inevitable mellowing marriage brings. In other words, James Taylor once again makes his presence felt on a Carly Simon album, playing acoustic guitar, backing up the vocals, and joining Carly in a conventional love duet, "Devoted To You".

The results are often homey indeed. "Tranquillo (Melt My Heart)" has Simon sounding like a matronly Donna Summer as she puts the kid to bed with an innocuous disc-influenced lullaby. Equally lighthearted and vacuous, is "De Bat (Fly In Me Face)", a calypso tune so self-consciously quaint and "cute" that there's not much fun left in it for us.

With few exceptions — like the dreamy and anecdotal "In A Moment" — Carly Simon is the 'safe' performer, maturing with elegance, if not perception. From stylized pop ("You're The One") to upbeat funk ("One Man Woman") to the on the road pining of Jackson Browne ("Back Down To Earth"), Simon sings slickly, taking no chances.

"Boys" then is an easy listening album with touches of class. Pity it couldn't have been better.

Marcus Smith

IMPORTS

I GUESS if Commander Cody got a mild shot of jazz fever, the ensuing results might turn out a little like "Spiders In The Moonlight" (Rounder), an album by a six male, one chick, bunch of loonies known as **Jeffrey Frederick and The Clamtones.**

Likeably oddball — the tracks include "Beer Shits", a flute flavoured shuffle replete with simulated loo loosenings and a "gotta run, gotta run" chorus; "Stolen Guitar", a cry-in-your-beer country ballad that reveals "I feel so lonesome now, some motherfucker stole my guitar"; plus such other endearing titles as "Rotten Lettuce", "Toilet" and "Singing To The Dentist". All in all, probably Rounder's best shot since George Thorogood and The Destroyers. So let's hear it one more time for Massachusetts!

Euro-comps are still zooming in, one of the most presentable being "Meet The New Wave" (Dutch EMI), a release that includes **Buzzcocks** "What Do I Get?", **Advertising's** "Nasty, Nasty", and others by **999, The Banned, Stranglers, Wire, The Blitz, The Secret, The Flys,** etc. Also around is "Heroes And Cowards", a Stiff collection from macaroni-land. There's nothing new aboard, however — just return flights for **The Damned's** "New Rose", **Nick Lowe's** "Marie Provost", **The Adverts'** "One Chord Wonder", **The Alberto's** "Snuffin' Like That", and other similar delights. But I guess it's worth mentioning if only for the fact that the sleeve imparts the remarkable info that in '78 everyone born in '45 will be 33⅓.

In the strange but true department I can reveal that "Rannom Radar Records" is not a compilation of tracks from Radar but rather a collection of items from a label actually known as Random Radar (confusin' stuff this!). **Fred Frith** and **Lol Coxhill** are among the contributors you know and are willing to pay cash for but as for **Illegal Aliens, The Muffins** and **Logproof** — well, they ain't been around to my shack yet.

Meanwhile, for the benefit of those who are into big box games, Euro-Charly have emerged with "Ars Longa Vita Brevis", a boxed set containing the three albums **The Nice** cut for Immediate. And at the other end of the monetary scale, down in singles-land, it's worth noting that there's a version of **Elvis'** "Unchained Melody" (RCA) around that comes in gleaming white vinyl. Flip side is "Softly As I Leave You", which, or so I'm told, is a previously unreleased item.

While on the subject of things Presley, I'll mention that HMV, Oxford Street, recently received a small consignment of **Ral Donner** albums, including "Takin' Care Of Business" (Rondo). Predictably they were cleared in a few hours but it's hoped that further stocks will be forthcoming.

Stage One have, as last, managed to lay their mitts on a haul of "Gunfight At Carnegie Hall" (A&M), **Phil Ochs'** previously tough-to-get live album, while the rest of the week's arrivals have included "Tekujin" (All Ears) the latest from **The Far East Family Band,** nippon's answer to the Floyd; **Mike Bloomfield's** "Count Talent And The Originals" (Clouds), on which the bluesician is aided by such as Roger Troy and Nick Gravenites; **Trini Lopez's** "Transformed By Time" (Roulette) — would you believe Meco meets "If I Had A Hammer"?; **Jnr. Walker's** "Smooth" (Soul) with Thelma Houston guesting on a track titled "I Need You Right Now"; and **Three Ounces Of Love"** (Motown) from the girlie trio that recently toured with The Commodores.

Fred Dellar

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A Gorilla, A True Star?

THE GORILLAS
Message To The World (Raw)

THREE CONTEMPTUOUS young men floating on an asteroid — the drummer's striking a stylised crucifixion pose, the bassist is looking down, bored by eternity, and the guitarist, Jesse Hector, short red hair, vast sideburns, glossy green shirt, crimson loons and carpet slippers, is taking his rightful place at the centre of the universe.

That's The Gorillas, perfectly captured on the cover of their long overdue debut album.

Hector is a charismatic figure, committed desperately to his often interrupted trek to the top.

He's been paranoid for years that someone was going to snatch his style, steal his image; he seems to be deeply depressed by any setbacks, criticism or failures but he adores the people who applaud him.

From the early days, releasing "You Really Got Me" as The Hammersmith Gorillas, Hector and his minions have kept a strangely low profile.

They released two discs on Chiswick, "She's My Gal" and "Gatecrasher", which remain two of the most happy, exciting dance singles of the '70s. There was a big buzz in the press around Christmas '76, some devastating gigs which showed they had the vast energy content of the early Hot Rods but not the material.

Then personality differences and a long silence. They sprang back into media consciousness with a new single on Raw a month or so back, "It's My Life," a very untypical Bo Diddley-disco chant. There was talk of a major comeback tour, as if they were the UK s leading band coming home after a year in the States.

The journey into Hector's mind begins with a howl of feedback and the unmistakeable steamroller riff of "Foxy Lady". It's the only non-original on the album, a mild disappointment for any Gorillas fans who, like me, were hoping to hear Hector's inimitable readings of "Wild Thing" or "Keep On Chooglin'" preserved for posterity. And then, half way through the track, you're reminded that this upstart is some talented guitarist.

From there it's all new stuff. That's not to say every one's a classic, and so far none of the cuts have infiltrated as deeply as "Gal" or "Gatecrasher."

First up is "I'm A Liar", word games between Jesse and a chick over a deep, rumbling melody with the persistent punchline *". . . though I'm free I'm in misery."* The guitar's in the background this time and Jesse's voice is electronically echoed.

"I Need Her" is standard Gorilla fare, the tune strongly reminiscent of "Gatecrasher" and the hook stripped to a couple of simple, insistent lines. Rough, gritty and very powerful, Hector's voice isn't unlike Noddy Holder at Slade's peak but more tuneful. He warbles sometimes, occasionally goes for volume instead of tenderness, but this is his first album and if he learns to use those lungs for all moods he could be a magnificent rock vocalist.

The songs tend to run together, sometimes connected by an electric screech or stutter. After a roll of surf it's "Goin' Fishin' ", a bizarre little ditty, the sole contribution of the bassist Al Butler. It's a jaunty, jocular snatch, Jesse breathlessly confidential, an unexpected glimpse of the group's inherent humour — jangling guitars, chuckles and fresh air.

"Outta My Brain" starts side two with a lot of noise and some Hector philosophising. It's Do Anything You Wanna Do stuff — you might die tomorrow so why live in fear? Best tune yet, two blistering guitar solos and a J. Arthur Rank gong-bashing climax. "Waitin' For You" is softer, highly affable and pure Small Faces.

There's a long, shrill wail into the stuttering, urgent strumming of "Last Train". Warm, good-times rock and roll, Jesse obviously enjoying himself and singing at his best. Fretboard manoeuvres, frantic rhythm and The Gorillas near their peak.

The last track is a true tour de force. Although it isn't the best song on the album by a long way, it appears to be the record's conceptual crux, with marching crowds and pompous instrumental passages. Trouble with Jesse is, he's not content to make an ace party album, it's got to be a statement of faith. "Message To The World" itself is a dramatisation of the astonishing sleeve notes: "You who read this have a God over you, your own God, so you must do what you think is right on this Earth. Always help people who are hurt or lying on the floor; help them back on their feet."

So, genius may be unpredictable. This is a hot slice of modern pop; The Gorillas have listened to almost everything and mix it up so well they're impossible to categorise, but this is the Gorilladisc the Gorillafans have been waiting for.

"God Bless Everybody". Ta Jess.

Kim Davis

STARGARD
Stargard (MCA)
VILLAGE PEOPLE
Macho Man (DJM)

NOWT SO queer as disco folk, is there?

People are getting weird about disco of late, attributing all kinds of perversions and wallowings to it, pretending to see it as proof that man is doomed. Nonsense — it's just proof that artistes are only as good as their song-writers.

At the end of 1976, before American *Time Out* writers started being so grossly pretentious about disco, I was really weird about no-hope disco albums. Not singles, not discotheques, not dancing, not

'A rye look at image masturbation.'
NME

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disco music — just disco *albums*. It was an unhealthy time; I reviewed them perfunctorily, then hoarded them, browsing through the loser gloss of the sleeves daily.

I never played the damn things again — just gloated over the covers. I suspect this is what the people who are so hung up on Disco right now are doing. I suspect that this is why so many mannequins — Amanda Lear, Toni Van Duyne, Grace Jones — are acclaimed disco singers. People are not doing anything so low as *listening* to the things — they are just oohing and aahing over Amanda's mane and Grace's face.

Predictably *(like a robot)*, fashionable disco is no longer Donna Summer's stiff-upper-lip submission. Sex has become an indulgence in the disco. Like coke-sniffing. Messy.

The best things in life are now free — Outer Space and narcissism. Clean machines.

Stargard can't dress and they're sure other planets are where it's at. One is black and very beautiful, one is brown and vacuous, one is white and superfluous. They are like a LaBelle aimed at men, and their lead singer sings like Patti LaBelle used to. The hit which has enabled Stargard to waste MCA's time and money on an album is *the* disco single of 1978: "Which Way Is Up" — cold, callous rat-race adoration beautified by Norman Whitfield.

Only a half-wit could dislike it, as only a half-wit could stand the rest. Side two is non-sex, non-love, non-positive nothingness to listen to *alone* if at all. Side one is empty, dull emoting for emoting's sake.

Village People's "Macho Man" single was hysterical; Village People's "Macho Man" album is unbearable.

The Village People claim to be practising homosexuals, (keep practising, boize) are very much a rallying point for New York City's gay men in much the same way as Tom Robinson is to those within Capital earshot. They admirably illustrate the differing moral/spiritual standards of our land and Cowboy Country to a never-ending, never-varying disco beat.

In "Macho Man" they chant *"Call him Mr Ego/Dig his chains!"* while in "I Am What I Am" they plead *"I did not choose the way I am!"* "Just A Gigolo" and "Sodom And Gomorrah" speak for themselves — masochistic anthems to the wrath of social mores and Jehovah. Writhing, loathsome, immature paeans to punishment.

Basically, disco As It Is is strictly for followers of last year's fashion who are too old/uptight/rich to dance.

Julie Burchill

Diamond Don Sharpe

EARTH TIMES

THE DIAMONDS
Planet Earth (Virgin)

A WISE and enchanting rejuvenation, "Planet Earth" washes away all memory of 1977's Allen Toussaint produced "Ice On Fire" mix-up. A misguided step into the wrong part of town altogether, 'Ice' was a shambolic affair, Toussaint's blare 'n' stomp stylisations quite obviously more sparring partner than soul mate for the gentle assuredness of a premier JA three part vocal group.

Now, 1978. They call themselves simply The Diamonds. Whether the 'Mighty' omission is in part to help erase all remembrance of the unfortunate "Ice" fiasco we can only wonder. The album was recorded at Compass Point Studios, Nassau — so they still choose to neglect the rich vein of studios Jamaica offers, not that the music on THIS album suffers for it.

Producer Karl Pitterson opts for a more sophisticated texture without sacrificing the almost humble quality of the trio's voice. The 'Icebreakers' are impeccable, never letting effortlessness slide into session-technical emptiness. A classy crew — Sly Dunbar, Tommy McCook, Lloyd Parks, Earl 'Chinna' Smith, Bernard 'Touter' Harvey are all here.

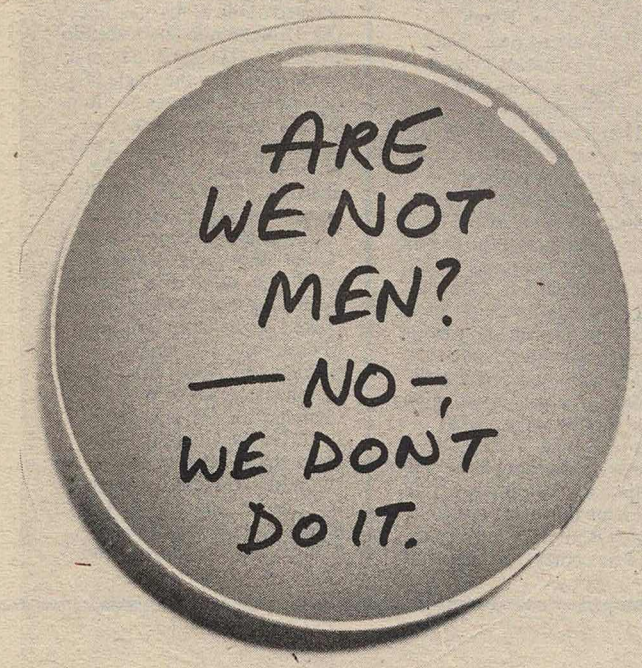
It's obvious from the opener that everything is correctly in focus. "Where Is Garvey" cuts in very sharp with a superb ascending spiral of sax and trombone bridged into the song by Harvey's regal organ phrase. The Diamonds' forte isn't fire (nyah) and brimstone preaching, but the sentiment reaches out all the same: *"Where is the black man's prophet? / Where does the black man's future lie? / Where is Marcus Garvey gone?"*.

The vocal harmonies are continually counterpointed by the similarly open, breezy horn arrangements. On "Struggling", an initially incongruous horn motif falls into place once you realise that it serves to underline the essential optimism of the song. Indeed, in places, the joyful harmoniousness of the arrangement tends to distract attention from the more melancholic sentiment. "Only Brothers" hits the highest, sweetest registers of the entire set, but is one of the more down-mood realisations: *"He had a right to live / He was a brother, a only brother"*.

Like much upgrade reggae the effect ain't always immediate, the depth is only evident after repeated play. A mention too for Chinna's lead break on "Carefree World": wiry and clipped, its delicacy of construction is indivisible from the parry of attack. He suits the love songs with an equal, tense modesty of technique, giving the lie to the idea that all JA lead lines are US steals. "Let the Answer", "Just Can't Figure Out", and the current 45 "Sweet Lady" are the love songs, a genre with which The Diamonds are at their best.

Like the name implies, the beauty of The Diamonds is sufficient unto itself. If you tend to keep at arm's length from reggae for fear of being duffed about the ears by Rasta semantics or dub surrealism, step onto this patch. The Diamonds keep their feet, strictly and simply, on Planet Earth. Let the light shine on you.

Ian Penman



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JAZZ

SUCCESS IS SWALLOWING YOUR MOUTHPIECE

Last year's NME Golden Beret winner, DAVID MURRAY, believes in getting his teeth into the tenor — no messin' with fancy mouth manoeuvres, text book in hand. Why worry when the triumphal titfer justifies all?

HE WASN'T wearing his *NME* Golden Beret Award. Insurance premium prohibitive, maybe, or maybe again he figured it'd look a little de trop atop his cream snap-brim fedora. David Murray is a dressy little bantam, reddish-brown suit, striped collarless shirt with technicolour buttons, bought at Dingwalls Market after flooring the local jam talent on 'Perdido' and 'C-Jam Blues': "Comedy, Jack".

He stands in the centre of the room, legs spread, demonstrating his relationship with the tenor saxophone. "I never got the feeling of the soprano. It's such a feminine instrument. I can't really feel it because it's not close to me, it's not hanging around my neck. Any instrument that's hanging around ya neck, ya can get total grip on, feel the vibrations of it in ya neck, hands, knee. They tell ya in the books you're supposed to play like this — "He mimes something like a clerk in gardening gloves, before walloping his inner thigh. "I like to put it right here. I can feel it here, here and here. I mean, I HAVE it, you know." r David shuffles his shoulders and braces his legs in the macho ritual of a gunslinger. "Like the embouchure thing, man. They tell ya in the books like how you're supposed to take about this much of the mouthpiece and put it in ya mouth. I bite the whole thing up, Jack."

Not a cat to hide his light under a bushel or a beret, but then again, why should he? He'd come up to New York City in March, 1975, from Berkeley, California, taken on the massed dudes from the heavier zip codes, St. Louis, Chicago, NYC itself, and emerged the winner. He was 20. David Murray is the most emergent tenor since Archie Shepp.

"Phew, man! Me and my father went through so many changes to get that saxophone. I mean, we was poor. My mother was a piano player, my father a guitar player, my brother's a clarinet player and my cousin's a trumpet player, so I mean I was MISSING the Saxophone! When I got it, it was like, uh, cool, you know — it was no surprise. I'd been playing piano four years before I played saxophone.

"My father was a garbage man, so he gets up at five o'clock in the morning and my mother gets him off to work for 5.30, then she starts playing the piano. Wakes us up every morning. She was a professional in terms of the church circuit, didn't play outside because it wasn't in her religion to play at the clubs. Missionary Church Of God In Christ.

"What's so heavy about the church is they have like musical competitions. For instance, our church might take our whole music thing, like our choir, our band, everybody, and we'd go over 8th & Grove. The preacher'd get up and people'd start playing the tambourines and stuff while he was preaching because they didn't wanna hear him, they wanted to get into the music. There'd be like WOW, big complications — there'd be like SHOOT MAN! — 20 different churches with 20 different choirs and bands, and they'd just fire up at will!

"You'd just come outa there like —" He mimed a shake and shudder. "That same kinda feeling coming outa the churches, the tribal thing, that real African shit, I try to get out in my music. That's the essence of getting what it is inside of yourself out."

CHURCH BANDS, high school bands, R&B outfits — David's real break came when he enrolled at Pamona College in 1973.

"I went there to check out the school, and Stanley Crouch was rehearsing the band with Bobby Bradford, Butch Morris, Walter Lowe, Black Arthur and Charles Tyler. I said, Damn man! so that's what's happening!

"That's when I decided to go there, because of this extra-curricular going on. Stanley Crouch was teaching English and Theatre and Black studies, and he was the reason I went there, because I coulda went to Harvard or Yale with my grade point average. I was really into English and writing short stories and shit like that.

"I came to New York with funds from school, I was gonna bring this big report back, blah-blah-blah. I'd been doing a study on the saxophone. I'd go up to the cats and say, Will ya tell me how you do this? Dewey Redman'd look at me like I was crazy, and say, 'Just play the saxophone, man. Quit talking'.

"So, after my money ran out about two months later, I said, Hey — fuck this shit, and I started hitting with my band. I wanted to come in as a bandleader because I'd been used to leading my own shit. My strength was in playing my own music. It was tough, Jack."

For a while, the David Murray Trio with Mark Dresser and Stanley Crouch, played concerts every fortnight on the Lower East Side. Gigs with Sunny Murray and The Untouchable Factor helped to bring him to the attention of the musicians, then he tried out for Ted Daniel's Third World Energy Ensemble.

"Oliver Lake, Hamiett Bluiett, Olu Dara, Lester Bowie, Julius Hemphill — I mean, I met all these dudes in one day! I was at the rehearsal and cats was saying, 'Yeah — this cat can PLAY'. Since then I was cool with my peers, you know."

Recently he's avoided the Loft scene, vexed by the category, and loathing the frictions and factions which have surrounded that sterling enterprise. In Europe a punter had asked him whether he played Free Music or Loft Jazz: the power of the press. David prefers to play bars.

Like all saxophone players of his generation, his formative period was dominated by Coltrane, but writer-drummer Stanley Crouch surprisingly cites the late subtle and sinuous Paul Gonsalves as an early influence too.

"Yeah," David agrees, "Gonsalves was the cat, man. I learned a solo of his one time, the 'Diminuendo & Crescendo In Blue' ". He starts to hum it, but is strafed by the jingle of a passing ice-cream van — "huh, Close Encounters, man! Gonsalves, man, he had a way of going in and out of chord changes. I think Albert really paid a lotta attention to him.

"I learned Coltraine's solo, 'Giant Steps', but I learned it on alto because I didn't wanna be dealing with it every time I picked up the tenor like most of these cats. He might be playing, uh, 'Three Blackbirds' or some shit, but he'd be dealing with 'Giant Steps' ".

He laughed hugely. "That tenor solo of Ornette's on 'Ornette On Tenor' — areas he's covered there on that one solo, cats spend their whole lives trying to cover it — and

DAVID MURRAY. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

he's not even a tenor player! He showed me a different way. Rather than thinking about say a G minor chord, he's thinking about what colourational aspects are tied to those keys.

"After a while, tonal gets boring to a cat like Ornette who's totally explored the keys. You go to the next level. He's a scientist of the principles of tones on the saxophone. Ornette has covered all that, but it went down so quick that nobody really dug it. Everybody slept on Ornette. He's the cat.

"I listen to Sonny Rollins. Sonny will play and he'll be totally oblivious to his audience. He's constantly pulling the rug out from himself — he has total confidence in what he doesn't know about himself. That makes you explore." He looked thoughtful under the fedora. "Living in New York's the same way. You decide to live in a place where the rug is gonna be constantly pulled out from under ya. Before I lived in New York, I'd never have thought of doing a solo concert."

The fruits of a solo concert at the Theatre Mouffetard, Paris, are beginning to appear on the market, one album released, two more to come. "Chant Pour Une Nouvelle Afrique Du Sud" from "Organic Saxophone" is a staggering example of David Murray's command of emotional structuring. The theme, an ugly sawing rhythmic pattern, is played in every register, harmonic overtones curling off like shavings from a planed girder. Gradually, the rhythmic pumping is taken over by the low register, and the upper flies fast and free: a bat in an organ loft. Huge, harrowing shapes dance between the fixed points, the pitch manipulated so that every note contains a world of declensions: foundry and filigree.

"Once I'm really into a composition, it's not about the techniques of the saxophone, don't hafta think about the notes I'm putting down. Actually, man, it's like being in a dream. Subconsciously — I mean physically — I almost go to sleep, but I'm dreaming. I trust my intellectual subconscious to play this music. That's one of the hardest things to do. That's what I was saying before, that's what a lotta people can't do because they play Coltrane licks because they don't trust their mind to do that. You can always get back.

"I mean, I useta play stuff with the real intellectual approach, you know — all this bullshit. I never really get off on it myself, so I kinda stopped. Now I'm into playing the sorta stuff I know is gonna get me off every time I play it. When I change my compositions, my improvisation changes. The thing I see myself doing is getting heavier and heavier into composition, you know — eventually include orchestras and things.

"Take a tune like 'Flowers For Albert' — I was walking down 107th Street in Amsterdam going to Riverside Park, and next thing I know, it just come in my ear. I went home and wrote it down. I had to go over to Riverside Park to get this tune. I don't have no formula — if I had, I'd sound like a brainiac. I really don't want my music to sound like a computer. I like it to flow along with a spiritual kinda meaning to it.

"Melody, man — that's what's happening. A tune that every time you play it, you know it'll inspire you. I hafta take care of me before I take care of anybody else. If I don't feel cool, most likely the people don't feel cool. In a composition like 'Flowers' there's about three different sound textures, and once you've played the line, the head and the changes, you can go anywhere with it. I mean, you can deal with any of those three and I'm sure it'll hook you up.

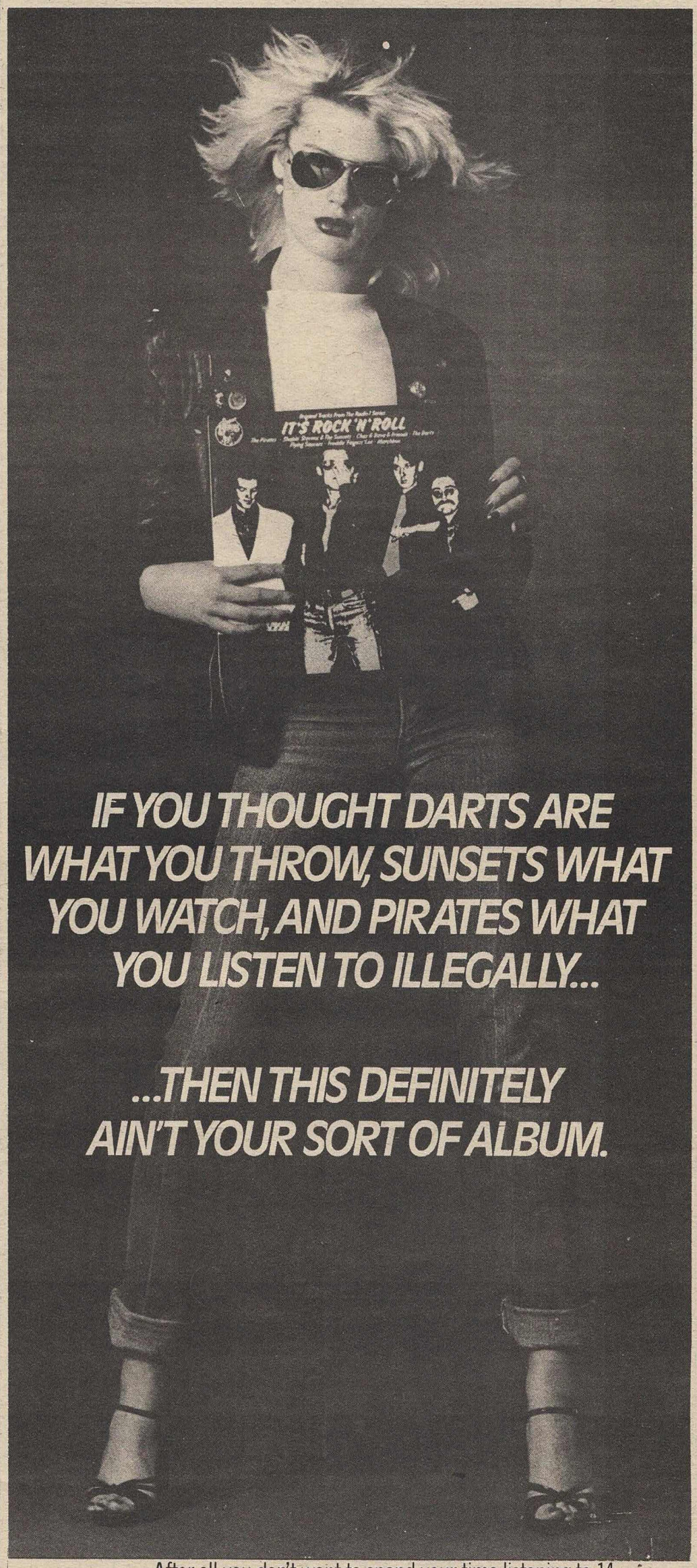
"See, what I do, I use the melody to prepare me. I don't wanna get hung up in just the sound textures because they have a tendency to get boring to me, like listening to Stockhausen. You get all this heavy shit about silent textures and John Cage talking about these great silences, but silence is not enough for a poem. You hafta fill up space — silence exists if you just shut up. That's all.

"People try to make you play the same way for the rest of your life. That's why I hate requests. They wanna request the whole evening for ya. Audiences, they hafta have faith in the artist, that he's gonna take them to some other area that they haven't heard.

"There's one tune I play called 'The Last Of The Hipmen' — I can play that as a ballad and make people cry, or play it as an ensemble and make them really happy. I'm coming to think that just the speed of a melody has a lotta control over people's emotions. Lotta times, the over-intellectual listener doesn't wanna feel good — he wants to be a masochist to himself, only hear the notes that he thinks are heavy."

He took his hat off, scratched his head, put it on again. He sat down at the piano and played for the next hour and a half. David Murray tunes, Monk tunes, Duke tunes, Parker tunes. He doesn't have a piano back home, so he played like an urchin loose in a sweet shop.

By BRIAN CASE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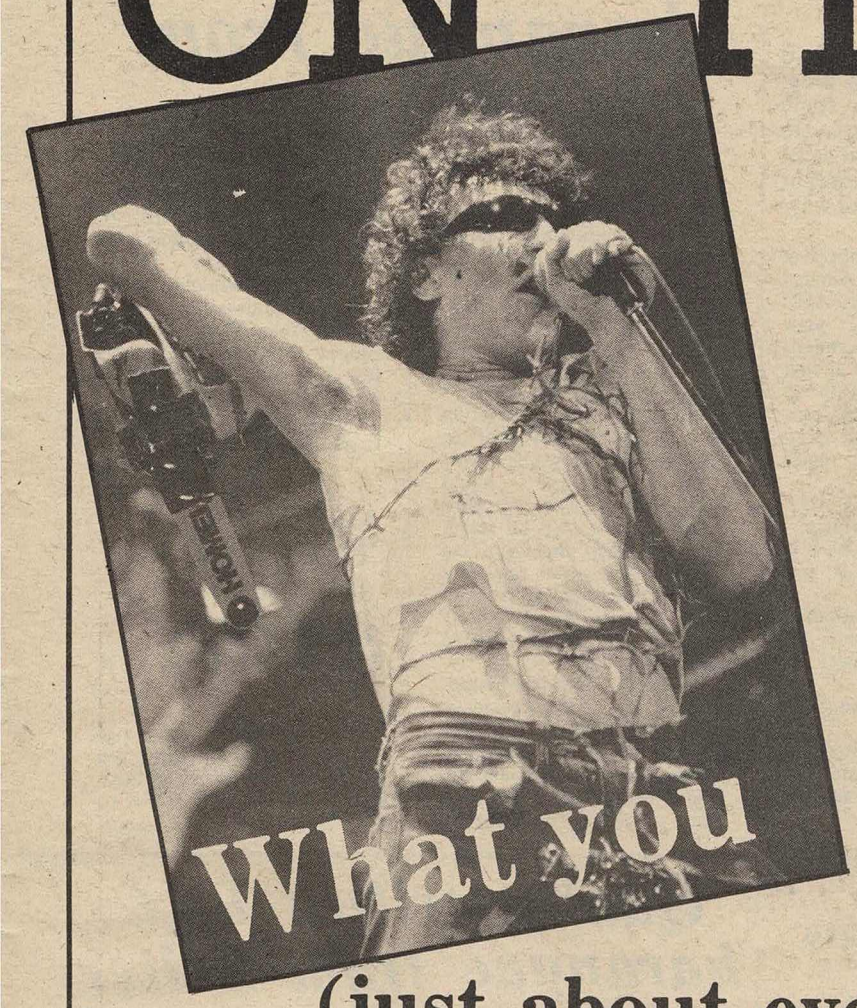
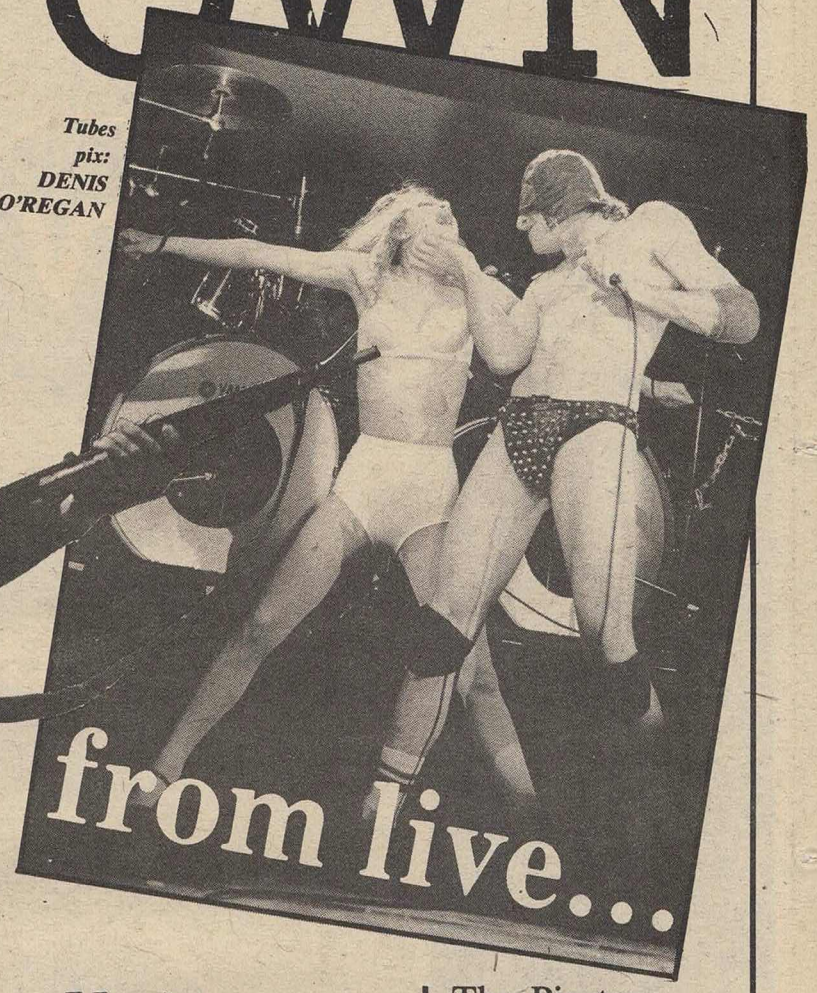


Tubes pix: DENIS O'REGAN



(just about everything, actually)

The Tubes

NEW THEATRE, OXFORD

I DIDN'T see this exotic troupe last time around but I do recall one particularly purple review of them; words to the effect: "Would you take your daughter to see this show? I don't think so."

So naturally, this year that's precisely what I did.

Not surprisingly she wasn't remotely shocked, offended or corrupted (too late for that) by any of the theatrics, in fact she was disappointed they weren't a good deal more lurid.

As for the musical content, that was mostly O.K. too; her one major complaint being that she couldn't figure out where the group was coming from.

Was it all parody or were The Tubes aiming to be taken seriously as a 'straight' group at any point in the proceedings?

Very perceptive, smart-ass daughter o' mine; that's exactly the question I'd been asking myself.

See, the seven-piece core of the troupe — the six musicians and lead chameleon Fee Waybill — double as their own support act.

For most of the first half of the first half, if you follow me, they present themselves *au natural,* performing competent but unexceptional pop/rock songs like the one that's been released as a single, presumably in a bid for chart status, "Show Me A Reason."

Admittedly Waybill disarms criticism by diffidently explaining "I want to be like The Doolies", from which we must immediately assume that that's as unlikely as Elvis Costello wanting to be Tony Christie (in-joke; see last week's Teasers); nevertheless, "Reason" and a couple of other jolly rockers are performed with ambiguous straight face.

As for the rest of the show, there's no confusion.

The Tubes are The Tubes are The Tubes.

Before the 'normal' interlude, they began the evening's pantomime (at least I assume it was the beginning; we arrived a few minutes late) with their well-aimed jibe at crass TV panel games, "What Do You Want From Life?", in which an unfortunate maiden is dragged from the stalls and smothered in ludicrous prizes, only to have them whisked away again and be sent on her way with a measly half-eaten candy bar.

(After the show the victim was backstage claiming autographs, so she obviously wasn't deterred by her humiliation).

The support team of Re Styles and other dancers had joined the charade as either hostesses or extra-special prizes, and they returned for the timely rag, "Slipped My Disco."

I understand that The Tubes conceived and used to perform this routine a couple of years ago.

It's re-introduction to the show could hardly be more appropriate, hot on the hustling heels of "Saturday Night Fever." John Travolta, may you witness this spectacle and be forever cowed.

A word here for the dancers. The word is hoorah; they're great.

The whole ensemble then paraded three of the more popular numbers from last year's show — "Smoke (It's A Drag)", "Don't Touch Me There" and "Mondo Bondage."

"Smoke", for which Waybill metamorphosed from the Travolta image to become a Columbo/Marlowe character in a sleazy nightclub setting, was performed amid dense clouds and climaxed with him being attacked and crushed by giant ciggys — much the same as last year, judging by the pix on their album.

The other two songs have been revamped; "Don't Touch" now evolving out of a high-school sex education class (with Re portraying the ma'm of course — and very sensually too) while "Bondage" is, by all accounts, a little less gross than previous models.

After the interval, older routines were brought up to date and back into the act in the form of a trio of uncouth cowboy ditties — The Tubes' response to the Rockabilly revival.

"Hot Dog, I'm Proud To Be American" and "El Paso" worked well and were received well but an intervening rap about the pros and cons of cow 'n'sheep buggering aroused a drunken heckler and a certain amount of embarrassed tittering.

All of which was soon drowned by the savage attack, "Terrorist (Smash The System)", a vehicle for paramilitary exercises and machine-gun riffing.

At that level of farce it was a natural step to the Johnny Bugger sequence, "I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk" and "I Saw Her Standing There", retained intact from last year.

I'd have thought that this part of the show was worth squashing by now but, lo, pogoers erupted from within the packed ranks in the stalls and even my punkette offspring thought it was funny.

Bugger's chainsaw massacre gave everyone a buzz (sorry 'bout that), especially the scattered punters in the front stalls.

The Drum Solo allowed a mass costume change and introduced Quay Lewd, the blonde glitter queen on superstacked boots, a stiff little phallus protruding from his pink codpiece.

Once again the loudmouth in the balcony started up but he might as well have been planted there; he just gave Fee 'Quay' Waybill a direction for his "you wanna get your teeth round my beef?" routine.

Lewd fronted his customary trio of 'hits', "Boy Crazy", "Stand Up And Shout" (we did) and "White Punks On Dope", all of which were musically tight and hilariously performed, culminating in the collapse of amps on the hapless nurd and general chaos, both on stage and in the auditorium.

Obviously I can't directly compare this year's Tubes show to last year's model but, for what it's worth, I got the impression that they are far more organised this time around — it was all conducted extremely slickly — and that they have wisely reduced the theatrics by a fraction to allow more of their musical skills to come through.

Certainly they're all far more impressive musicians than I'd imagined they'd be; an important asset that I've just realised I neglected to mention in the preceding lines.

Try not to miss them.

Cliff White

The Pirates

OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

AT FIRST I thought they were bouncers, the five middle-aged men in their best Burtons, saloon bar casuals, a little nervous of their presence amongst a crowd of students.

But when the Feelgoods' "Back In The Night" came through the PA one of the group turned to another and demonstrated the descending bass line. "That's how you should play it — it's a great song — we play it too fast".

Old rockers never die, they come to Pirates' gigs to pay homage to their contemporaries, their heroes who've been playing for as long as I've lived and are currently enjoying a startlingly successful come-back with a newly-found heavy-weight critical reputation as the best live band around.

Having now seen the Pirates incite an evening of youthful frenzy, dancing, clapping and fun in general, I can tell you that they almost live up to their reputation, but could be better still if it wasn't for several performance flaws that have been previously over-looked or kindly ignored.

They shoved off with "I Can Tell" and it became immediately obvious that Mick Green *is* an asset (perhaps their only one) of enormous proportions; machine-gun epithets are not enough, this man makes water pistols of James Williamson.

The set warmed up well, but after the excellent "Gibson, Martin, Fender" proceeded to sag in the middle, both because of some weak material from "Skull Wars" and because of the serious lack of pacing and variety necessary to preserve the impact of the more boisterous numbers. The Pirates are not really a '70's R&B band, nor are they the R&B band of "Hungry For Love".

Underneath their set of short, wham-bam-thank-you songs, skulks a closet late '60s power trio; "Voodoo" for example, could easily be an old Ginger Baker vehicle.

Frank Farley and Johnny Spence are unfailingly tight, without being, perhaps, sufficiently interesting.

Although they improved at the end with breathlessly aggressive versions of "Talkin' Bout You" and "Johnny B. Goode", The Pirates still need to strengthen the contrast and original content of their show to really justify their present standing.

David Housham

British motoring: breakthrough near Longbridge

The Motors

BIRMINGHAM

WITH THE opening of The Motors' new show, another new model is unveiled.

Like the bespectacled one, The Motors are one of the fine infusions of new talent who have busted out in the past year.

Still their debut album was more notable for a few really strong songs than any evidence of consistent promise.

The only time I'd previously seen the band had been when they were support to Dave Edmunds at the Roundhouse last autumn.

That night they only succeeded in playing at a more painfully ear-wrenching volume than the Welsh rockabillity wizard. The popular characterisation of them as a cross between The Byrds and Status Quo did not seem far from the mark.

With not only their new album, but also their stunning new sound to push, The Motors definitely had a new model. Would it pass the road test?

The best of the older numbers were still there: "Bringing The Morning Light" to start it off, "You Beat The Hell Out Of Me" to get the crowd to overcome the security gangs and enjoy themselves, and of course a dynamite encore of "Emergency" and "Dancing The Night Away".

Each of the old songs was given a real new bite by what can only be described as a nigh-on-miraculous improvement in The Motors sound.

The key to this is Nick Garvey and Bram Tchaikovsky's real development as guitarists.

Individually they are competent, but in harness they have developed an uncanny empathy.

The new number "Dreaming Your Life Away" was so professionally executed that 10cc leapt to mind.

Fortunately they play with more passion; the Groovies are perhaps a more apt comparison.

Where they used to play in monochrome they are now in glorious technicolour, they have light and shade in their music.

Sure they are still a damn powerful rock 'n' roll band but they say it with a little soul; they're now far from being a new wave heavy metal band with a good line in harmonies.

The new songs were just as effective live as on record. They just took the songs that fitted their new improved live sound and it worked.

"Breathless", for example, is a fine rocker set to become a stage favourite.

The real clincher in the blossoming of The Motors' talent was the vocals, which were soaring, tight and fine. It was as if hours had been spent to perfect them.

Thus, they were a band that had been completely transformed from the last time I saw them; it was a brilliant performance.

As for the rest of the show, Marseilles were a shock. How can a band come out playing like a hybrid of Sweet and Status Quo and appear to mean it?

The Jolt hail from north of Carlisle if my ear for regional accents doesn't fool me and were such a relief after Marseilles' set that I confess to letting critical objectivity slip.

Bashing their music on that seedbed of fine music, early '60s British R & B; they play with a skill and feeling to be admired.

Their single, a cover of the Small Faces "What You Gonna Do About It" is worth a listen and as well as playing the oldies well they can write the odd tune of merit — "Mr Radio Man", a delightful polemic against a D.J.'s love for LA snooze music was not only funny but good to dance to.

Michael Pritchard

TV eye
1977 Live
Iggy Pop
TV eye, is Iggy's latest album.
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Magazine

GREYHOUND, CROYDON

HOWARD DEVOTO is one of the few truly progressive (?!) artists to come out of the New Wave. He also seems one of the least attractive personalities (but in an attractive sort of way. See?)

He was evidently annoyed at the poor turn-out on Sunday (the gig clashed with the ANL rally). "Where's all your friends, then?" he demanded.

Maybe this was why at first the band didn't seem to be trying. The audience was static, Howie was aloof. Even so the quality of the music came through.

Like all innovators, Devoto takes risks — "Goldfinger" being an example. I think it is an experiment that fails, but interesting for all that.

After about half-an-hour, Devoto asked: "What are these songs about? Answer me that."

Dead silence from the audience.

He didn't let up. After the next song: "I'm prepared to believe you can't hear the words. Take a guess."

Fans face harangue from Howie

More silence.

In fact the words (and titles) were indecipherable, which was annoying because those I *did* catch were really good.

"Motorcade" was the high-spot — a long song which sustains interest and intensity. "Touch And Go" and "The Great Beautician In The Sky" ("It's about how enchanting you all are. I say that to everyone") were winners too.

The confused sound Magazine put down on record comes into its own on stage, though I hope the lyrics are clearer on the album than they are on the singles. Then I won't have to sing "Shot by both sides on the way to the outside lavatory."

A word about the band. They're good but not pushy — were hand-picked for that quality, no doubt. Devoto's persona requires a pounding, jagged musical backing that's more than adequately supplied. Dave Formula's keyboard embellishments are permanently exciting and John McGeoch's guitar, which borders on straight heavy metal, is paranoic.

The Muse Band were the support, and remarkably only for their lead singer who is totally bald wears a catsuit and a beglittered, befeathered cloak. A prize prat.

Mark Bastable

George Thorogood and the Destroyers

THE OTHER END, NEW YORK

THE significant difference between George Thorogood and other guitarists at CBGB's is that George knows how to play his instrument — a beauti-

Suzi Quatro

BAILEY'S LEICESTER

Quatro critics face harangue from writer

Pic: JOHN HIND

IT'S ONLY slightly possible that there are worse places on earth to see a band than Bailey's. The patrons are only down for the endless supply of disco drek, and the opportunity of parading their new flared bags.

They are kept in their place by be-suited penguins who ensure they don't do anything as outrageous as standing at the bar while drinking.

They don't actually sell chicken-in-a-basket, but if they did you know there would be no shortage of customers. Different strokes maybe, but this place has about as much to do with rock and roll as the Sistine Chapel.

So many different thoughts about what to expect are spinning through my head that the band are halfway through "The Wild One" before I organise some notetaking.

For the sexist pigs amongst you, Suzi still packs more into 60 inches than most girlies can in ten centrefolds. Five years on from "Can The Can", and she's as much a Cream Dream as in those early days of zip-through catsuits and dog chains jewellery.

Tonight the dream is wrapped in tight leather pants and a baggy fawn top, and don't tell me that all this is irrelevant till you've seen her hump that Yamaha custodel a few times. Sex is as much a part of her act as her singing and playing, although the former is never allowed to overshadow the latter.

Far from having to flop safely onto a bed of Greatest Hits, Suzi has no trouble producing a set which is a mixture of hard-rocking originals,seasoned chestnuts, and just occasionally, a contemporary classic — in this case a fine version of Tom Petty's "Breakdown".

Her band are perhaps a little anonymous but all are accomplished, and with the addition of second guitarist Paul Green, Len Tuckey is obviously going to waste no time in exploring the possibilities of some tasty harmony lead.

Though I'd have liked a little more animation from them this was only the third gig in just over a year, and I've no doubt it's their full intention to let Suzi carry the show even when fully worked in.

While they're playing, I'm still mooching round the hall staring at the impassive blockheads who seem unable to make the transition from a moving dot, *TOTP* projection, to real live music. The wall of apathy which greets the end of every number would kill me, but it only makes her strive that much harder to win them over.

Clutching desperately for some kind of cynical objectivity, I wander back to the front of the semi-cordoned stage and stick my head in a bass bin.

The sound washing over me says Suzi's still completely in love with her music, and if some misguided music journalists don't like it, tough luck, because she'll be around for a long time to come.

My only criticism is of the fairly unsubtle mixing. The instruments ended up too far

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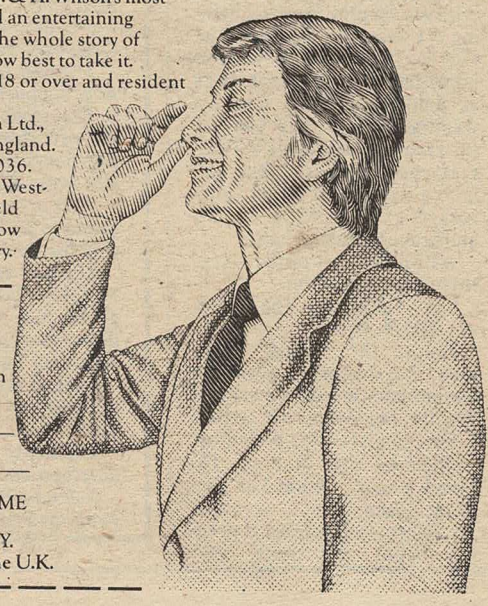

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ful old semi-solid single-cutaway Gibson.

That doesn't mean that he's not playing rock 'n' roll, or that he's a better person; to the contrary, he seems to have an average, cheerful stage personality, comes from Wilmington, Delaware (an example of Anytown, USA) and plays a type of blues that reveals a perfect sense of basic guts rock.

When I heard him at this less-than legendary remnant folk hangout, I says to myself: Highly talented . . . obscure rocker playing over-worked blues with terrific results . . . will probably remain unknown and obscure . . . should have played CBGB but are they ready for him?"

Lo and behold, A&R people from Warner Bros. Atlantic, Arista and Fantasy were hiding in the audience watching their pet project. They've been trying to snatch 27-year-old George away for months from his present small independant company, Rounder Records, who recently released the first George Thorogood and The Destroyers album.

George, however, isn't budging. Success is still new to him. Or as he put it, speaking from the stage: "I remember when I had to work for a living."

He's an exciting player with great chops, not just a great blues player, and commands an unusual hybrid of at least four specific guitar styles. He has the slide guitar of Elmore James down to a 'T'; out-Hooks the John Lee Hooker shiver - and - scratch outlook and, naturally, inscribes "young rock" all over his Chuck Berry covers.

Bo Diddley is in his pocket, so to speak, and his clean white-boy howl recalls an unaffected Johnny Winter or a higher-toned Big Bear of Canned Heat.

I can think of any number of people who have mastered parts of the vocabulary George has learned but none who currently blend it so well and present it so forcefully.

The punky spirit that began in semi-sophisticates like Chuck Berry is not upon this lad. His long (eight - and - a - half minutes of the album, a quarter hour on stage) version of Hooker's "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer" is excessive, though enjoyably so — not like endless boogie-smack overdoses.

Using a flying pinky slide and all five fingers on his picking hand (no brag, just fact) his presentation of Elmore James's "Can't Stop Lovin" is a smashing rave with great appeal for rockabilly, blues and rock fans. "Madison Blues" cuts an old Fleetwood Mac version to shreds and Bo Diddley's "Josephine" is creditable considering the fact that no one in their right mind, except Bo Diddley, should attempt a Bo Diddley song.

The long Jimmy Reed offering, "I'll Change My Style", (written, in fact, by one Parker Villa) is a tremendous reading of that limited but very appealing bluesman's style. Thorogood's voice is natural and gravelly and his vibrato-slide stretches the simple eight-bar melody to great effect.

He needs something more, though, than his bass player, Billy Blough, who underplays and may be considered a bit of a liability. His drummer, on the other hand, plays in a laconic, bashing style that buoys George with style and then some. Between the two of them, they are the sum and total of the Destroyers. In general, they are equal to their tasks and present a larger-than-trio sound, though, specifically, the drummer attacks his instrument more seriously.

I have a feeling that George will become a very convincing rocker in the '80s, depending on whether he begins writing his own material. I have to say that, even having said that it doesn't matter because he's already grand, because his cover of Chuck Berry's "No Particular Place To Go" was so astounding as to make me wonder what George's particular place will be.

He's not there yet, just going mighty fast.

Dan Oppenheimer.

apart, and at times Len Tuckey's guitar felt like a stiletto in the ear. Otherwise it was great from start to finish, my favourite bit being a thing called "What's It Like To Be Loved?" which developed from a song proper into a brief drum solo, a bass and drum duet, a bass solo, and back into a song again. Very entertaining.

After this the music was Chinnichap's, but their style has changed so much in five years that the bias was hardly noticeable: "Can The Can", "Tear Me Apart" (should have been a hit), "If You Can't Give Me Love" (already is) and "Devil Gate Drive." I make that two undemanded oldies in 70 minutes. Washed up? Don't make me laugh.

Suzi puts everything into a show, working her gorgeous ass off for the audience, no matter who they are, and the way she energised (there really is no other word for it) the crowd of soporific John Travolta clones into yelling for two encores was nothing short of amazing.

Not many people can even lay claim to a Berry encore, let along hope to do it justice. Suzi's credentials are impeccable, and the choice of song flawlessly ironic when you realise it was written when she was only nine years old. Though he didn't know it at the time, Chuck got Suzi Qautro in just two lines.

"She never gets any older, Sweet little rock and roller . . ."

He's always had a way with words.

Stephen Gordon

'The sunny-side of East End "joie de vivre" leaves me on the number 37 bus to Frisco.'
SOUNDS

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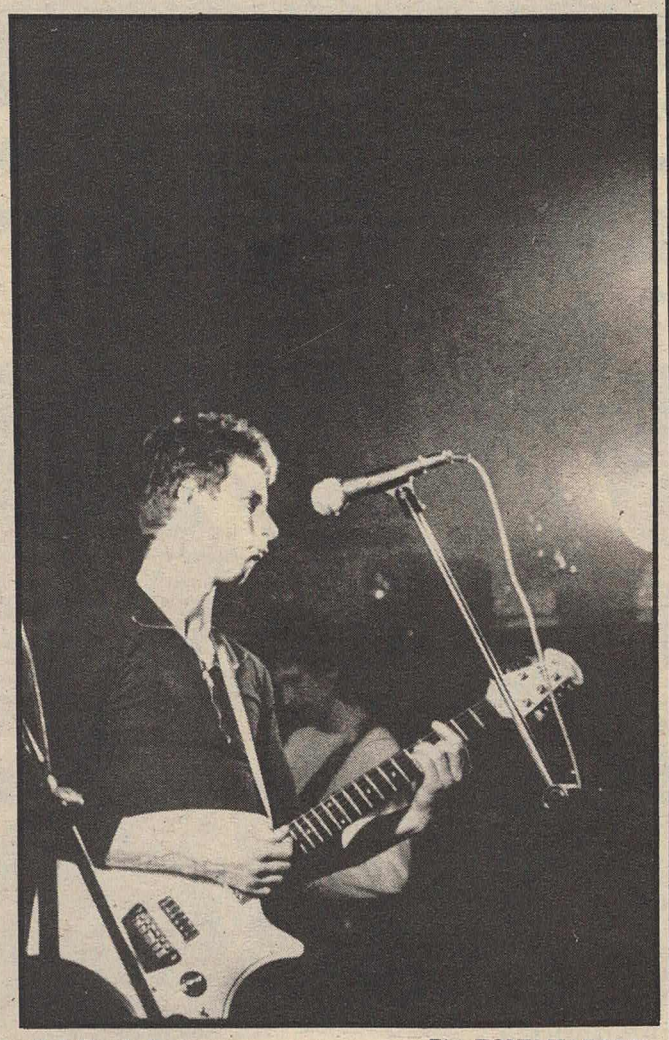


Rob Gotobed *Pic: TONY HARVEY*

Wire

SHEFFIELD LIMIT

TO USE an alimentary analogy, punk can be seen as a kind of musical laxative, clearing away all that stodgy stuff that was blocking the system.

Music cannot live on laxative alone, however, and the problem now seems to be one of what diet to pursue.

Obviously, the necessity to avoid further constipation is paramount, so all that junk-food power-pop stuff can go straight in the dumper, along with disco, HM, MOR, HEL, and all the other acronymic toxins I've missed.

The main concern, as any health-food freak will tell you, should be that one's diet is *organic.*

Which is where, I believe, Wire comes in.

In the rolling-up of sleeves and getting down to rebuilding, Wire stand as a sterling example to all those groups content just to belt out the *zeitgeist* of yesteryear.

True, they appear, to the casual listener, to be utilising the same devices as some of their less-imaginative colleagues.

But a closer listen to "Pink Flag" reveals layer after layer of twists, turns, puns and peculiarities.

Ideas.

Ideas sussed, snatched and shoved out of the way, images flashing past in a blur. "Don't just watch, hours happen, get in there kid, and snap them."

Wire keep on the move, you see: a truly organic (as opposed to static) process, and one dependent more on ideas and imagination than technical ability.

They accept their limitations, (although it's difficult to believe B. C. Gilbert, Graham Lewis and Rob Gotobed have been playing for as short a time as they claim), realising that no matter how little you can "play", there's still an infinity of possibilities just waiting to be snapped.

And snap them they do, at an astonishing rate; their current set contains no fewer than eleven new numbers, most of them displaying the kind of progression which differentiates "I Am The Fly" from the "Pink Flag" album tracks, and all of them boding well for the next Wire Album.

One new song, "Outdoor Miner", suggests itself as a possible single, due to its almost conventional melody line. (Although that's as good a reason as any, I suppose, for its *not* being a single . . .)

They start with "Being Sucked In", a curious number which begins slowly, speeds up to mid-tempo, then wanders away, and follow it with a fast headbanger called — I think — "Options Are", notable on first hearing for the drastic descent of the vocal line.

The band are dressed in fetching shades of black, grey and white, the only colour present being bassist Lewis' red sweatbands and heart-shaped brooch, the latter fitting in perfectly with his '50s teen-idol appearance — an image that contrasts starkly with vocalist Colin Newman's drab, convict stance.

Newman's stage movements have been refined to a series of struck poses, reminiscent of "live action" photos of rock stars simulating ecstacy and the like. Parodic, perhaps?

The "Pink Flag" songs are taken faster than on the album — "Brazil" fairly tears along — and it's rather disappointing that the audience, as a whole, wants to hear old faves rather than new material.

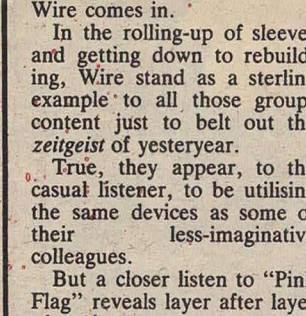
"12XU" is a fairly predictable encore to follow the 19-song set with, but the calls for "Mr. Suit" (one of the worst songs on the album) are quite baffling.

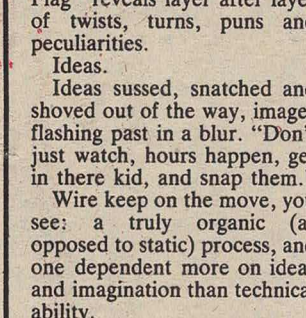
"We don't normally play this one," mutters Lewis bemusedly after the band begin.

"I'm tired of being told what to think, I'm tired of being told what to do . . . "

How ironic.

Andy Gill





Split Rivitt

NORTH LONDON POLY

SPLIT RIVITT are a highly promising new five-piece out of North London playing a taut, funky, modern rhythm and blues.

They perform mostly original material which comes from lead guitar/vocalist Dave Wilgrove and rhythm guitarist Chris Warren in a style that owes something to The Crusaders, Tom Scott, J. Geils among others (which they acknowledge) backed by one of the snappiest drummers I've seen in a good while, one Dave Lyttleton (son of Humph) working in tight synch with bassist Barney Jeffries.

Completing the line-up is the very able Mark "Harpdog" Hughes on gob-iron who's obviously heard a track of two of Little Walter (a good place for many mouth-harpist to start) but who is apt to break into a more flowing, melodic style from time to time, particularly on the slower material — which I find refreshingly adventurous.

Check this, blues fans — he can play a chromatic!

I say they're funky but I don't mean they're a "funk band", the like of which usually bore me to teeny pieces.

For one thing they've still got that abrasive sound of yer classic R&B and for another they do songs as opposed to endless two-chords jams, which has the effect — it seems to me anyway — of making them more "personal".

In other words they still come over as people, not just "musicians" . . .

This is also enhanced, I guess, by the Oxfam clothes somewhat reminiscent of Eel Pie and the Crawdaddy in days of yore. Dave Wilgrove with his baggy-arse trousers and pencil moustache could be a reincarnated and rejuvenated Cyril Davies.

By their own confession they could do with some more out-of-the-way gigs before hitting the dizzy heights of such as the Hope & Anchor or the Nashville but I think they're being overly modest.

The standard they've set themselves is obviously high but I think they already look pretty good against most of the stuff I've seen at those esteemed venues over the last year.

I mean, last Tuesday night at the Poly was only their *sixth* gig.

My only criticism of that evening is that they should have left out the Harp lager or whatever it was that induced them to jack up the volume to sonic-warfare pitch for the second half and to start thrashing.

It never works.

If the audience don't look as if they're responding positively enough, just remember what it's like trying to dance or applaud with a beer in your hand which you can't put down cos it'll get knocked over or nicked.

Besides it was only a Tuesday night.

I wish them a good agent and plenty of Friday and Saturday nights.

Geoff Hill

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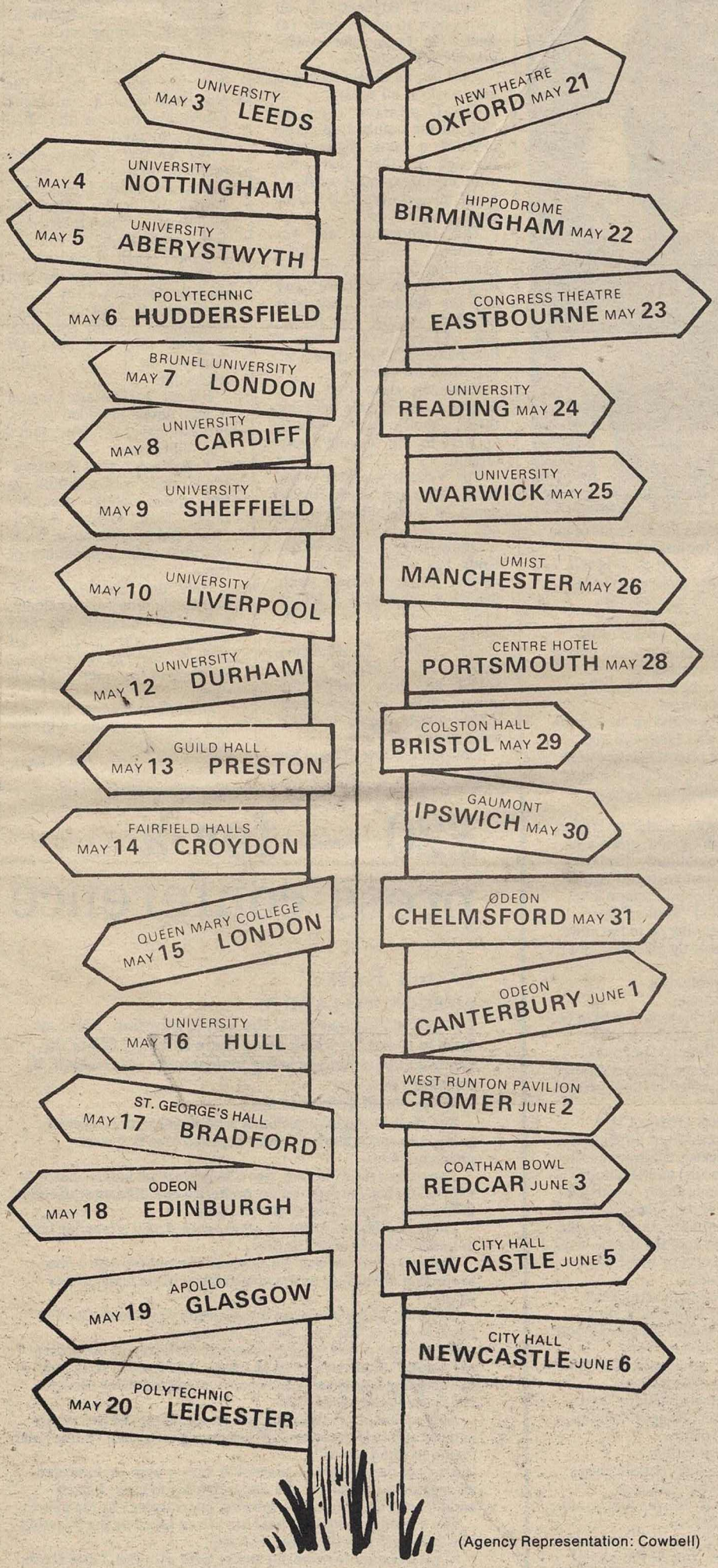
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Manhattan Transfer

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

I MUST admit the opening was effective, with a small orchestra at the back framed by soft-cream art deco shapes and Claes Oldenberg palm trees.

The group themselves entered in their most immediately recognisable style, toppers and tails accompanying slinky evening dresses and fired five rounds, the best of which was "Four Brothers." A quick change into South Pacific gear (sailors and dockside whores) to illustrate renditions of "Singapore," "Java Jive" and "Walk In Love."

During the last of these Laurel Masse, singing solo, treated us to a series of awkward movements which I assumed were intended to be sinuously erotic.

I was prepared for a calculated show and each performer does work within a strictly defined context of characterisation, but I was surprised how frequently they blew it.

The only one with any genuine sensual presence was Janis Siegel, whose performance during "Don't Let Go" had real Tina Turner fire, and created a tangible sensation of after-hours off-the-shoulder sex in "In The Dark."

Alan Paul, the male sex object of the group, failed to convince time after time that there was anything beneath the light-up teeth and convertible hairstyle apart from a reasonable voice.

The latter portion of the show in which he put on his blue suede shoes and leather jacket to wow les jeunes (and not-so-jeunes) filles was the most embarrassing display of hollow stage macho it has ever been my misfortune to witness.

Any good moments were dissipated by the sheer length of the show and the constant switching from one musical idiom to another.

It was simply too difficult to adjust to Tim Hauser's Tennessee Swamp DJ Daddy after his cocktail-bar seducer only to be flung into the middle of a rock n'roll parody followed by the smooth '20s pastiche they began with.

Somewhere along the line the Man Tran band were allowed a totally redundant spot of their own during which each member played a solo and were duly applauded — in fact, the audience clapped just about everything, including the group's comedy inserts and Hauser's impersonation.

Their singles were performed well, each given a little more life than their studio counterparts, with "Chanson d'Amour" and "Tuxedo Junction" lingering in the memory.

Their final number, horror of horrors, was a Transferised "House Of Blue Lights." And that was the end of the show.

The audience went apeshit and the reviewer was left distinctly unmoved by a group that are just too cute by half; real American Product.

Roll over Dos Passos and tell Fitzgerald the news.

● **Neil Norman**

The right mood at the right moment

Aswad

100 CLUB

ALL ROADS LEAD to the 100 Club in London's West End every Thursday night, where — "in tune to Silver Camel Sound" — the weekly reggae sessions provide not merely the music's star live attractions, but also the most relaxed venue and atmosphere for its enjoyment thereof.

Invariably *ram-up*, an audience of startlingly varied persuasion demonstrate a display of multi-racial harmony where, truly, the colour of one's skin is of no greater significance than the colour of one's eyes — or multi-hued locks, even.

In the weeks preceding the Anti-Nazi League's convergence upon Hackney, participants of this 100 Club phenomenon have grown increasingly self-aware of their own singular contribution towards the blight of NF racism, in intermingling realisation of each other's company.

The week previous to Aswad's appearance, Albert Griffiths' Gladiators had been the occasion for the most joyous celebration of this spirit to date.

The nature of the crowd, however, must have come as something of a surprise to the Jamaican group, and they were not fully able to effect its logical conclusion.

Aswad proved the perfect vehicle — capturing the right mood at the right moment and delivering a barnstorming set to vociferous appreciation.

It was the best show I have seen all year; concluding with the whole audience one voice in the chanting of a climactic "Natural Progression" refrain, Aswad's *"We want to execute political system"* lyric echoing throughout the length of the cellar for a full five minutes duration.

The group opened slightly uncertainly with "Behold", during which they gained noticeable stride at the lusty approbation that greeted their *"Israel unite"* declaration; growing in confidence upon rendition of "Jah Give Us Life" and "It's Not Our Wish (To Fight)", expression of which latter sentiment once more brought forward shouts of approval and "right on" / "go deh" exclamations from the crowd.

"Can't Stand The Pressure", "Stranger", "Spare Not The Rod" and "Love Has Its Ways" continued the set in similarly successful execution, and by the time Aswad launched into the hesitant opening bars of "Natural Progession" the audience were eating out of the group's hands.

The rhythm guitar struck up the song's theme; Angus Gaye obliged with a snare pattern; recent acquisition Tony Robinson embroidered a flourish of organ riffs; and from the depths of the audience a voice cried, "drop the bass NOW!"

The bass did, and the crowd went wild.

Following their achievement with this closing number, the band were reluctant to return to the stage. Only sustained demands finally coaxed the group from the dressing room.

For an encore we received "Sons Of Criminals" and "Three Babylon", detailing the covert curfew that exists for black youth on the streets of Harlesden after dark.

Babylon, it's your turn to go on the cross, this time.

Penny Reel

JAZZ DIARY

KEITH TIPPETT'S new 22-piece orchestra makes its debut at the Roundhouse on 21st May.

Ovary Lodge and T'N'T, the Tippett-Tracey duo, share the bill with The Ark. Personnel includes Harry Miller, Peter Kowald, Louis Moholo, Frank Perry, Elton Dean, Trevor Watts, Larry Stabbins, Brian Smith, Marc Charig, Dick Pearce, Nick Evans, Dave Amis, Julie Tippett, Maggie Nichols and four violins, two cellos.

Gigs at The Phoenix feature the Eddie Prevost Band on 17th and the Annette Peacock Quartet plus Pat Crumley's Edge on 24th May.

The Half Moon at Putney has the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band on 14th and Velvet — Ike Isaacs, Denny Wright, guitars, with Digby Fairweather on trumpet — on 21st May. The Band On The Wall, Manchester, has the Professionals Jazz Orchestra on 11th, Alton Purnell on 18th, and Joe Lee Wilson on 25th May.

Singer Joe Lee Wilson has recently sold his New York Loft, Ladies Fort, and settled here, good news for fans of great jazz singing.

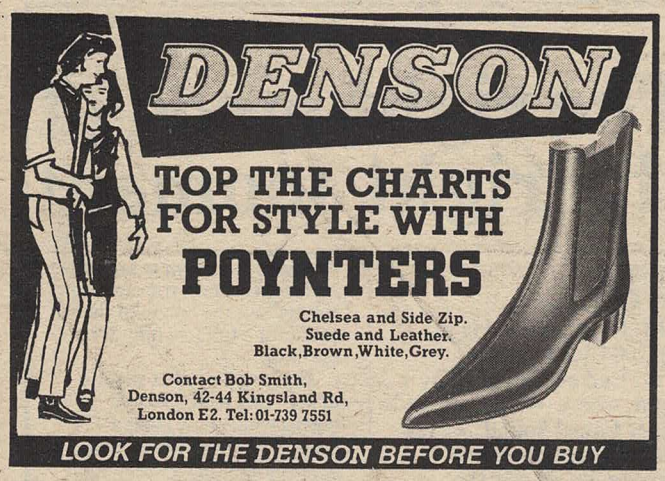
The 2nd Bingley Jazz Festival takes place at Myrtle Park, Bingley, West Yorkshire on 28th May, with the Heritage Brass Band, Arts Steads Southern Comfort and the Al Potts Band. Bassist Gill Lyons' Gill's Band, a 17-piece outfit, has started a Sunday residency at The Beehive, Lower Richmond Road.

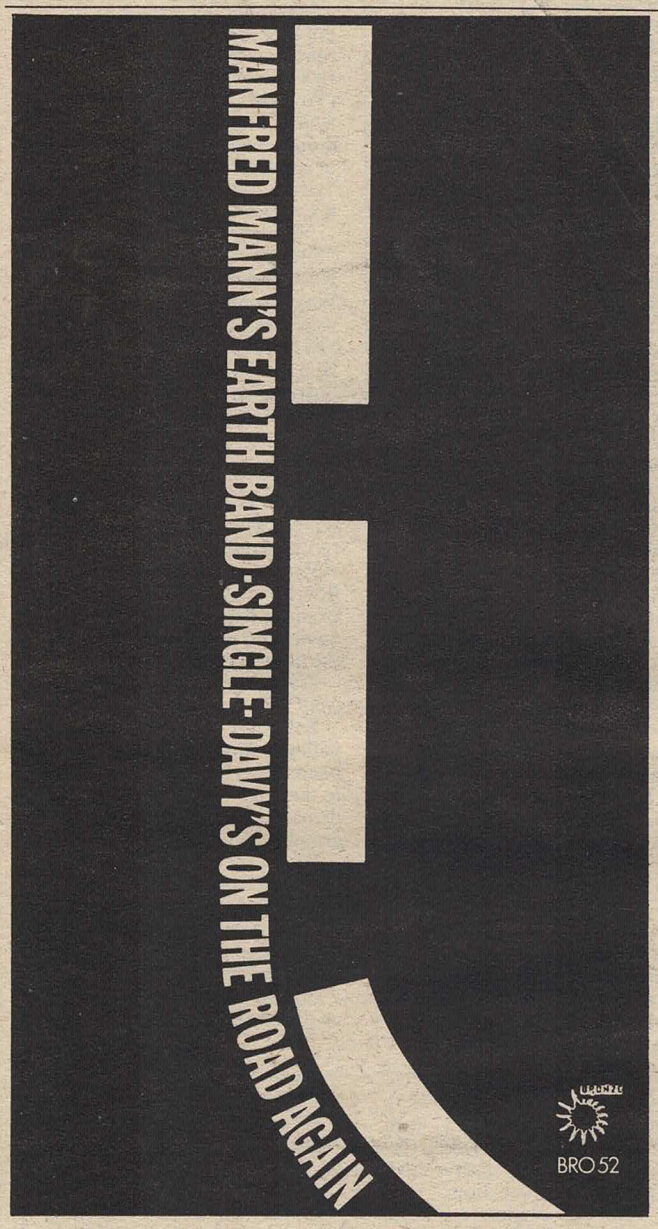
The Cobblestones in Streatham High Street continue its Wednesday jazz with the Don Weller-Alan Jackson Quartet adding a different guest every week — Ray Warleigh on 10th, Art Themen on 17th, Tony Coe on the 24th and Martin Taylor on 31st May.

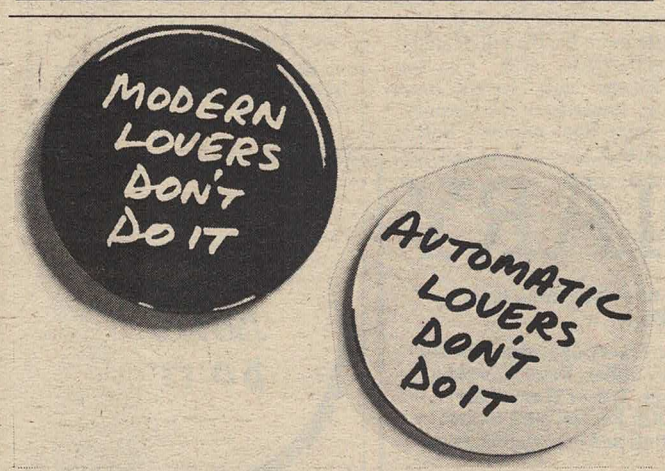
New release from Arista, Larry Coryell and Steve Khan's "Two For The Road". From Capitol, Raul De Souza's "Don't Ask My Neighbours", featuring his own invention, the Souzabone, a trombone with an extra valve and a tone close to the French horn.

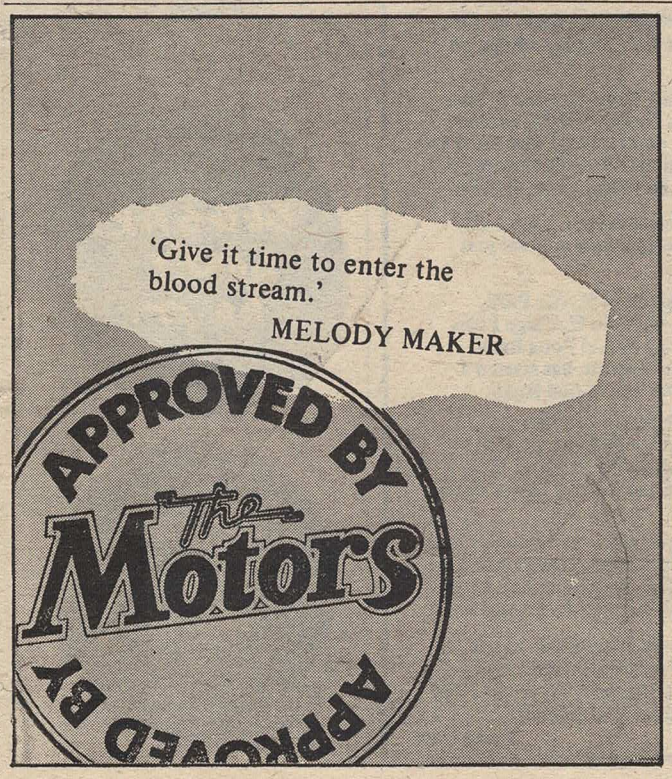
Julius Hemphill has issued an excellent programme of trio cuts with Abdul Wadud and Don Moye on "Raw Materials And Residuals" for Black Saint. ECM have released "Gateway 2" by John Abercrombie, Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette.

Brian Case

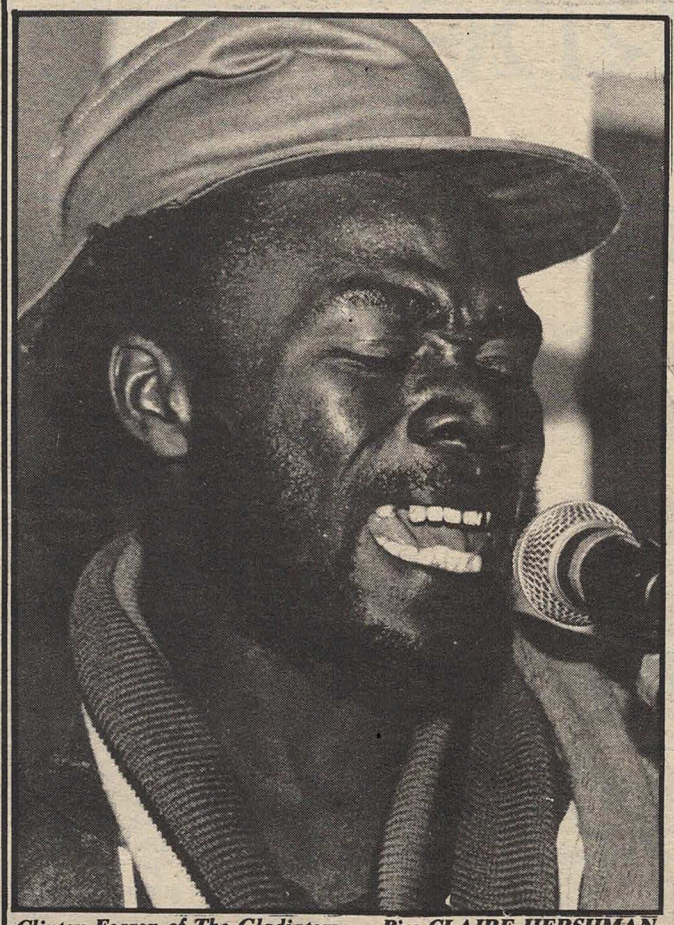








Complete absence of vibrations either rastaman . . . or punk



Clinton Fearon of The Gladiators *Pic: CLAIRE HERSHMAN*

The Gladiators

MANCHESTER RAFTERS

OF LATE, I and I have been nursing a nagging ambivalence towards reggae.

On the one hand, there are occasions like the recent Peace Festival in Jamaica, which gives the impression of the positive force the music may provide within that country's political situation.

On the other hand, however, there's a plethora of doubts about the whole scene which (unfortunately for The Gladiators) predominate at the present time.

For one thing, the avowedly cut-throat nature of the JA music-biz, combined with the ligging-in-the-Jamaican-Sheraton star trip adopted by those who've "made it" suggests that the mouthings about Marcus Garvey, Black Star Liners *et al* are pure cant. I mean, with all the ackers he's accrued, surely Bob Marley should be able to operate at least a small ferry service?

Come to that, (he wrote, getting into his stride), any culture/religion/whatever which reckons a pig like Haile Selassie could be *remotely* connected with "divine" forces has *got* to have a rather suspect sense of values. Lion of Judah, my ass!

And what value is an ideology of liberation which displays such a patently blinkered, reactionary attitude towards the female of the species? (The only females who've "made it" — albeit accidentally — are Cosmo Girls, remember).

About white patronage of reggae, I'll say nothing except that the "Ranking Sidney's new JA pre-release 12-inch etc. etc." syndrome smacks of the elitist collector-consciousness which grades recordings in inverse proportion to their availability; are records meant for listening, or locking in a wall safe?

And, while we're on the subject, just what the hell *is* a "pre-release"? By its very nature, it surely can't exist?

That said, there *are* certain reggae records for which I have an undying affection — Big Youth's "Dread Locks Dread" (uncool, I believe), and some of Augustus Pablo's stuff (a bit cooler), for instance.

Most — if not all — of this affection is directed towards dub, which is (of course) difficult to effect onstage.

With the exception of the occasional crazed toast, *none* is directed towards the sloganeering which usually passes for lyrics.

All of which is an attempt to explain why I failed to find anything remotely interesting in the performances of either The Gladiators or Reggae Regular.

The latter, clad in safari-suit chic (with the red, green and gold ostentatiously displayed, natch), start unsteadily with a forgettable, mid-tempo love song called "Fool's Game", before moving on to the more predictable themes and hotter rhythms.

Enjoyable, but unexceptional.

The Gladiators, as was to be expected, were better than Reggae Regular, but didn't justify, for me, the sycophantic praise lavished on their every utterance.

Organist George Clark introduces Albert Griffiths (lead vocals), Clinton Fearon (bass, vocals) and Gallimore Sutherland (guitar, vocals) as "*Prince Tony's* Gladiators", which emphasised, for me, the secondary role the reggae artist seems to occupy in relation to the producer.

Borrowing the Regular's drummer Sly Francis, they started off with the abominable "Music Makers From Jamaica" and continued with a selection of songs from "Trenchtown Mix-Up" and "Proverbial Reggae" albums, Albert Griffiths' incomprehensible between-songs pontifications greeted with rapturous applause by the predominantly white audience.

The mix wasn't all it should have been, but on the whole, things seemed to go okay; in all fairness to the two bands, it was an immeasurably better performance than the last reggae gig I attended, a lacklustre affair featuring Dillinger and Zabandis.

But it all just seemed so *ordinary* . . .

I listened to the Gladiators' first few songs from near the front, then retired to the back: some fair-haired fellow was dancing energetically on my toes, you see.

I wouldn't have minded, but the prat was way out of time.

Andy Gill

The Vibrators
The Depressions

EDINBURGH

FRIDAY NIGHT at the University again, so let's all join the intelligensia for a spot of culture in their hallowed halls.

Tonight's education is all about how to make music (a) loud, (b) facile and consequently (c) profitable.

First up, an object lesson in how to do it all wrong.

The Depressions come on with all the cranked up crassness of a punk Slade, and (considering they share the same management), I wouldn't be at all surprised if it wasn't their precise brief.

The Depressions are yet another variation (their particular variation being that they've all got bleached hair) and the old fallacy that pain threshold volume plus relentless keep-it-hard-and-simple headbanging will pass as substitute for talent.

However, since they can't muster a decent song between them, their future would appear to be happily very limited.

The Vibrators, on the other hand, have got cheap thrills down to something of a fine art.

Dumb they are not. What Knox has tumbled to is that music works better with dynamics, and that a bit of subtlety (only a bit, mind) works wonders.

The basic headbanging rhythms are left to hard-hitting Eddie up there, while the guitars blitz in with their instant razzle dazzle to work over what's left.

The punters love it, and we have lift off!

A few quick solos here and there for added effect complete the illusion of seeing a real rock'n'roll band. Neat, huh?

Of course it's superficial crap — what did you expect from a band who willingly choose a name like the Vibrators? Who'd anticipate anything at all from such an unflattering comparison? That's their trump card!

(There always was too much truth for a punk's comfort in Knox's claim that The Vibrators were a real blank generation because they had nothing to say.)

All the rest is pretty much optional extras. The quirky words are purely ornamental, though of course titles like "Sulphate", "City Of Mirrors" and "Public Enemy", etc. add a helpful touch of exotica.

Similarly, whether or not they occasionally stray across conventional boundaries into what might actually constitute a good song ("Troops Of Tommorrow") is really irrelevant.

It's not 'good' music because it was never intended to be. Professional low life, that's The Vibrators.

Yep, Knox's got it all sussed. It's all done with a skilful eye for comic book absurdity rather than cynical detachment, and it's all professionally executed with a minimum of fuss.

Only the lack of a really hummable tune — "Automatic Lover" is definitely the best attempt so far — for a hit single keeps The Vibrators in the Second (commercial) Division.

Doubtless it's on its way, and the operation will be complete.

Ian Cranna

£20 — for a press conference

Diana Ross

LONDON PALLADIUM

I HAD no illusions about the lady in question. I just sat back in a seat for which many there had paid £20 in the earnest expectation of being handsomely entertained, if nothing else.

Well, we all make mistakes.

The show began inauspiciously with Roger Kitter, a Jewish comic who specialised in comic songs and Max Bygraves impersonations.

The scene set for the lady was a Judy Garland movie backdrop with spotlights, ladders and the orchestra mounted on scaffolding at the back, illuminated with pink lights.

Then, two Marcel Marceau types entered with streaming lurex to herald the arrival of The Star.

She duly appeared and did a couple of numbers with a film projection of her face on the outstretched white fabric of her dress.

The irony of the device on this occasion was that she looked much better on film than she did in the flesh.

Despite the rather soggy response she referred to the audience as "terrific" after the second number, "The Lady Is A Tramp" — this all being interspersed by some very embarrassing silences which she found hard to fill.

At frequent intervals during her performance the two mimes entered and performed around her during songs like "Smile" and "Send In The Clowns".

Many of the songs were marred by sugary over-orchestrated arrangements, which left the singer fighting to make herself audible, and the continual irrelevant interruptions by the mimes.

The evening, however, could have been saved by the injection of a little pace into the music. It wasn't.

"I get a chance to come out and be here with you," said Diana as she moved into the audience with "Reach Out And Touch" exhorting people to join hands and sing along.

The next move proved fatal. She held a press conference from the stage and got what she might have expected with such thought-provoking questions as: "Diana, how do you stay so slim?" and "What are you doing after the show?"

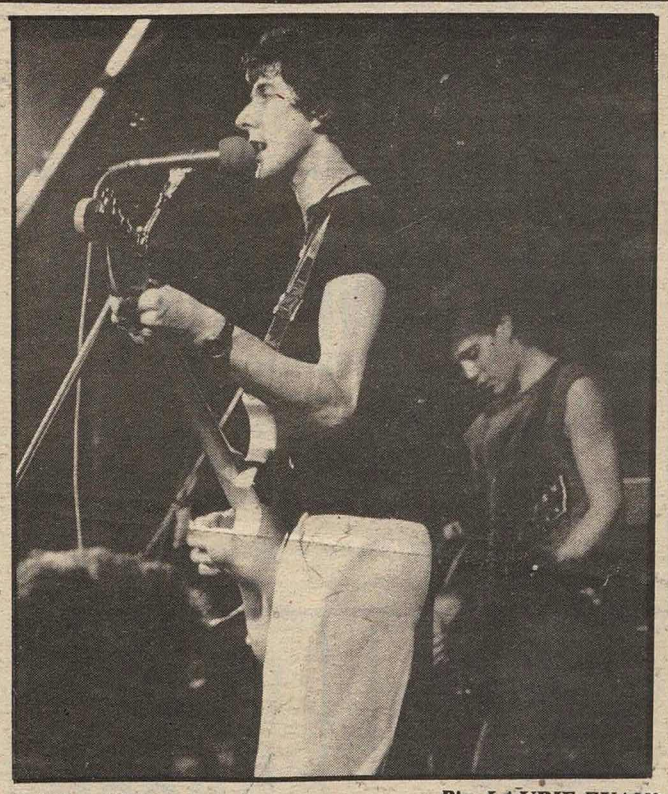
After a brief respite, she was carried back on stage in red satin and purple tights for disco time, and, oh dear, a medley of greatest hits from the Supremes days.

The songs stopped meaning anything to me about then, so I tried to concentrate on the visuals.

Unfortunately, the reliance on props left little for the lady to actually do and with her superstar aura by now tarnished, I actually started to get bored.

The evening was a classic example of gross indulgence but even worse it fell down in areas it could so easily have succeeded in.

There were just too many chummy exchanges with the audience (who had, after all, paid their money to be awed), too many



Edinburgh Vibrations *Pic: LAURIE EVANS*

Cissy Houston

PEGASUS, NEW YORK

SOME PEOPLE seem destined never to realise their full potential.

Here's a lady, favourably viewed from within the industry for years, who can sing rings around far bigger stars, but who has rarely been adequately represented on record.

Her recent album on Private Stock was a typical case in point; all very proficiently pleasant and therefore a great big stiff, a dull compromise between outright commerciality (it was produced, arranged and conducted by Michael Zager, perpetrator of one of this month's most irritating disco hits) and a timid acknowledgement of her gospel-based vocal skill.

Even though three of the five songs in her short set were from the album, her small backing group allowed her much more freedom of expression than was heard on record — a contrast made all the more effective by the situation; she was performing in a disco.

Somehow one doesn't expect to thrill to soul-searing vocal pyrotechnics in such a place.

"Thing To Do" and "Tomorrow" were especially strong vehicles for her formidable delivery, both going down a storm with the predominantly black audience, since, on top of the fact that they were so well performed, they are songs of polite optimism (of the 'Now I've got class, I've got things to do' and 'Things' ll be even better tomorrow' variety) which are bound to appeal to nouveau middle-class American blacks.

Cliff White

Pic: GUS STEWART

maudlin reminiscences about "the good old days" with The Supremes and just not enough *show*.

The closer she tried to get to the audience, the more obvious the gap between them and her became.

It goes against the grain to see a self-proclaimed star of stage, screen and vinyl attempt to go back home via the same path she rode out on, and misjudged spectacles like this will not maintain the charisma she needs to stay at the top.

She appeared to be trying to break the hold (albeit half-heartedly) that her position has clasped on her, and the result was a frightening debacle.

Hope I die before I get sold.

Neil Norman

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BASILDON Double Six: WARM JETS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THOSE FOUR
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Ballroom: SHAM 69
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKPOOL Opera House: ELKIE BROOKS
BOLTON Halliwell Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
BRADFORD Princeville Club: CYANIDE
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: SATELLITES
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE YOUNG ONES
BRISTOL Tiffany's: CAFE JACQUES
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: THE ADVERTS
CHATHAM Central Hall: BRASS CONSTRUCTION & ROKOTTO
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: LITTLE BOB STORY
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: THE RAW DEAL
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: THE V.I.P.'s
COVENTRY Locarno: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DIANE SOLOMON
DONCASTER Outlook Club: STEEL PULSE
GLOUCESTER Tiffany's: MATCHBOX
GREAT YARMOUTH Vauxhall Holiday Centre: AC/DC
HASTINGS Falaise Hall: DIE LAUGHING
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
ILCHESTER Heron Club: PIN-UPS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: MADDY PRIOR
LEEDS 'F' Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: HOWARDS FUMING
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: YACHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIOLINS
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LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL
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NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: JOHNNY MOPED
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE PIRATES
POOLE Leisure Centre: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
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SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE PLEASERS
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: HEADWAITER

● **STYX (top left), currently one of America's hottest box-office properties, undertake their first British tour opening at Manchester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday, Liverpool (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Monday).**
● **DARTS (centre left) continue their extensive concert tour with major gigs at Southampton (Thursday), Exeter (Friday), Reading (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Bournemouth (Tuesday) and Oxford (Wednesday).**
● **FLAMIN' GROOVIES have cancelled their U.K. gigs this week due to injury (see news pages). But we're retaining our picture of them, promised last week, in readiness for their revised tour opening on May 18.**
● **STEVE GIBBONS (above) and his band begin another series of concerts with shows at Redcar (Friday), Derby (Saturday), Leeds (Monday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).**

Friday

BATH Brillig Arts Centre: STEPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hall: KAY RUSSELL
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: STYX
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: RAND & THE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE TUBES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
BLACKWOOD Miners Institute: OZO
BODMIN Garland Ox: THE WATERSONS / MARTIN CARTHY
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NO EXIT
BOURNRMOUTH The Village: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
BRADFORD Star Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
BRIGHTON New Regent: DEAD FINGERS TALK
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE CIMARONS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: IAN DURY / THE BLOCKHEADS
BROCKENHURST College: THE YOUNG BUCKS
BROMSGROVE North Worcs. College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
BUNNYBRIDGE Norwodd Hotel: THE DEFT JERKS
BURTON 76 Club: HEADWAITER
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: RUBY JOE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: AC/DC
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: 90° INCLUSIVE
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
COVENTRY Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DERBY Assembly Rooms: MADDY PRIOR
DUMFRIES The Windsor: BLEAK FUTURE
DURHAM University: LINDISFARNE
EDNIBURGH Heriot Watt University'; FAIRPORT CONVENTION
EDINBURGH University: STEVE HILLAGE
EVESHAM Nite Club: DAVE BERRY BAND
EXETER University: DARTS
FOLKESTONE Golden Arrow: DEAD DOGS DON'T LIE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR
GLASGOW Art School: THE MOTELS / LANDSCAPE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE ENID
HAILSHAM Crown Hotel: DIE LAUGHING
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JO-ANN KELLY
HIGH WYCOMBE The Turnpike: CRAFTYHALF
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechinc: AFTER THE FIRE
KINGHORN Cunzie Neuk: CHARLEY BROWNE
LANCASTER University: U.K.
LEEDS Backlane Club: THE VYE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS / THE REZILLOS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE/CYANIDE
LEWEWS The Lamb: SOUTHERN RYDA
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GYRO / JOHN COOPER CLARKE / ED BANGER / JILTED JOHN
LONDON CAMBERWELL School of Art: PIN—UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEPASIDE / JAB JAB
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: FILE UNDER POP
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NICKY THOMAS / DANSETTE
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: JOHNNY MOPED / THE VIOLINS
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: SHAM 69
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: BRUCE RUFFIN
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: THE LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LOOK / URBAN DISTURBANCE
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LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: BOZ
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHNNY SILVO
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GRIEG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF / BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON S.W.1 Barleymow Country Club: KELVIN HENDERSON'S COUNTRY BAND
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON TWICKENHAM Albany Hotel: THE STATISTICS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE
LONDON W.C.2 The Basement: METABOLIST
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: QUEEN
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: SOUL DIRECTION
MANCHESTER City College of Education: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE VIBRATORS
MARGATE Dreamland: THE LURKERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE SMIRKS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOTORS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SLADE
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: IDIOT ROUGE
NEWPORT Village Club: THE BRAKES
NORWICH East Anglia University: DEAN FORD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: CHERRY VANILLA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: VAN DER GRAAF
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College: DAWN WEAVER
PRESTON Guildhall: DON MCLEAN
READING University: CAFE JACQUES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
REDDITCH Valley Rock Club: WAILING COCKS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: REDNITE
RUGBY St. Paul's College: SCHOOL MEALS
SALISBURY City Hall: THE PIRATES
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE BUZZCOCKS
SOUTHAMPTON The Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
STAFFORD College of Further Education: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: THE RAW DEAL
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: SON OF A BITCH
WATLINGTON Royal Oak— THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
WEYBRIDGE Town Hall: CRISIS / ALIENZ
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: MARACAIBO
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
WORCESTER College of Education: JUNE TABOR

HELEN REDDY returns to Britain to play four concerts in three days at the London Palladium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. There are still some tickets available at prices from £2.50 to £7.50 — a lot of money maybe, but well worth the experience.

Saturday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts (lunchtime): THE CLERKS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: SCORE
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: COSMOTHEKA
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE TUBES
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BODMIN Foster Hall: THE WATERSONS / MARTIN CARTHY
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BOLTON Institute of Technology: ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR
BRADFORD University: THE MOTORS
BRIGHTON New Regent: YACHTS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN'S RATS
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE PLEASERS
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: DIP DAZZLE & THE INDICATORS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS
COLCHESTER Essex University: THE CIMARONS
COVENTRY Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: AC/DC
DERBY Assembly Rooms: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
DONCASTER Birdcote Club: JAB JAB
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: SHOWADDYWADDY
DURHAM St. Bede & St. Hild College: DAWN WEAVER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DON McLEAN
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
GOOLE Station Hotel: OVERLORD
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: BULLET
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE BRAKES
HEREFORD Starlight Room: DAVE BERRY BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Newlands Hall: MISTY
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE / CYANIDE
HULL St. Mark's Hall: R.B.Q.
HULL Technical College: THE VOID
IRVINE Harbour Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
LANCASTER Dukes Theatre: JUNE TABOR
LEEDS Cherry Tree: THE VYE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: THE SQUARES
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS Staging Post: IDIOT ROUGE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: THE RAW DEAL
LEICESTER Polytechnic: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: STYX
LIVERPOOL Eric's: RADIO STARS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DEAN FORD BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON CHELSEA College: WARREN HARRY / RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: EARTHBOUND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE STUKAS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / FAMOUS PLAYERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: GREGORY ISAACS
LONDON HARROW Tudors Club: PIN-UPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Marquee Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: THE FALL / JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: JACKIE ROBINSON
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: WHITE RABBIT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: DAVE WALTERS

MORE GIG GUIDE AND LIVE DATES OVER THE PAGE

IAN DURY begins a lengthy tour that's already virtually sold out. If you're lucky enough to have a ticket, you'll find him at Birmingham (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Ipswich (Wednesday).

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON S.W.1 Barleymow Country Club: AL BARRETT'S LINEMAN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: QUEEN
LONDON WEMBLEY Royal Hall: MADDY PRIOR
LOUGHBOROUGH University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
MAIDLEY Court Centre: LITTLE ACRE
MANCHESTER Rafters; GIRLS SCHOOL
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS / THE SMIRKS
MARGATE Dreamland: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: VESUVIUS
MIDDLEWICH Alkali Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: LIMELIGHT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
OAKENGATES Town Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
OLDHAM Tower Club: MISTRESS
OXFORD University: CAFE JACQUES
PORTSLADE Clarence Hotel: MATCHBOX
PRESTON Guildhall: LINDISFARNE
READING Merry Maidens: SOUL DIRECTION
RETFORD Porterhouse: THOSE FOUR
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: DESPERATE STRAITS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CHERRY VANILLA
SHEFFIELD University: U.K.
SLOUGH College of Higher Education: SCRATCH
ST. ALBANS City Hall: VAN DER GRAAF
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: DEAD DOGS DON'T LIE

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: CHRISTINE ETERMAN
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: THE VIBRATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: POVERTY CORNER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: AC/DC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: CYANIDE
BRACKNELL Southill Park Pavilion: TRAPEZE
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): A.P.B.
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: VAN DER GRAAF
BRISTOL Hippodrome: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: THE REAL THING
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: CHERRY VANILLA
CHELMSFORD Rock Club: DOLL BY DOLL
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Locarno: THE BUZZCOCKS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: LINDISFARNE
CROYDON Greyhound: RADIO STARS
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: GIRLS SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: DON McLEAN
GLASGOW Prints Studio: LANDSCAPE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: THE MOTORS
LEEDS Staging Post: THE VYE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: X-RAY SPEX/ADAM & THE ANTS/ THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON CONVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: METABOLIST
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: HEAD-WAITER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PIN-UPS
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: SOUTH OF THE BORDER
LONDON HOLBORN Royalty Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON Marquee Club: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (luchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON THE MALL I.C.A. Theatre: BOB PEGG
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: IDIOT ROUGE
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: U.K.
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHRIS GRIFIN/THE MEKON
MANCHESTER Rafters: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: JUNE TABOR
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: ROY HARPER
NUNEATON Trocadero: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SHAM 69
POYNTON Folk Centre: ALEX CAMPBELL/PHIL MARTIN
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: BARRON KNIGHTS (for a week)
READING Hexaxon Theatre': DARTS
READING Top Rank: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALTBURN Loftus Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STYX
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: LITTLE ACRE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: BLACK ABBOTS (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: FRUIT EATING BEARS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: DEAN FORD BAND

Monday

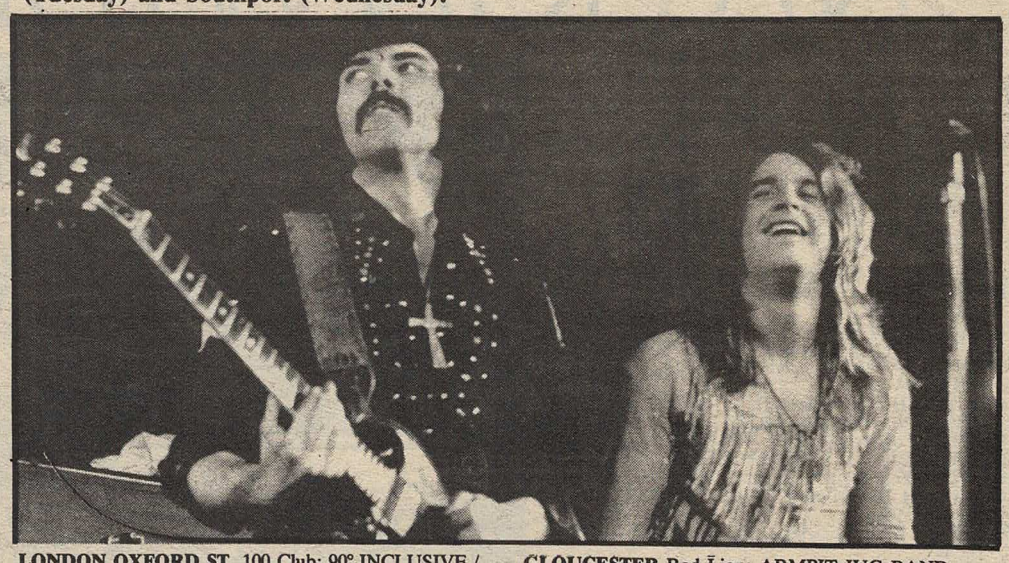
BASILDON Van Gogh: SOLID WASTE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE VIBRATORS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: CHEAP FLIGHTS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
BRADFORD New Talk of Yorkshire: THE SNEAKERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DARTS
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CAERPHILLY Double Diamond: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
CHELTENHAMPlough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: THE LURKERS
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: BULLET
DERBY Assembly Rooms: AC/DC
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CHERRY VANILLA
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE PIRATES
HARTLEPOOL Castle Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS
HULL Tiffanys: DEAD FINGERS TALK
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BRASS CONSTRUCTION/ROKOTTO
LEEDS Mexborough: THE SQUARES
LEEDS Polytechnic: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: THE VYE
LIVERPOOLEmpire Theatre: THE TUBES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: VAN DER GRAAF
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: IDIOT ROUGE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CYANIDE/STAA MARX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rack Garden: FISH CO./CLUMSY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STYX
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE BRAKES
LONDON Marquee Club: TYLA GANG/STRAIGHT 8
LONDON Palladium: ELKIE BROOKS (for a week)
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: HOT MUD FAMILY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Mary College: LINDISFARNE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: U.K.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PUSH
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MEAN STREET/ U.K. SUBS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DON McLEAN
NOTTINGHAM Boat Inn: BUDDY & THE DIMES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
READING Hexagon Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
STAFFORD Top Of The World: THE MOTORS
SWANSEA Circles Club: SHAM 69
SWINDON The Affair: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN'S RATS
WAKEFIELD The Pride: ARC ROUGE

Tuesday

BANGOR University: VAN DER GRAAF
BELFAST Queen's University: LITTLE BOB STORY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE DARTS
BRIGHTON Art College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: STEEL PULSE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CHARLEY PRIDE/ DAVE & SUGAR
BRISTOL Locarno: THE VIBRATORS
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE PIRATES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROY HILL BAND
DURHAM Coach & Eight: DISGUISE
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: YACHTS
HULL University: LINDISFARNE
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: AC/DC
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: LUIGI ANADA BOYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE TUBES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NEW HEARTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAD WAITER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PRESSURE SHOCKS / EFIAK
LONDON Marquee Club: CHERRY VANILLA

MADDY PRIOR launches her solo career, after the disbandment of Steeleye Span, with a concert tour starting at Ipswich (Thursday), Derby (Friday), London (Saturday) and Reading (Wednesday). Her newly-formed band features, from left to right, Chris Stainton (keyboards), Maddy, Ray Flacke (guitar), Kevin Savigar (synthesiser), Pat Donaldson (bass) and John Lingwood (drums).

BLACK SABBATH are back on the road again for the first time since singer Ozzie Osbourne (right) re-joined them. They open a massive tour, lasting well over a month, at Sheffield (Tuesday) and Southport (Wednesday).



LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: 90° INCLUSIVE / SPITERI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ZONES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: BLITZ / HERBSMAN ROOT SOUNDS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DON McLEAN
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
NEWCASTLE University: FRUIT EATING BEARS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: GODSPELL" (for five days).
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THOSE FOUR
PRESTON Clouds: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BLACK SABBATH
SHREWSBURY Tiffanys: THE MOTORS

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: T.C.O.J.
BANGOR Normal College: ROY HILL BAND
BASILDON Woodlands: SOLID WASTE
BELFAST Pound Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: LINDISFARNE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DON McCLEAN
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLERAINE Ulster University: TYLA GANG
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWN
DURMAN Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
FALKIRK Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
GATESHEAD Stirling House Hotel: DISGUISE
GLOUCESTER Red Lion: ARMPIT JUG BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
KEELE University: THE MOTORS
LEEDS Vivas Wine Bar: OVERLORD
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EFIAK
LONDON CANNING TOWN Hollies: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK/THE PUSH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS/THE RIVVITS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
MANSFIELD Great Northern: VESUVIUS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: CHERRY VANILLA
NUNEATON Hill Top & Caldwell: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: DARTS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE REAL THING
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DEAD FINGERS TALK
PORT TALBOT Four Winds Hotel: TRAPEZE
READING Hexagon Theatre: MADDY PRIOR
SALISBURY City Hall: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SHAM 69
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
SWINDON The Affair: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZRIEG BOP

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday May 12th
WESTERN COUNTIES
Paddington
Saturday May 13th
NASHVILLE
West Kensington
Tuesday May 16th
DUKE OF LANCASTER
New Barnet
Friday May 19th
THREE RABBITS Manor Park.
Gilmor Promotions
01-204 9976

the makers
APPEARING AT—
ROCHESTER CASTLE STOKE NEWINGTON Thursday May 11th
HOPE & ANCHOR ISLINGTON Friday May 19th

LANDSCAPE
A Tour for the Nearly Normal
May
Friday 12th Glasgow Art School
Saturday 13th Harbour Arts, Irvine.
Sunday 14th Print Studio, 128 Ingram Street, Glasgow
Friday 19th Salford University
Saturday 20th Premises, Norwich
Monday 22nd Limit Club, Sheffield
Tuesday 23rd Nikkers Club, Keighley
Thursday 25th Hope & Anchor, London N1.
Friday 26th North Peckham, Assembly Hall
Bookings 01-703 7677
01-870 2061

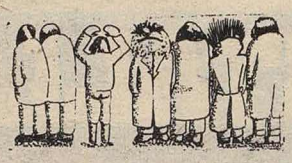
Sat May 13th 8 till late
CHALLENGE FESTIVAL GIG
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
THE FALL
PATRIK FITZGERALD
PASSAGE
Goldsmiths college SU, Lewisham Way, New Cross.
Tickets £1. Info 01-836 2151.

ILKA PROMOTIONS present at the
CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE
Saturday May 20th
Ku Klux Klan
with
STEEL PULSE
+ No 1 Reggae D.J. Steve Barnard
Admission £2.00 Doors open 7.30 p.m. Licensed Bars

TO ADVERT

ISE
ring 01-261 6153
Brian B

TOP RANK SUITE, READING
WILKO JOHNSON BAND
Sunday May 14th at 8 pm
Tickets in advance £1.50 from Top Rank, Quicksilver Records, Harlequin Records Maidenhead & Slough or £1.75 on night.



LIVE PAGE

RING BRIAN B 01-261 6153

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday May 11th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Friday May 12th 40p
★ ROLL UPS ★
Saturday May 13th 40p
SORE THROAT
Sunday May 14th 40p
UNITED
(Ex Remus Down Boulevard/Kinks)

Monday May 15th
ZAINE GRIFF
Tuesday May 16th
WARM JETS
Wednesday May 17th & Thursday May 18th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson
Stevie Lange

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday May 10th £1.00
CHELSEA
+ KING SOUNDS & BRIMSTONE
+ PATRICT FITZGERALD

Monday May 15th £1.00
THE YOUNG ONES
+ MASTERSWITCH
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Thursday May 11th £1.50
LITTLE ACRE
+ ADDIX

Tuesday May 16th £1.00
HEADWAITER
+ ZAINE GRIFF
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Friday May 12th £2.00
GRAND HOTEL
+ OFF LICENCE

Saturday May 13th £2.00
JENNY HAAN'S LION
+ URCHIN

Wednesday May 17th £1.00
BOYFRIENDS
+ MONOS

Thursday May 18th
Special London appearance of
THE VIBRATORS + DEPRESSIONS
Pay at door £1.50

Monday June 12th and Tuesday June 13th
Only British appearances of
IGGY POP
Advance Tickets £2.25 from Box Office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

Royalty
LONDON'S MOST POPULAR NITE SPOT
Windmore Hill Road, Southgate N14
(opposite Southgate Underground — Picc Line)
01-886 4112

FRIDAY MAY 12th
SOULED OUT
SATURDAY MAY 13th
BRASS CONSTRUCTION
WEDNESDAY MAY 17th
CAPITAL RADIO'S KERRY JUBY
FRIDAY JUNE 2nd
THE REAL THING

THE CAVERN
Church Road, Willesden, N.W.10 (Beside White Hart Pub)
Monday May 15th
MARIBOU
Licensed Bar 8 p.m. to Midnight
Nearest tube: Neasden. Buses: 260, 266, 297

THIEVES LIKE US
Music for the Criminally Insane

May
Sat. 13th Cavalier, Eastbourne
Thurs. 18th Riverside Inn, Winchester
Thurs. 25th Richmond Hotel, Brighton
Sat. 27th The Archery, Eastbourne
Sun. 28th Portsea Rotary Club, Portsmouth

Bookings: 079-155 2971
096-273 2188

Bognor Rock hits DINGWALLS
Monday May 15th at 9.45 pm
STAA MARX

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
STYX

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
MONDAY 15th MAY at 8·00
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

L.U.S.U. CAMPAIGN FOR THE LEGALIZATION OF CANNABIS
SMOKEY BEARS
LEGALISE CANNABIS PICNIC AT HYDE PARK...
(near Hyde Park Corner)
SAT MAY 13th 2 pm
Bring your sandwiches plus whatever turns you on! Watch out for the tandem!

ROY HARPER
WITH
ANDY ROBERTS
AT THE L.S.E. ALDWYCH
ON MAY 10th AND 11th
TICKETS £1.50 IN ADVANCE OR ON THE NIGHT
BACK TO REALITY

NORBRECK CASTLE HOTEL
NORCALYMPIA
QUEENS PROMENADE, BLACKPOOL
Bank Holiday Saturday, May 27th
SLADE
Plus STRIFE
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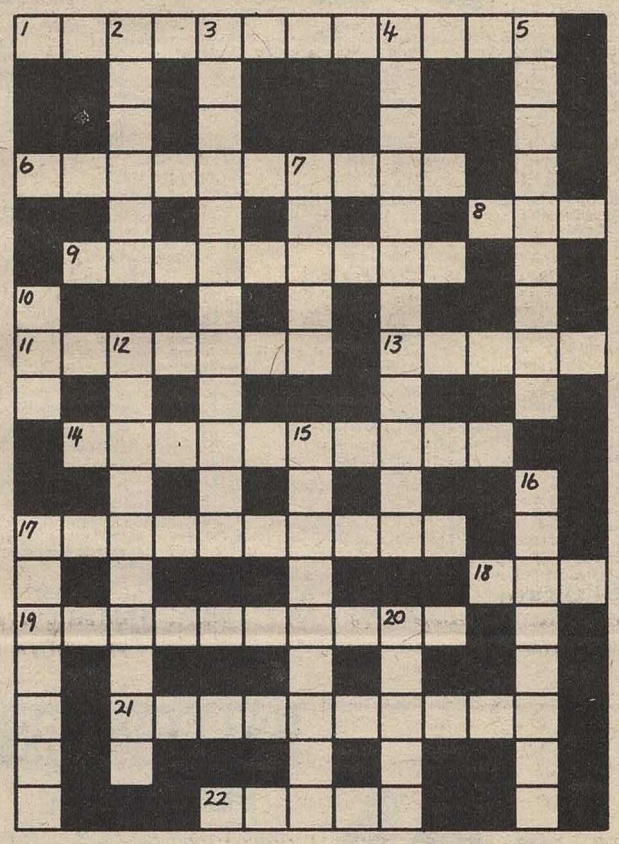

ACROSS
1 Bob Geldof on the subject of this year's girl? (4,2,6)
6 Not Plaistow Patricia though maybe she's an American cousin — born in Chicago, raised in New Jersey as a matter of fact (5,5)
8 Rearrange Pam and plug her in!
9 Their early albums included "Ralf And Florian" and "Autobahn"
11 To 1977 what flower power was to 1967!
13 Canadian troubadour of tender years!
14 Derby-born singer / writer, "Case History" was his first solo album after the ill-fated Siren (5,5)
17 American singer who was one of the first artists to introduce reggae to a wider audience — he helped a then unknown Bob Marley by cutting a hit version of "Stir It Up" (6,4)
18 See 5 down
19 Overweight soul singer, the biggest of his U.K. hits was "You're My First My Last My Everything" (5,5)
21 He used to be leader of The Raspberries before he went solo — to the delight of hairdressers internationally (4,6)
22 & 20 Brownie McGhee is the other half of a veteran blues duo

DOWN
2 6 across' current (unseasonal) album
3 Composed by Jagger / Richard, weirded up for 1978 by Devo
4 Written by Jackson Browne, a 1973 U.K. hit for the Jackson Five (6,2,4)
5 & 18 Recorded live at the Lyceum, Marley and the Wailers first U.K. hit (2,5,2,3)
7 Every cabaret hack's favourite song — the original was a 1969 smash for F. Sinatra (2,3)
10 Formed to fight fascism after Clapton's infamous ill-judged remarks (initials)
12 The grand old man of Scottish rock! (4,6)
15 Suzi Quatro's first No.1 (3,3,3)
16 Not so much identikit as assembly-line punks — from Fords, geddit!?
17 Stars Jordan and Adam Ant
20 See 22

ANSWERS FROM LAST WEEK

ACROSS: 1 Buzzcocks; 6 "Baby I (Need Your Loving)"; 7 "In The City"; 8 Paul Williams; 11 Arthur Conley; 13 Kool (& The Gang); 14 Mike Batt; 15 Arista; 16 Gene Wilder; 17 Bob (Marley); 18 Lynyrd (Skynyrd); 20 "Rhiannon"; 21 John (Lennon); 22 "(Baby I) Need Your Loving". **DOWN:** 1 Brian James; 2 Z.Z. Top; 3 Chiswick; 4 Maurice Gibb; 5 Lindsey (De Paul); 9 Aphrodites Child; 10 Lenny Kaye; 12 Pete Townshend; 14 Marley; 15 Amen Corner; 18 Lennon; 19 "Deja Vu."

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The Favourites

IMPERIAL HOTEL, NOTTINGHAM

THERE USED to be a band called Plummet Airlines.

They were a hard-working, individualistic, immensely enjoyable combo, and they had two singles out, one on Stiff, one on State.

After numerous hassles and let-downs, they split.

There was also a band called Captain Cook's Dog, whose only claim to fame is the line you are now reading, and they faded into oblivion after having no records released on any label whatsover.

Now there's a band called The Favourites (poxy cash-in name), containing three Plummets and two Dogs.

They wear brightly coloured open-necked shirts, write songs with annoyingly bland melodies, do harmonies together at the one mike, and sing about boyfriends and girlfriends.

In short, they suck on several cubes of ice.

After failing to make any real advancement playing the music they began with, I suppose it's understandable that they should want to thumb the first bandwagon that passes, and who knows if this one won't bring them a measure of commercial success.

It certainly won't win them a scrap of credibility with the people who flocked every week to hear the Plummet's unique brand of rock, and the cryptic cries of 'Where's the stetsons?' from the more cynical members of the audience can only refer to an idiosyncracy from that previous incarnation.

If you ignore the obvious cash-in angle, The Favourites are no better or worse than any of the other bands on this soppy mid-'60s binge.

They have their Beatle harmonies down OK, the lyrics are suitably fey, and lead chanteur Daryl Hunt is a real dish. They also have an outrageously pretty bassist, and a drummer who wears a silver medallion over his polo neck.

It could be better. The songs are a little samey, and Daryl isn't all that distinctive a singer (he played bass with the Airline).

They could be tighter, and, please, if you're going to tackle a pop classic like "S.O.S.", at least have the decency not to throw it away with sloppy vocals.

Apart from that is was . . . um . . . nice. Pleasant. *Gutless.*

Perhaps I'm dim or something, but I thought The Rutles had grabbed the final say on this sort of music. At least they can be witty in the face of banality.

As a last break with all that went before, The Favourites play an emasculated version of the second Plummet's single "It's Hard":

Hard? It's barely flaccid done your way boys. Whatever would Harry say?

Stephen Gordon

The Enid

CANTERBURY

THE CORRECT attitude to The Enid is, of course, 'It's good fun, but it ain't rock-'n'roll'.

And though this attitude irks the band themselves, its prevalence is partly their own fault.

For a start, they play things like "The Skye Boat Song"; and "The Dambuster"; secondly, they take the rise out of their own classically-influenced music.

F'rinstance, when introducing 'Child Roland', a superb piece of music, Francis Lickerish says, "Roland was a hero. He was so bleedin' heroic. Even as heroes go he was heroic. I mean, he was so . . ." etc., etc.

The advantage of this attitude is that it somehow exempts them from the charge of playing pretentious technoflash rock.

"Fand", their major piece, teems with Tolkienesque imagery and atmospheric warblings.

But if you'll just suspend your carefully nurtured cynicism, you'll find it an incredibly powerful piece.

The Enid's albums disguise the energy they generate live.

They played "The Davil", "Mayday Galliard", "Judgement" and the first encore was a strange version of "Wild Thing".

They struck a rather disconcerting note at the end by playing "Land Of Hope And Glory" while the regular fans waved Union Jacks.

Robert John Griffith went out of his way to say, "I've never considered the last night of the Proms to be a political rally. Neither is this".

It must be said that this is a really good band, and anyone allowing himself some catholicity of experience will get a lot out of them.

Mark Bastable

Sad Cafe

OXFORD NEW THEATRE

YOU MIGHT not know much about Sad Cafe, but you can hardly be unaware of their existence.

During the last year they've been given the sort of lavish, prolonged, full-page promotional campaign that most bands would sacrifice quite a lot for.

But although a naked woman on its cover can push an album into the nether regions of the Top 50, it won't, as some people have still to learn, cause raving hordes to smash down theatre doors in order to see its perpetrators.

It seems so ludicrous that anybody should imagine that Sad Cafe merit a 2,000 seat venue like the New Theatre, that one has to be generous and point to the current lack of suitable bands for them to support and the New Wave-oriented college circuit.

Nevertheless, the few hundred people who sneaked in were clearly as embarrassed as the band at the wide open spaces all around them.

The evening had the atmosphere of a rehearsal, with the audience being treated to an exclusive preview of a group who, on stage, looked as confidently professional as a Genesis or a Supertramp with an impressive light show to match.

Invoking those sort of comparisons clearly marks down Sad Cafe as a band who are at least three years too late.

They play the tasteful type of melodic rock music associated with such tasteful persons as Gallagher and Lyle, the Sutherquives, City Boy and The Jess Roden Band whose tasteful grip on the nation's consciousness was washed away within a mere six months.

However there's still room, and a market for "taste" as Gerry Rafferty's excellent "Baker Street" has recently proved but Sad Cafe share neither his capacity for insistent hooks nor his economy of song structure.

They seem to hold the misguided view that unless a song contains a rock passage, a bit of acoustic guitar, some blue-eyed cocktail crooning and a louder rock passage all swathed in saccharine synthesized strings, then it isn't a proper song.

Thus potentially good numbers like "Shell Shock" and "Fanx Tara" from their first album and "Restless" and "Mario" from the new one are so stretched and overburdened with redundant (and sometimes hackneyed) arrangements that as with your average white sliced, all the substance of the music is refined out.

Meanwhile Sad Cafe are a band who are all dressed up with nowhere to go, separated from the millions of Supertramp fans who would undoubtedly love them, but who aren't willing to give up an evening to go and watch a new band whose hit single they haven't heard on the radio and whom they haven't read about in the *Daily Mail.*

The thunder-flashes which were meant to provide a spectacular ending to their set went off accidentally before the band had even come on. With luck like that, things can only get better.

David Housham

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PERE UBU

■ *From page 8*

Ubu (Father Ubu), a character central to three plays and associated works by the dwarvish French absurdist, novelist, playwright, poet, critic, journalist and engraver Alfred Jarry (1873-1907), whose literary career was as meteoric and controversial as it was brief?

"Well", says Thomas, "the whole relationship of the character to the band is a shifting one. I understand it, the band understand it.

"It's also a great name, totally alien to most Americans — very few can even pronounce it correctly. More than that I won't say, since it'd spoil our fun and spoil yours . . ."

More than that, I can't say, since I'm not well acquainted with Jarry's work. But there are obvious parallels that even a cursory reading of the three Ubu plays can ellicit.

And so, in no particular order, some checkpoints. Thomas himself would have no trouble auditioning for the part of Pere Ubu in the theatre. In fact, the physical resemblance between him and some of the actors who have played the role is positively uncanny.

Thomas has described himself as "grotesque", a description that certainly applies to the original character, whose face and body were conceived by Jarry as an accumulation of every possible deformity. The original Pere Ubu's unpleasant array of Heath Robinsonesque pumps, pulleys, hooks and other paraphernalia with which he both maintained his own heaving frame and used to maim his unfortunate victims calls to mind Thomas' vicious manipulation of metal against metal on stage.

In addition, it's suggested that Jarry's Pere Ubu was a symbiosis of human flesh and metal machinery and appendages (metal nails, claws for hands, etc.). Reflect on Thomas' remarks about 'industrial' music and make your own connections.

The original Pere Ubu is a complex character, often demanding sympathy despite his outrageous activities, an extreme combination of beauty and the beast. Here Pere Ubu, hear how their songs combine beauty with bestiality, and wonder.

The original Pere Ubu possessed an incredibly coarse vocabulary, often appending the word *merde* or *merdre* to his various implements. *Merdre* means 'shit' and is the mantric chant that runs through "The Modern Dance" (the song itself).

Jarry's eccentric theory of 'pataphysics', developed to its fullest extent in *The Exploits And Opinions Of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician,* can be interestingly equated with Thomas' theory of 'ballistics'.

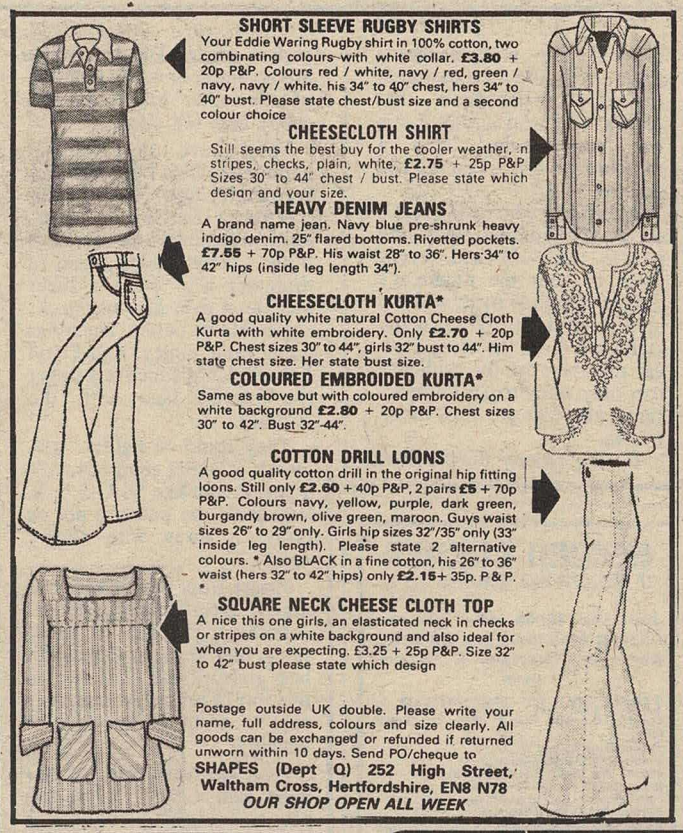
There's more, much more, but I haven't had the time to digest it . . .

"When people ask what Ubu is," says Thomas, "I can only say that it's a magic thing, a vision, not in the religious sense, but an image. We're not mystics or anything like that; we just share this vision. The only time the band really exists is when we're playing.

"Ultimately there's really no reason why any of the band, including myself, is more worthl listening to than anybody else who's just come in off the street.

"Ubu has to do with moving forward, with progression. At the same time, it's quite obvious that Ubu has created its own logic.

"That's all".



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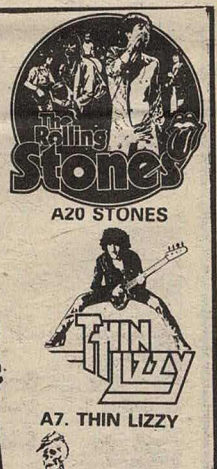

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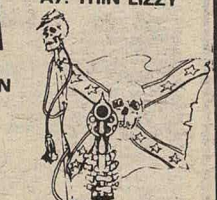

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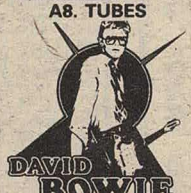
A15. BOB MARLEY



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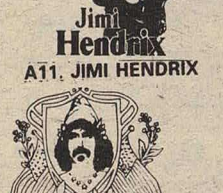

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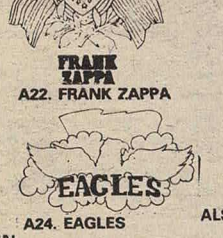

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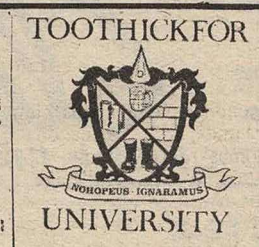

251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

297. BEE GEES (Glitter)

280. E.L.O.

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292. STATUS QUO

134. GENESIS

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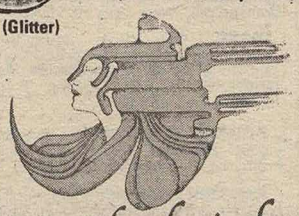

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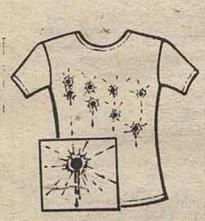

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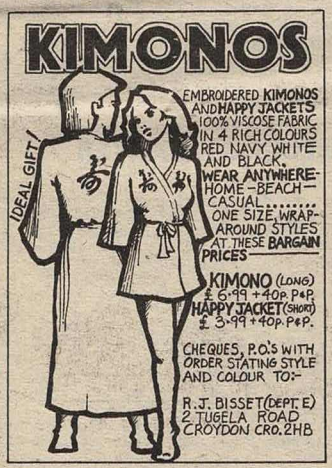

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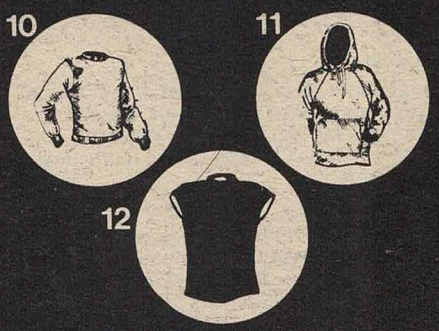

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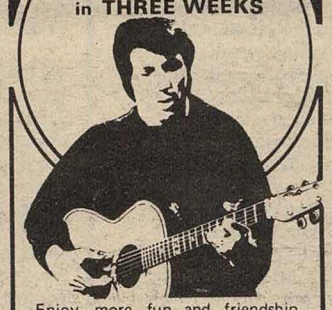

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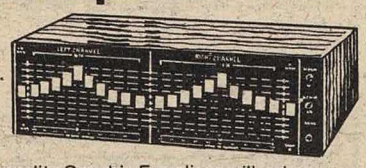

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Noises of the North

Buzzcocks Penetration

FRIARS, AYLESBURY

AND SO, in a year in which they've been the pace-setting band so far, The Buzzcocks move on into Tour Number Four.

A few months ago on the last jaunt, they were admirably supported by that lovable quartet The Slits (what are *they* doing these days?).

This time around, another of the country's up and coming female singers, Pauline, and the Ferry Hill combo Penetration, get the gig.

As the support band, they're in a position similar to that of The Buzzcocks a year ago; still based in county Durham, they're content to grow at their own pace, oblivious to trends, quietly confident in themselves and their ability to break through when the time comes.

And I've no doubt that they will.

Original guitarist Gary Chaplin was recently replaced by newcomer Neale Floyd, and the band's sound is noticably heavier than before. The free and easy slickness, however, is still there, the perfect foil to Pauline's haunting vocals.

A half-hour set is well-paced; slow, moody songs like the sublime "Lovers Of Outrage" take their place beside the faster rockers.

There's also a healthy dose of new stuff — "Visions", "Future Daze" and "Stone Heroes" are three — since I last saw the band two months ago, although one song "Silent Community" suffers from the same problem as X-Ray Spex's "Submerge" — too close to the Pistols' "Submission" for comfort.

Even the traditionally laid-back Aylesbury crowd are with them all the way, pogoing gleefully as Pauline footsies back and forth across the stage, and the group are brought back for an encore.

Right now, not beating about the bush, I firmly believe that Penetration are one of the best rock bands in the country.

They're right up there with the likes of The Clash, The Jam, The Rumour and, of course, Buzzcocks.

And they're improving at an alarming rate.

For Buzzcocks themselves, it was a slightly below-par night.

A possible explanation came from Pete Shelley himself after the opening number.

He asked the audience to bear with him and his heavy cold in what was his only rap with the crowd all night. He seemed to spend most of the set staring at what would have been the tenth row in the balcony, had there been one. Strangely distant.

Kicking off with the finest songs from the album, they progressed majestically to the newer, unrecorded material at the end of the set.

Messy songs like "Orgasm Addict", "Fast Cars" and "No Reply" have thankfully been discarded, but impressive chestnuts like "Sixteen", "Autonomy" and "Fiction Romance" remain.

Of the newer songs, both "Love You More" and the superbly-titled "Never Fall In Love With Someone You Shouldn't" show Shelley's talent undiminished. The most realistic sentimental and unsentimental love songs any side of Elvis Costello are still as sharp as ever.

"Noise Annoys" meanwhile, with its simple yet clever lyric point to the fact that Buzzcocks' collective appetite for experimentation remains unsatisfied.

The best live bands will always be those who combine penetrating lyrics with the spirit of musical adventure *and* give the dancers a good night out.

Both Buzzcocks and Penetration fit the bill perfectly.

Adrian Thrills

Stadium Dogs

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

ABOUT HALFWAY through the Stadium Dogs' set, and in response to the inevitable "Whaddya think?" bellowed in his ear, a mate turned and said laconically: "On record I'd think they were great, but the visuals are rubbish . . ."

Harsh? Irrelevant?

Possibly, but in this day and age people often seem more concerned with what they see than what they hear, and the frequent use of such words as 'old' and 'hippy' from the fast-diminishing audience make me think this lot are gonna have problems.

Thinning pates and facial hair aren't really in vogue at the moment, so three of the five members can probably expect that kind of flak.

Stan Pierce (drums), Pete Cousins (bass) and Kirk Thorn (double neck) are what you might call the submerged section of the band; vital, but not distinctive.

John Perkins and Paul Griffiths however, look perfectly acceptable: short hair, tight jeans etc., and it's them who push the band into focus, Perkins with his rolling spurts of treated organ, Griffiths with his non-stop arsenal of jagged fret phrases.

The songs are a product of much thought, chock full of intricate vocal meshes, unexpected stop-starts and second-glance lyrics.

The way they juxtapose all these great ideas into each song is reminiscent of Swindon's other famous sons XTC, but they never become quite as angular or disjointed as the White Musicers, and the aforementioned 'submerged section' often drive the songs towards the kind of honey-smooth rock in which The Motors specialise.

The numbers in which they pull all the stops are best: "Fab Gear", "Valve Head" and "Easybeat" (single) are prime examples; elsewhere they seem to be holding back a little, playing safe when they should be throwing caution to the winds.

Of the straight rockers, "Panic In The Year 5001" was particularly fine, and highlights the superb harmonising they can do when they feel like it. It also showed that their music could jump either way.

After fifteen months together there's no doubt they have the capability to carry off the more bizarre ideas which are obviously hinted at in their present set; whether they want to forfeit danceability to pursue that course is another matter.

If they can sort out a really strong image on the way, so much the better.

As a last minute stand-in for The Depressions, the Dogs achieved the rare distinction of going down worse than any band I've ever seen here.

Nothing to worry about though. Familiarity breeds contentment you see, and with a little more exposure people can't fail to acquire the taste.

Stephen Gordon

Disguise

WHITLEY BAY

HARTLEPOOL, Boom town of the North, victim of a million gags has in its time nurtured two great figures in folklore. Brian Clough and a rather unfortunate monkey.

(If you don't know the story of the Hartlepool monkey, ask a native, "Who hung the monkey then?" but take his glass out of his hand first).

Disguise come from Hartlepool but are in no immediate danger of becoming legends in their own town or national folk heroes.

They play to small audiences and consequently receive little word - of - mouth praise.

Tonight's gig is another small audience. There's three types of crowd, the good, the bad and the indifferent. Here it's the latter.

Despite the total lack of response Disguise provide more than a glimpse of why Chiswick have just signed them up.

A trio, they utilize every subtle distinction of that format. Playing only one non-original, their songs display a fine blend of the breathless powerpack we associate with last year and the melodic awareness of the Beserkley contingent.

Their music breathes the spirit of rock.

Singling out individual numbers is, at this point in time, without purpose, save to say "There's A Boy In Our Street" should be their first single. It sounds very much like the most fun you can have in three minutes.

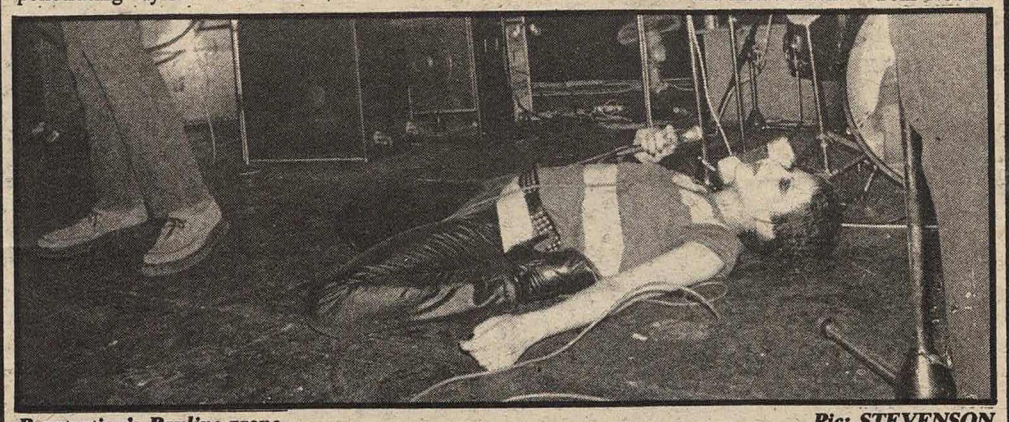
The Big G are, on the other hand, urinating into the wind.

Their only inspired move is the choice of Thunderclap Newman's "Something In The Air", their original material is deadly duff, a pot pourri of new wave.

Also there's a difference betweeen spontaneity and being so irritably under-rehearsed that you don't know which chord comes next.

There's plenty of spirit but not enough soul in an act, which at present shows all the signs of their notoriously unstable line-up.

In the race for the crock of gold Disguise certainly have the inside track. **Tom Noble**



Penetration's Pauline prone. *Pic: STEVENSON*

"You don't have to be a chick to wear suspenders"
says Mr Mizfit

After the Carnival is over —

JOE STRUMMER (left) ecstatic after jamming with STEEL PULSE.

POLY STYRENE looks on awestruck. Pic by TAKA PROPER-GANDA

RAR — BAG

IT WAS GREAT to see such a successful anti-Nazi rally at Victoria Park on Sunday. Thousands of people getting on with each other, enjoying themselves and NO violence! But why did some morons have to spoil it by ruining Patrick Fitzgerald's set? He was great and lots of people were enjoying it.

OK, we all wanted to hear The Clash, but those kids in the front could have waited. Instead they managed to hit Patrik in the face and get The Clash on stage a few minutes earlier. I hope these 'brave' kids (who quickly stopped with the threat of 80,000 people on them) are proud of their achievement! Also, why did The Clash have to pamper to them and come on straight away, not even mentioning that Patrik is worth listening to? OK Joe, we know you had to get to Birmingham, but . . .

I hope Patrik didn't take the attitude of a few moronic kids to heart, thousands of people enjoyed his set and were very grateful to him, and to everyone else, for contributing to the cause.

I doubt if this has succeeded in stirring the consciousness of the can-throwing morons, but I believe that I have expressed the feelings of the majority of the audience.

Thanks to everyone for a fantastic, enjoyable and worthwhile Sunday.
NINA AND BRIDGET, Brighton.

TO THE two bastards that pushed us in the pond at Victoria Park last Sunday: It may have only been a foot deep but we got soaked through anyway, and thought we'd gone for a swim. If you hadn't run off so quick there might have been some of the violence that the pigs were expecting. But thanks to you at least we missed most of Steel Pulse.
SMITH AND BECCA, Camden Town.

EVERYBODY TODAY seems to be treating these Rock Against Racism fellows like they were the saviours of democracy. For instance, last week's *NME* was full of praise for RAR and the Anti-Nazi League for organising "the biggest celebration of human solidarity since Martin Webster and his buddies slipped off their jackboots", etc.

What piffle — the only thing all these marchers were interested in was getting to see a concert for free. When the Anti-Nazi League were handing out leaflets publicising the carnival at the Durham Siouxsie and the Banshees gig, the reaction wasn't "Let's all go down to London to fight fascism", they were only interested in paying a quid bus fare to see The Clash and X-Ray Spex. They probably still would have gone if the carnival had been part of a campaign for widows pensions!

So don't be fooled by these fanatics, they're just a bunch of communists trying to warp the minds of the youth of Britain.
MARTIN BORMAN, Stanley, Co. Durham.
Three poignant views of The Rally, and I don't understand any of them. — M.S.

SO BOB DYLAN is at last gracing us with a long overdue visit. Well, I for one won't be jeopardising my health by camping outside Hammersmith Odeon in this lousy weather just to fork out my cash for a grossly overpriced ticket to replace the fortune he's blown making home movies.

Being on the dole, even the "cheapest" tickets represent a third of my weekly income at £5.80. And the last time I had the displeasure of occupying a "cheap" seat at Earls Court some brilliant designer ensured my enjoyment of the Stones performance by suspending a bank of lights 15' square directly between myself and the stage. My reasonable refusal to occupy my allotted space by moving to the aisle meant constant harrassment from the T-shirt clad heavies who seem to enjoy strutting around making pricks of themselves at these venues.

And as for Dylan, if his half-hearted contribution to The Band's "Last Waltz" is symptomatic of his attitude to audiences, I'm not going to be missing much either — especially if the whole spectacle is in a building that has both the appearance and acoustics of a temporarily-erected prefabricated aircraft hangar.

Another Night Rally you won't catch me running to.
MICK GOUGH, Surbiton, Surrey.
Me neither. See you in The Rising Sun, Mick. — M.S.

I WROTE to you at *Hash-Bag* a couple of weeks back with an original reference to Free played at 45 rpm sounding like Dolly Parton. As I eagerly scanned your page for my letter the following week *(15/4/78)* I was confronted with a re-planned and updated version of my observation — where Kate Bush was compared with Pinky and Perky (supposedly sent in by "Puzzled" of Stoke-on-Trent). I regard this as too much of a coincidence and my thoughts have turned to the originality of the "soap-box" page.

By this I am implying that D. Bum and other "Trash-Bin" editors re-arrange or even make-up (i.e. *fabricate*) items of "correspondence". If so, what is the point of a correspondence page? Why deviously twist public outcry to suit your own means (in most cases to make facetious lies)? *You* can say what *you* want somewhere else in the "Bog-Rag" — but if you want to remain a people's paper (and not just a comic for use in the *NME* lavatories) let *us* air our views *somewhere!*

To prevent this meaningless waste of newsprint (and you making up false names for fictitious contributors) I urge both readers/writers and you sour jokers at *NME* to provide a NAME and ADDRESS with every letter so that any article may be privately discussed to culminate in a sensible solution to any issue raised in *NME*.
GRANT ROWLAND, Barnet.
You're rich, you are Grant, signing your letter "Red Shoes". You don't seriously think we actually sit down and make up *GASBAG*, do you? All letters are genuine, the only alterations made for reasons of space, spelling or grammar, mush. Face it. Puzzled's letter was better than yours, that's all. — M.S.

HOW MUCH longer are we gonna take all this crap from the people who write into *Gasbag* . . . concealing their obsessive envy of Tony Parsons behind streams of self-righteous venom and vowing never again to read *NME* . . . when they know they'll have to buy it next week to see if their letter got printed . . . drawing infantile cartoons that would put *Whizzer and Chips* to shame . . . searching their uninspired insect brains for days for something vaguely sensible and for months for a pathetic Blackburn-esque S.A.O.L. . . . desperately groping for a few column inches of instant credibility . . . We here at Monty Smiff's paper-shredder wish these frustrated little journalists would piss off back to *Junior Points Of View* and the albums they won by writing to *Melody Maker.*
COLONEL B.
This is genuine, honest. We couldn't make up anything as good as this. Ask the Ministry — M.S.

HOW MUCH longer are we going to take all this crap from *Thrills?* Farting about on the edges of their own section . . . pretending it's some mysterious, anonymous breakaway faction behind Mindless Aggression which revels in malevolent character assassinations . . . when really it's just another masturbatory exercise in arse-crawling voyeurism . . . listing all the supposedly damaging characteristics and idiosyncrasies of their favourite in-crowd heroes . . . trying to upset everyone with this drooling adulation thinly disguised as raving indignation, like a load of giggling, whip-wielding middle-aged tarts . . . safe in the knowledge that their carefully vetted victims will be wriggling with pleasure under this pandering limelight, with the prospect of all those free drinks, cosy self-indulgent back-slaps and boot-licking subordination at future "get-togethers" . . .

We here at *Bores* wish they'd go back to their laughably serious put-downs and dewey-eyed schoolgirl crushes and let us all go back to sleep.
BORES, Guildford
Sussed! — M.S.

IN RECENT weeks I have been scanning your organ for a review of the "F.M." film sound track — in particular, some mention of the Steely Dan theme tune.

And what do we get? A list of the tracks (obtainable by looking at the sleeve in any record store) and a lecture on marketing techniques, the conclusion of which would have long been obvious to anyone who regularly sees the ads. in London tube stations let alone with any knowledge or interest in films/music. This last category would, presumably, include a fair proportion of your readers.

If this is your idea of an informative review, God help us if Parsons/Burchill had been let loose on it.

And still only 18p!
MR. J. BRIDGELAND, Peterborough.

PLEASE enlighten my tiny world by explaining the origin of the word Wally, as yelled by gregarious pot-bellied culters.
HUW THOMAS (Mr. Un-hip '78), Hockley, Essex.
Depending on your source, it dates back to the ancient Cornish craft of Wally-Waving, wherein inebriated revellers would affectionately expose themselves to baffled Morris dancers during the boring bits — either that or some bloke lost his mate Wally at the Lincoln Festival after James Taylor had sent the entire audience to sleep. — SIR KENNETH CLARK

DEAR BOB Edmands, if your paper prints this letter it will inevitably damage your 'reputation' as an unbiased reviewer. All I have to say is thanx for the incredibly sardonic article about Genesis and their American gigs — may the massed legions of Genesis freaks spill your ink and bend your nib, you're a *(Thank you. — Ed).*
MARK, Contraband, Blackpool.

CLEVER THE way the *NME London Guide,* the "indispensable 32-page pull out on the pleasures of rock's capital city" turned out to be 32 half-size pages, i.e. only 16 sides in fact. Good con, that! Nearly as good as *Melody Maker* inviting you to 'win an album' by writing to them, and then sending you a record token for only £2.50 when you get your letter printed.

Yes folks, buy a music paper and get ripped off! At least *MM* is only 15p.
CHRIS "I used to read the NME" PARKINS, University of Keele, Staffs.
Students! Doncha just love 'em! — M.S.

WHAT pleasures will *NME* afford us next? I noticed in the Crossword of April 29th 1978 that 21 Across didn't have a clue. What next — *NME* polls without questions?
RICK McCOSKER, Brisbane, Kent.
P.S. I filled in CAR and made up the clue, "Object that Queen were in love with."
You got around it, then, didn't you? Makes life more interesting, doesn't it? — M.S.
You could at least apologise. — NICK LOGAN
Well it was your fault. — M.S.
Oh yeah. Sorry. The missing clue was "Place where *NME* reviewers stand while the support band is on stage." — N.L.

SEEIN' AS I can pretend to be a Socialist, come from a middle-class family, use the word 'Shit', smoke dope and am an ex-hippy who's into punk, this must surely qualify me as an *NME* reporter.

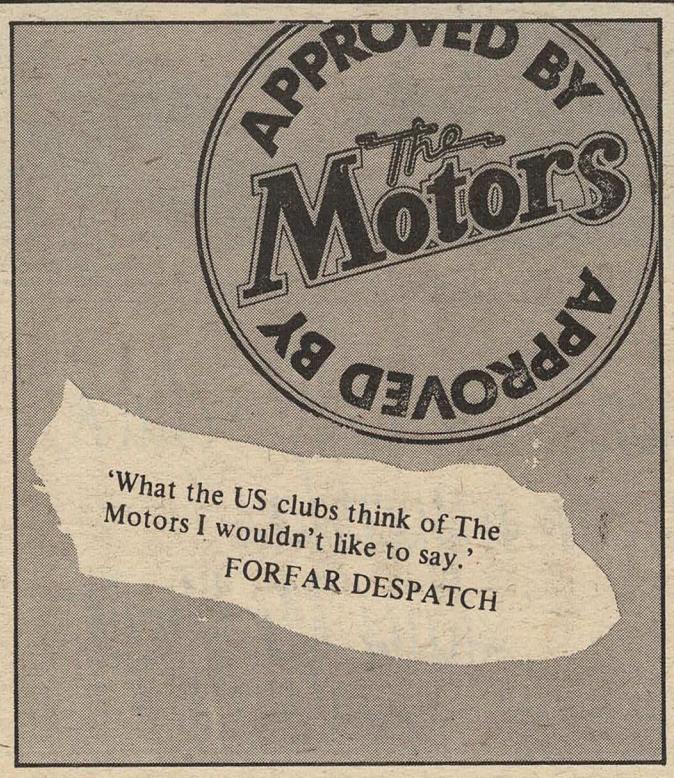
Can you verify this?
P. WINGFIELD, Socratic Revival Society, Gloucester.
No chance — M.S.

WE HERE at the Wolves took great pleasure in relegating poxy old West Ham, and John Richards thinks that Derek Hales is the biggest waste of money since Trevor Brooking went to see *Saturday Night Fever.*
SAMMY CHUNG, Wolverhampton.
Thanks, Sam. I just hope we get your Old Gold tarts in one of the Cups. — JOHN LYALL

IN LAST week's *Pussbag* you printed letters from This Year's Model, Eric Dolphy System, The Vixen, Wally Albatros (the hand-in-hand), Anxious, Mrs Princella Ramone, Max-The-Mountain-Climax, The lead singer with Jack and the Kerouacs, The Groan Louvre, Defiant Punk Rocka, A Shocked Listener, Vice-Pope Eric (Miss), Kidda and Monty Zapped-Out.
PHILIP, Wishaw, Lanarkshire.
Philip? What kind of handle is that? — TREVOR GONZALEZ and the Latin Gobbers.

JUST because I haven't got a funny name, does that mean I can't have a letter printed?
STEPHEN PULSFORD, Sarchiehall Street, Glasgow.
Stephen Pulsford? Woo-hoo! Ha-ha-ha! Hee-hee! Guffaw etc . . .— CRUEL NME STAFF.

Number 21 Across: Montague Smiff



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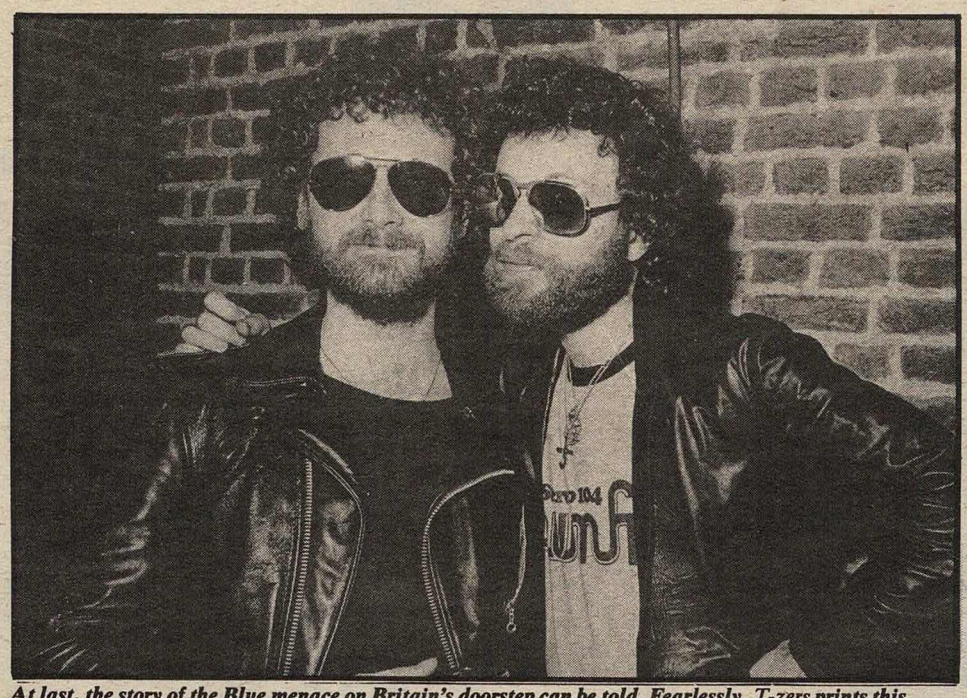
YOUR WEEKLY WEEKLY CLONE-IN



At last, the story of the Blue menace on Britain's doorstep can be told. Fearlessly, T-zers prints this picture as pictorial proof of the madcap last ditch attempt at world domination by America's extremist Blue Oyster Cult. Operating a 'front' as a bizarre rock group, the self-styled Cult are in reality engaged in a deadly take-over game. Their weapon — cloning. Here we see guitarist Eric Bloom with his clone — a man who an unsuspecting world knows as CBS promotion man Louis Rodgers. So perfect is the cloning that the two are indistinguishable. Now Tzers demands — end this threat to our nation's youth.

GOOD EVENING. We're the *T-Zers* in case you couldn't tell. We like a laugh and leer, we're from the *NME*-er, and we're doing . . . well actually we're completely bushed after a weekend spent sitting on some manky old pavement queueing for **Dylan** tickets and celebrating the ignominious defeat of big headed **Arsenal,** who played the Cup Final like **Boney M** do "Rivers Of Babylon" — abysmally . . .

T-Zers watched the game through a handy TV shop window, being particularly impressed by **Margaret Thatcher's** praise of **Ipswich's Trevor Whymark** for his contribution to the match. He missed the game through injury . . .

Back on the pavement it was hell, sheer hell. Actually it was fine until the Salvation Army showed up and started playing to the massive queue to cries of "Dylan Is God" from some of the assembled multitude. Between them, the nation's massed Dylan queues disposed of 92,000 tickets in less than eight hours after box offices opened at 10 am on Sunday. That leaves slightly less than 2,000 tickets still to be distributed — how that will be done will be announced later this week . . .

It was the same story in Los Angeles, where tickets for the seven shows Dylan will play at the 35,000 seater Amphitheater before leaving for Europe were sold within three hours. That adds up to one hell of an alimony bill . . .

The Zim has meantime been busy filing lawsuits of his own — against Folkways Records and Dylanologist **AJ Weberman.** Dylan claims that a recently re-issued Folkways album misleadingly suggests that he sings on it — in fact, the protest singer merely blows a little harmonica on some tracks under his former pseudonym of **Blind Boy Grunt.** Dylan is also alleging that midnight raids on his garbage pails (that's dustbins to you, squire) by Weberman constitute harassment by the Dylan scholar, who once filed every piece of Dylan imagery onto a card index system . . .

Readers who don't have re-issues of ancient records to get upset about might prefer to follow the example of 25-year-old American **Tom Hansen,** who is currently suing his parents for £175,000 because, he says, they made his childhood a misery, requiring him to have psychiatric treatment for the remainder of his days . . .

What are these matters though, compared to the furore that followed **Darts** appearance on a Spanish TV spectacular in Majorca? The trouble started when the resident Spanish drummer took exception to the way **'Grandad' Dummer** was dealing with his kit during Darts set. Tampering with the cymbals, the Spaniard received a drumstick round the gob from an irate Dummer, causing the entire Spanish brass section to start rolling up their sleeves for a dust-up. Before an onstage punch-up could ensue the Darts were into "I'm Mad" and lead nutter **Den Hegarty** had leapt into the VIP section stage front, and scared the wits out of the assembled important ones — including soft porn empress **Sylvia Kristel.** Climbing back on stage by way of the fountain, Den squeezed out his wet socks over a TV announcer before the group finished up being escorted from the arena by Spanish police. "Dunno what the fuss was about," remarked photographer **Tom Sheehan** to *Tzers,* "It was Darts' normal performance."

And believe us, it was *nothing* compared to the tales **Roy Carr** told us about the Darts *other* escapades in Majorca. Full sleazy story next week, fright fans . . .

Other famous people in trouble: **Beach Boy Dennis Wilson** found himself arrested in a Tucson motel charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Police say they nabbed the 32-year-old drummer after finding him in his room with a 16-year-old girl *(Oh no — Ed).* The tip-off came from the girl's mother. Wilson is now out on bail and pleading not guilty. Maybe it's time, though, the group changed their name to **The Beach Men . . .**

While on the subject of ageing American rockers (are there any young ones apart from **The Ramones** and **The Niggers?),** yon **Alice Cooper** now copping his lyrics from **Elton John's** words partner **Bernie Taupin.** Maybe all those beers finally sapped his brains, or maybe it's just that when ol' greasy armpits is put out to graze in the green dollar pastures of Las Vegas in June, he wants something more appropriate to sing to the supper club audience than "I Love The Dead". He must do, to play Vegas . . .

More on decrepit ol' yanks flailing around uselessly: **Crosby, Stills and Nash** currently in studio working on their second (aaargh) re-union album; doubtless this event will merit an *Old Grey Woolly Vest* special, which reminds us that *The Observer* last week described **Whispering Bob** as "The BBC's tame groupie". Well we don't fancy him . . .

Other unions and re-unions: **Creedence Clearwater** rumoured to be thinking of reforming, while **Neil** 'Happy' **Young** believed to be getting ex-**Band** drummer **Levon Helm** and ex-**Little Feat** mainstay **Lowell George** to accompany him on his forthcoming road show. Young's next album has been retitled "Gives To The Wind" and will be out in June . . .

MEANTIME, back in Blighty, *T-zers* has been hearing all sorts of rumours about the **Albertos** finally chucking in the towel and going their separate ways. Following the departure of bassman **Tony** to form **The Durutti Column** — a band managed by former *So It Goes* compere **Tony** 'Up Your nose' **Wilson** — Alberto singer **CP Lee** seen, er, jamming at various charity gigs round Manchester, while drummer **Bruce Mitchell** has been taking up the more senior rock'n'roll citizen duties of band management with **The Smirks** and **Gyro.** Meanwhile Alberto management, Blackhill Enterprises, responded to *Tzers* suggestions with cries of "Baah" and "Pshaw", adding that the lads *Sleak* musical is now set to open in New York later this year, while projected movie of same is also to commence shortly . . .

Meantime, the rock culture is reeling under the news that the new band formed by ex-**Damned Brian James** includes a former **Hawkwind** drummer, (gaspo) a synthesiser player, and will feature some early **Pink Floyd** in their set. The group, called **Tanz Der Youth** (that's Dance Of Youth to you *dumbkopf)* will make their debut at a London love-in in early June with **Nik** 'Pyramid' **Turner** also on the bill . . .

And if that isn't enough to convince you that the kaftans will soon be rubbing threads with leather bondage strides, there's **Chris** 'Don't Call me Scabies' **Miller** rabbiting on about phased drum solos, and even rumours of a re-run of 1967's 24 Hour Technicolour Dream sometime soon. Anything but the hippy bells says *Tzerss* . . .

Oh, and did any London readers spot a youthful **Jimmy Page** and **Jeff Beck** in **The Yardbirds** in last Monday's screening of **Antonioni's** *Blow Up*? *(No, but I saw Jane Birkin's botty! — Ed.)*

More from the no tumour in the ruth department: **Devo** have finally come clean about their murky past and owned up to being Mormons, thus barring themselves from any further consideration as the future of rock and roll and saviours of the globe **(I. Mac** please note). Asked if they wore the legendary Mormon chastity combination, they replied they did (thus explaining the necessity for those baggy suits), adding that they would remove said garments should they go gold in the States . . .

Presumably **Donny** 'No Fun' **Osmond** is now free of *his* chastity gear following his marriage to toothy bride-in-white **Debra Glenn.** *(Haven't we got anything more interesting than this? — Ed)* . . .

Really rocking in Peking — among two dozen American record company and film moguls due to visit Red China in June are WEA big cheeses **Jac Holzman, Mo Ostin** and **Joe Smith,** one or more of whom are currently tipped to run for election as US senators in the not-so distant future, further cementing the links between American politrix and the music biz. Next: **Ian Anderson** to run for Blackpool council? . . .

Plans by Warner Communications and three US TV networks to have the Watergate tapes marketed in low budget form have been scuttled by a US Supreme Court ruling. The ruling, however, applies only to tapes used in the cover-up trial, and not to other White House tapes currently being held in custody, so you may yet get the chance to buy an eighteen album set of **Nixon** and his cronies discussing ways of dealing with the hippy problem . . .

Britain will, however, be getting a single by **The Idiots** called "Operation Julie", a musical commentary on the closure of Britain's most profitable, and monopolistic chemical factory after ICI. The B-side is "(Why Does Politics Turn Men Into) Toads". Answers on a postcard please to **Enoch Powell,** House of Commons, London . . .

Correction Corner: the group playing on **Fulham** FC's single is **The Crabs** and *not* **Cock Sparrer** as we erroneously suggested. The Sparrer are, of course, ardent **West Ham** devotees, thus showing considerably more taste than the *NME* advertising department, who e'en now are still trying desperately to justify the miserable display by Arsenal last Saturday . . .

Black Starliner shipping news: erstwhile beachcomber **Fred Locks** arrives in the UK this week (via Air Jamaica) for his first-ever tour of Britain . . .

Guests at the party last week to celebrate **Alexis Korner's** 25 years in the business included **Eric Clapton, Paul Jones, Chris Farlowe** and **Zoot Money,** all of whom jammed with Korner. None of the **Stones** put in an appearance, though all were invited . . .

In the U.S., a bootleg of **The Sex Pistols'** last-ever gig (in San Francisco) is apparently doing good business, as is a bootleg of the UK "No Future — The Spunks" bootleg . . .

NME contributor **Bob Edmands** was recently offered a gig with **The Depressions.** Bob picked up his phone one day to find a strange voice calling him "Lu" and urging him to play guitar for "The DPs". Seems the Depressions manager had got Edmands' phone number mixed up with that of the former **Damned** guitarist. Edmands' offer of syncopated typewriter noises and bells on stage was politely turned down . . .

And finally, Smart Ass One Liner of the week comes courtesy of Stiff Records, whose Euro-compilation bears the legend: "In '78, everyone born in '45 will be 33⅓". . .

BETTER BADGES

This	last week	TOP TEN
1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
2	(4)	YELLOW COSTELLO
3	(–)	SHAM ARMY
4	(2)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
5	(8)	CLASH POLICE
6	(–)	I DON'T CARE — THE BOYS
7	(7)	999
8	(5)	BLONDIE b/w
9	(10)	DEVO QUOTE
10	(–)	DEVO SATISFACTION

New Releases
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground.

COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY — TEN BEST — SEE 'FOR SALE' SECTION FOR FULL LISTING

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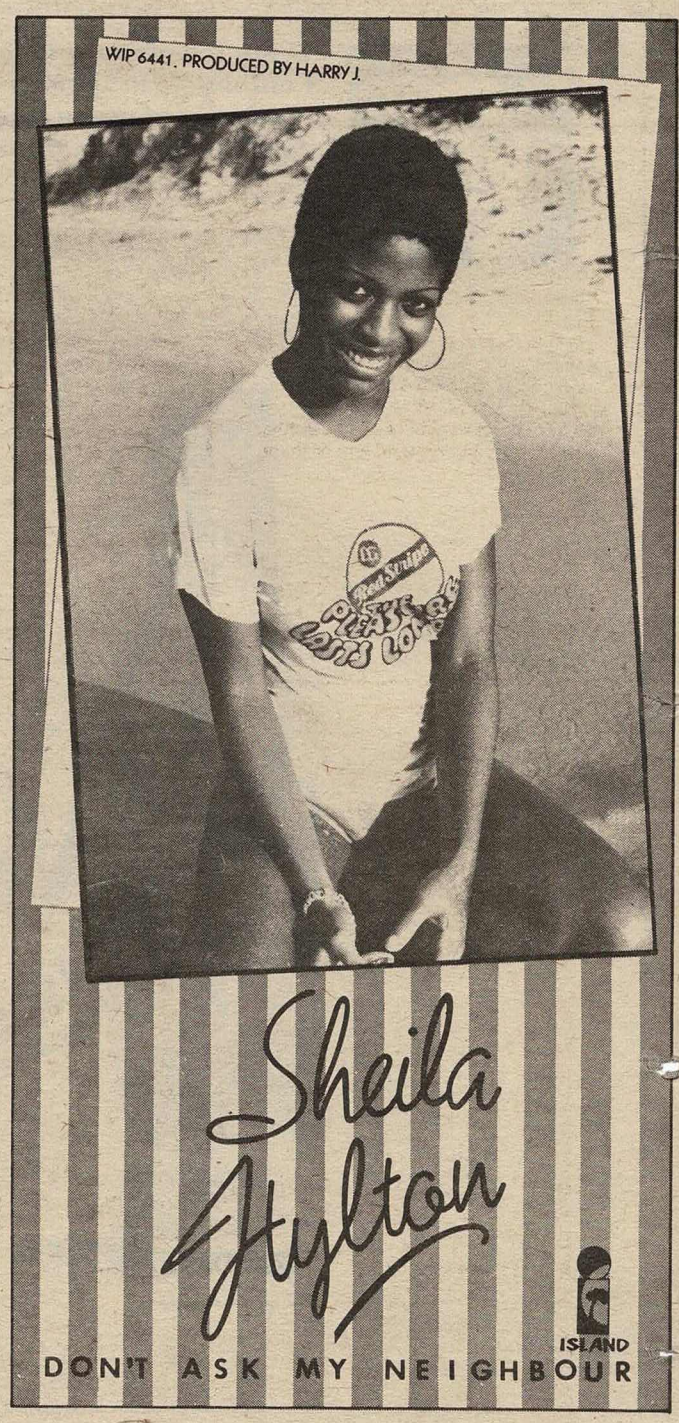
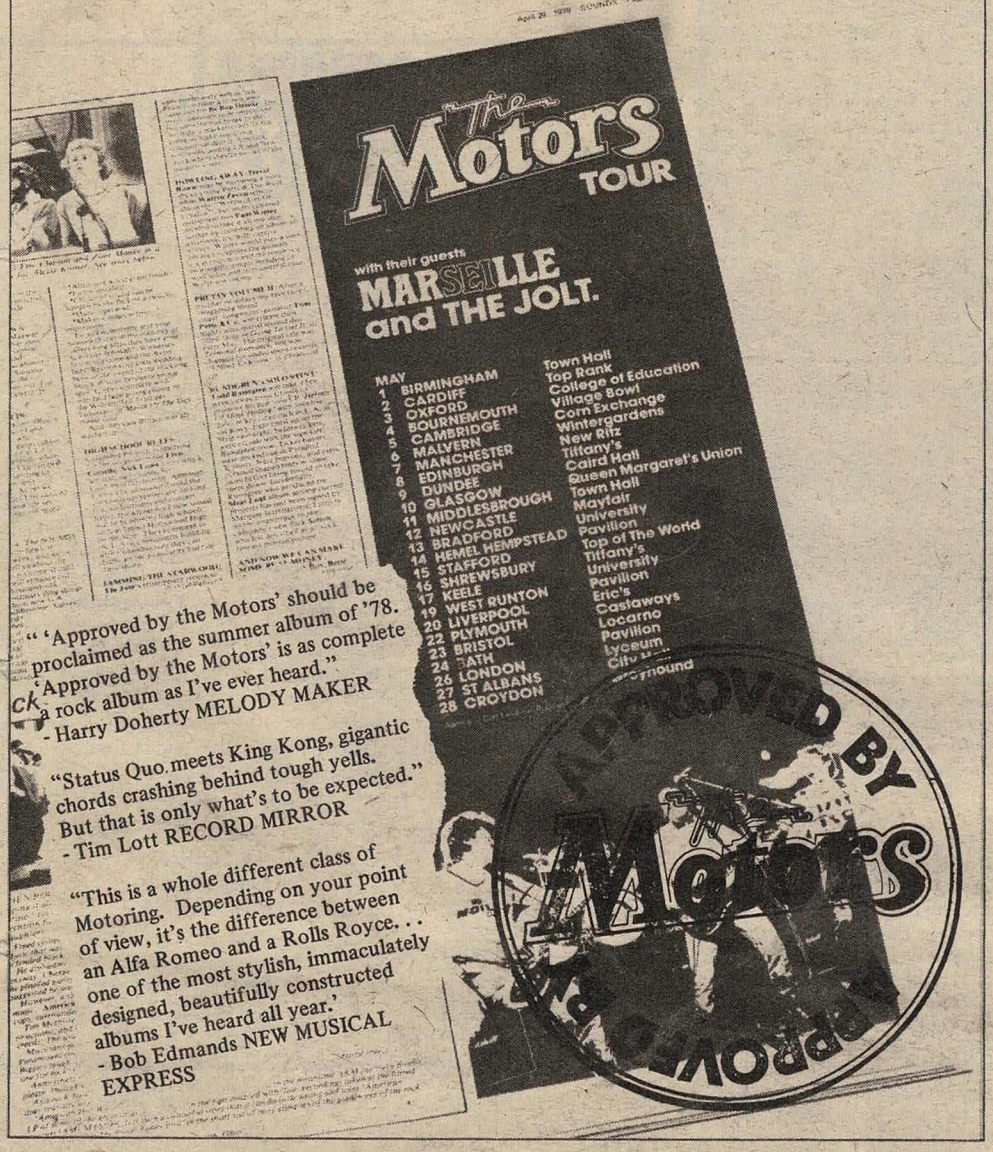
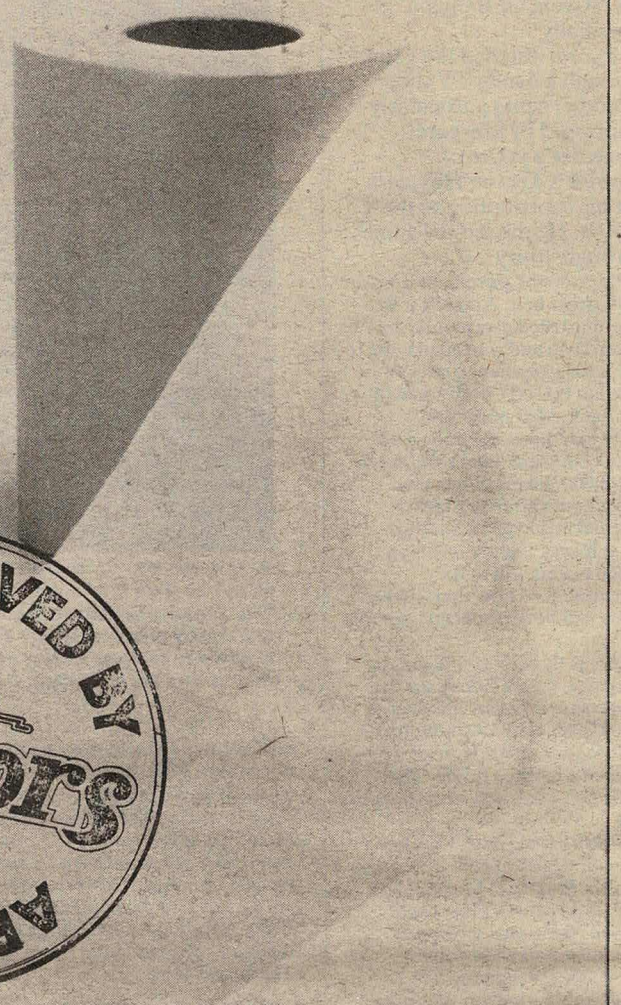


Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

The Motors (with Marseille and The Jolt):
Somewhere, somehow, you've got to see The Motors and buy their new album.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.


The Motors TOUR
with their guests
MARSEILLE and THE JOLT.
MAY
1 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
2 CARDIFF Top Rank
3 OXFORD College of Education
4 BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
5 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
6 MALVERN Winter Gardens
7 MANCHESTER New Ritz
8 EDINBURGH Tiffany's
9 DUNDEE Caird Hall
10 GLASGOW Queen Margaret's Union
11 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
12 NEWCASTLE Mayfair
13 BRADFORD University
14 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion
15 STAFFORD Top of The World
16 SHREWSBURY Tiffany's
17 KEELE University
19 WEST RUNTON Pavilion
20 LIVERPOOL Eric's
22 PLYMOUTH Castaways
23 BRISTOL Locarno
24 BATH Pavilion
26 LONDON Lyceum
27 ST ALBANS City
28 CROYDON Greyhound
APPROVED BY The Motors
"'Approved by the Motors' should be proclaimed as the summer album of '78. 'Approved by the Motors' is as complete a rock album as I've ever heard."
- Harry Doherty MELODY MAKER
"Status Quo meets King Kong, gigantic chords crashing behind tough yells. But that is only what's to be expected."
- Tim Lott RECORD MIRROR
"This is a whole different class of Motoring. Depending on your point of view, it's the difference between an Alfa Romeo and a Rolls Royce... one of the most stylish, immaculately designed, beautifully constructed albums I've heard all year."
- Bob Edmands NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Rick Slaughter (vocals, drums):
Durable and long-lasting.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.



Bram Tchaikovsky (vocals, guitar):
Contains no artificial preservatives or synthetic colouring matter.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

The Motors (a new album on Virgin Records):
Ten new favourites you've never heard before.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

Manchester Ritz May 29
Coventry Locarno May 30

Approved By The Motors. The great new album Sounds didn't like.